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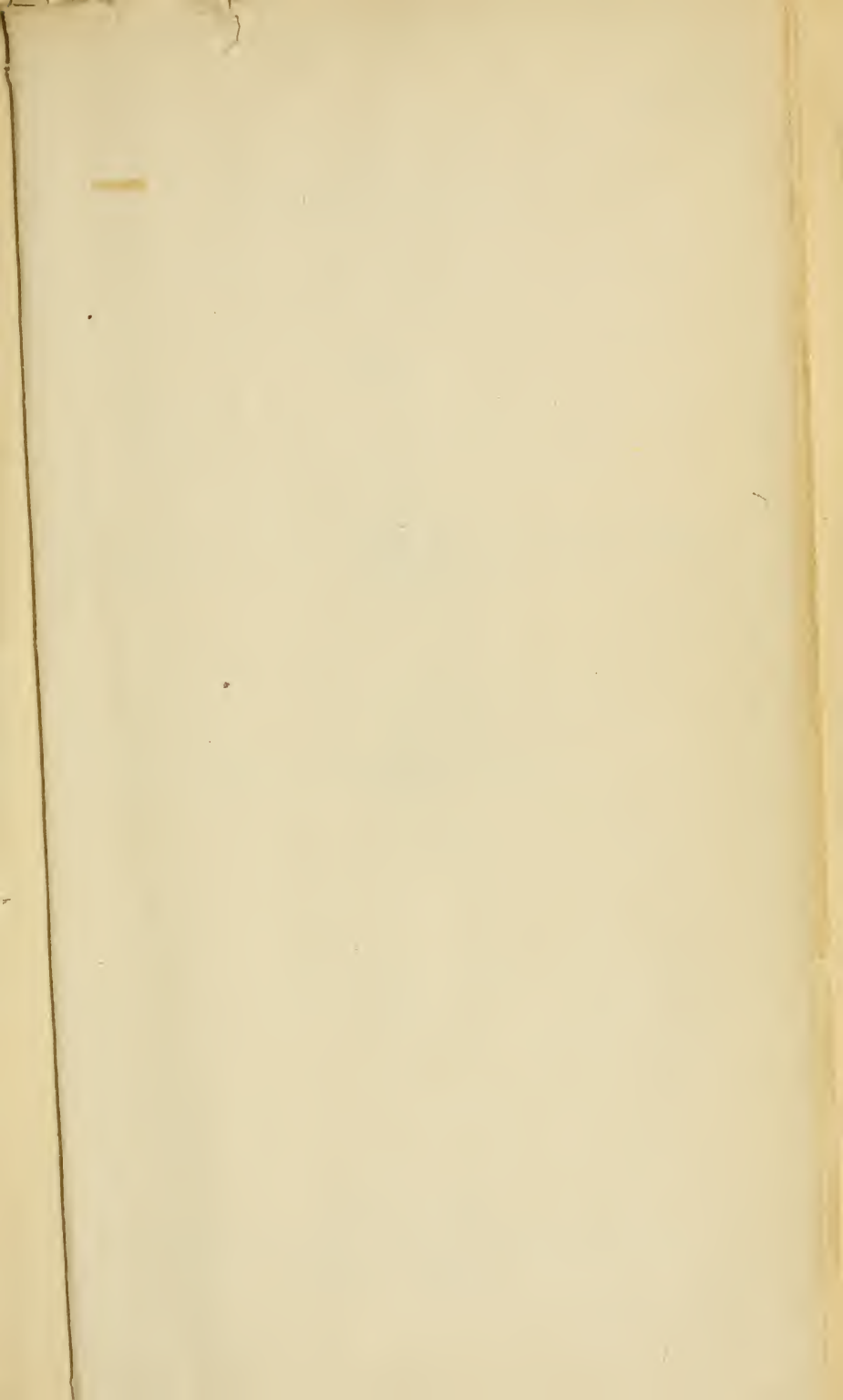
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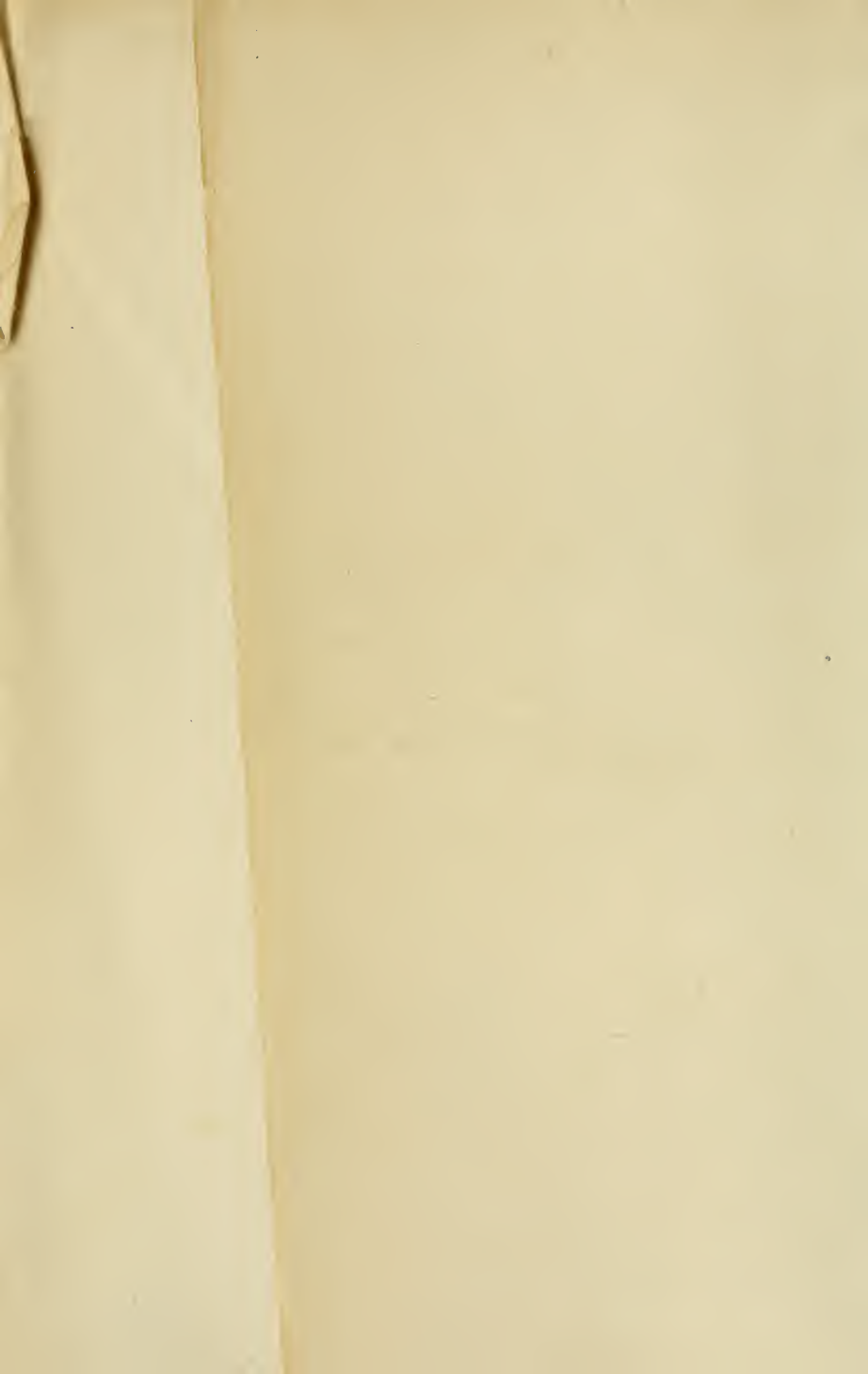


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Vol. XVII.

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No. 1.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

PHILO MIRROR.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

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Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παδεία.

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THE MIRROR.

CHARLES A. DICKINSON, FRANK T. COLE, WILLIAM H. MOODY,	}	EDITORS.
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Vol. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

No. 1.

✓ HUMBUGS.

On the 14th of October, 1869, the little town of Cardiff, in Onondagua Co., N.Y., was mightily stirred by the report that a farmer — Newall by name — had discovered, while digging a well, an enormous fossil ; a giant, perfect in form and feature. The newspapers soon proclaimed the fact, and thousands flocked to see the wonder. For a time it was exhibited as when found, reclining upon a bed of gravel three feet below the surface. The alluvial soil, which had covered its nakedness for time “unknown,” had been carefully removed, and a railing constructed around the opening, on the outside of which the wondering crowd was permitted to stand and stare, provided it paid for the privilege. Here came the credulous man, fully convinced that he was to gaze upon a human petrification ; he looked, and was satisfied, believing, in his heart of hearts, that none but the hand of the Creator could have chiselled a face like that. Here came the sceptic, eager to catch at any straw that would assist in keeping his flimsy bark above water ; he looked, and was satisfied, and went away strong in the belief that he had gazed upon the mortal remains of a pre-Adamite. Here, too, came the matter-of-fact man, and paid his fifty cents, to see what he believed to be an unmitigated humbug ; he, too, looked, and was satisfied. Which of the three was correct in his surmises, you are permitted to judge for yourselves.

It is not a little amusing to note the thousand and one ways in

in open defiance of the laws of God and men, and should not be tolerated in any civilized country; and it will be noticed that it is not, except in the United States, whose government, it is to be hoped, will soon wipe out this foul blot. Soon we hope to see Utah, as she should be, a State that will punish bigamy — that crime against nature's laws — as it should be punished.

Although Brigham Young is a great man, — for he is, and no one can deny it, — he is not a good man. For can we believe that a good man of Brigham Young's perception and strength of mind would receive the doctrines and religious principles, and that greatest and most despicable of *crimes* which the Mormon book sanctions? The political course of the Mormons has ever been at variance with that of the United States government; and since they have become powerful it is only by the presence of the sword and bayonet that they have been kept quiet. It has frequently been proved that they have incited the Indians against the Government; and once they have openly rebelled.

Socially, they are formed chiefly from the middle classes of English. The religion of the Mormons is very attractive to the ignorant. But woe to the English farmer in moderate circumstances who sells his little property, and with his family emigrates to Mormon-land. When he arrives there, he will find the representations false and himself deceived, and that his money goes into the control of the Mormon leaders; formerly there was no hope of escape for the deceived emigrant after crossing the Rocky Mountains; and he soon becomes as the rest, and assists in the plucking of other poor fellows deceived by the same representations as himself. For these men and the educated portion of the Mormons, and especially for Young and his satellites, there is no excuse. They should be punished to the fullest extent of the law; for they are educated, and know as well as any one that they are transgressing not only the law of men, but also of God and nature. F. T. C.

✓ CLASSICAL STUDY.

Some enterprising genius has told us that William Tell was a myth; that Robin Hood and his merry band never existed but in our imagination; that King Arthur and the knights of the round table were creatures of empty air.

The same spirit of vandalism which has destroyed these cherished delusions, threatens to overturn the long-tried system of education, for centuries the object and distinctive feature of the oldest and best seats of learning. We are told that study of the classics is fast becoming a thing of the past, a monkish relic of the dark ages; that no longer the foundation of culture lies in the strains of Homer and Virgil, the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero.

The present age, with its mad progress, may be likened to a man hot in the pursuit of wealth. Straight ahead he presses, with eyes fast fixed on the goal, forgetful of all but the object of his ambition. Perchance he reaches it. But, alas! as he looks around him, and betakes himself to the enjoyment of his hard-earned prize, he finds it vain; he sees that, in the rush for riches, all the best and finest feelings of his nature have been brushed from him, and all that remains is to aimlessly augment and increase his money. Are we not likely to fall into the same error, if we throw aside all that beautifies and adorns in education, and save only the hard realities and necessities of learning? Is education no longer to be a pleasure and delight to its devotee, but rather a duty, and an aid for acquiring wealth? A means rather than an end? In place of skimming over the silvery lines of Virgil, or the fiery eloquence of Tully, is it better to pore over a manual for money-making—a treatise on the rise and fall of stocks?

These cases may seem very far-fetched and fanciful; yet this is the end to which the decline of classical study tends; this the basis of study which will arise if the literature of the ancients be thrown aside in our schools and colleges. What is the object of an education? For what do men spend the best years of their youth in study? To acquire possessions? To amass wealth? By no means! This requires no knowledge but that obtained in actual business life, and which is innate in the man. Many of the richest men in the country, and those, too, who have obtained their wealth

by their own exertion, are scarcely able to write their names ! No, it is not for success in business life that education is needed. It serves to raise its possessor above the common throng, to distinguish him from those devoid of its beautifying influence. It is a fountain from which its owner can draw sweet draughts of pleasure, a source of never-ending delight. And wherein consists the spring of education's enjoyment ? Not in those barest branches needful to a successful life, either mercantile or professional ; these may be acquired without opening a leaf of science's book, without looking at a page of art or literature. Go to the madhouse ; choose of its inmates those who were men of intellect and education ; speak with them, and in nine cases out of ten you will find that their fleeting reason has not taken all, it has left the influence of their former study, and their converse is abounding in ancient mythology, and scraps of Latin and Greek authors. We have heard of a poor madman spending months and years of his aimless life — and with pleasure too — carrying to the lower regions, and finishing the sad tragedy of Dido and Æneas.

But the foregoing is not meant to depreciate the value of an English education and preparation for life's duties : it only opposes making that the basis of our knowledge. We would not say that the merchant should devote himself to business life with no preparation. We do not advise that ancient poets should be read to the exclusion of the later ones. But we *would* say that the successful merchant can never enjoy his wealth rightly, unless he is possessed of that culture and refinement which study of the classics can alone give. We *do* say that Shakespeare and Milton cannot be read and appreciated fully, unless they are preceded by Homer and Virgil.

In the present age all have an opportunity of obtaining a thorough education ; and it is one of the most important questions to decide, whether the choicest productions of the ancients shall be put aside as useless, or shall continue to flourish as the source of learning ? Whether it shall still be the foundation on which is built that stately structure, knowledge, or shall be substituted by some usurping basis. The problem must soon be solved one way or the other, for there can be no half-way measures. Classical study must retain its former rank and influence, or must sink to a secondary place. Time will show which.

W. H. M.

ICHABOD GREEN.

Young Ichabod Green was a green Yankee lad,
 He lived in the Green Mountain state,
 His age was sixteen ; and the neighbors all said
 He was destined to make something great.

He could figure, and write a respectable hand,
 Stood first in his classes at school ;
 In short, though unversed in the ways of the world,
 Young Ikey was nobody's fool.

"I'll tell ye what 'tis, now," said Ike to himself,
 While at work in the meadow, one day,
 "There's no use in talking to Uncle and Aunt ;
 They won't hear a word that I say.

"They tell me to wait till I come twenty-one,
 And then I may go where I please ;
 But till then they want me to work on the farm,
 And help to make butter and cheese.

"Now, I'd like to know how a chap 's goin' to learn,
 Or make any sort of a mark,
 By diggin' pertaters and swingin' the scythe
 All his lifetime, from sunrise till dark.

"In spring and in summer we're driven with work ;
 And 'tishn't much better in fall ;
 A few weeks in winter is all that we have
 To git any learning at all.

"Now, I think that learning is good for us all ;
 And Uncle declares that it aint.
 He tells me that I've got enough for my good ;
 But I'm pretty sure that I haint.

"I will not be hard against Uncle and Aunt,
 For they've always treated me kind ;
 But then they are getting along into years, —
 Their notions are somewhat behind.

"I know it will hurt them if I leave the farm,
 And sometimes I think that I'll stay ;
 But then comes the thought, how much more I can do
 With a good education in play.

"I know all the neighbors will hold up their hands,
And call me a shiftless young fool;
But that doesn't matter; I've made up my mind;
Next week I shall start off for school."

That evening, when Ikey had finished his work,
And seated himself in the door,
He spoke of his scheme to his uncle and aunt,
And asked their approval once more.

The worthy old couple looked down on the lad,
And smiled, when he mentioned his plan.
"Tis a silly idee," said his aunt. "I declare!
I thought you was more of a man."

"I'm sorry," said Ikey, "that you are so off;
But then, I'm determined to go.
And, Uncle, depend on't, I'll surely come back
Such a man as you'll both like to know.

"I hope you'll not hate me, or think of me harsh,
Because I don't do as as you want;
'Tis hard, very hard, not to please you in this —
I wish that I could; but I can't.

I'm not really needed to work on the farm, —
There's Jamie and Levi and Fred;
Besides, you remember my mother's last words:
'Let him go, if he wants to,' she said."

"Well, well," said his uncle, "since you are so set,
I suppose you will go, hit or miss;
But, mind you, I shan't give you money to waste
On any such nonsense as this."

And so Ikey started, bare-footed, and dressed
In his best Sunday trousers and hat.
A hundred long, wearisome miles lay before;
But he was not daunted by that.

Five dollars in cash, and a bundle of clothes,
High aims, and a resolute will;
With these, Ikey Green left his friends at the farm,
And passed out of sight o'er the hill.

Through sunshine and rain, — hardly stopping to rest, —
Our hero trudged on all alone.

What cared he for dust, or the dew of the night ?
The prize would repay him, when won.

Now Ike had determined to work his way through,
And graduate clear of all debt.

The course he should take to accomplish this end
Was wholly uncertain as yet.

But a will and a way go together, they say,
And certainly Ike found it so ;
He had been in the school hardly twenty-four hours,
Ere he found all the work he could do.

There were letters to carry, and gardens to weed ;
Besides there was wood to be sawed ;
And Ikey did all with such good-natured zeal,
That his school-mates could not but applaud.

Of-times he was tempted to yield to the wrong ;
Some pleasures were hard to forego ;
But Ike had resolved that he'd never say " Yes,"
When duty and conscience said " No."

" I know in these times when all good people smoke,"
Said Ikey one day to a friend,
" 'Tain't very genteel to refuse a cigar,
If I don't, though, who knows where 'twill end ?"

I never was given to usin' the weed,
Or swearin' or drinkin' a drop ;
And I'm pretty sure if I never begin,
I shan't have the trouble to stop."

The bright days of school-life have passed like a dream,
The hard work at college is o'er,
And Ichabod Green at the end of ten years,
Sits again in the old kitchen door.

The three years succeeding the close of his course,
Have brought him a snug little sum ;
He has taught in the college, besides reading law,
And returns, clear of debt, to his home.

But where are Aunt Polly and rough Uncle John ?
Where's roguish young Jim, — and the rest ?
Ah ! Jim's in the churchyard, and Fred's gone to sea ;
While Levi has moved to the West.

Uncle John and Aunt Polly are both on the town,
 The homestead itself has been sold,
 And Ichabod sits all alone in the door,
 Where he sat on that evening of old.

"I hope it's through no fault of mine," he exclaimed
 "That matters have turned as they have,
 'Tis strange, very strange, that Levi and Fred
 Should each of them prove such a knave.

"Their own children too. Ah, well, I'm resolved,
 The farm shall be mine in a year,
 Yes, Uncle and Aunt shall come back to the home,
 Which to them is so sacred and dear."

And Ichabod Green was as good as his word,
 The year saw the old couple back, —
 "Ah, Ikey, my boy," sobbed the grateful old man,
 "God can pay you, but not Uncle Jack."

Twenty years have elapsed — The old house is gone,
 On it's ruins a new one is seen,
 The home of refinement, of comfort, of love: —
 'Tis the mansion of Ichabod Green.

The lawyer, the statesman, the farmer, the *man*,
 The boy with the resolute will,
 Who thirty years since, with his bundle of clothes,
 Started bare-footed off up the hill.

C. A. D.

AMBITION.

"Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it."

Ambition — that passion so profound, so mysterious, so awful
 in its ways and dealings — too often breeds in man desires which
 go surging through the heart, flooding the little brooks of content-
 ment and overflowing the embankments of principle and propriety.
 It rushes on, a seething, bubbling, hissing, fiery stream of lava, that
 not only scorches, but inundates, every good intention: giving

through the flues of action a sickening odor of ill-will, at once disgusting and malicious.

In such cases as this, the man thoroughly inflamed with ambition rushes madly onward, crushing beneath "the iron heel of tyranny" his humbler fellow-men, and using them, as they fall, for stepping-stones to greater honor. What cares *he* for the common herd, struggling about and beneath him, provided that he satiates his passion, gluts his love of power, or perchance drowns in the eddying whirlpool of his mad career that gnawing at his heart-strings, that longing for something better. The being thus transformed becomes a very beast, and loses the ripened beauties of manhood by lacking the attributes of a higher nature.

This passion, like an acid, slowly but surely corrodes and destroys the vessel which contains it. So these men struggle on, hoping for renown, risking both body and soul in a vain race.

And why, at the very height of human desire and human pleasure, — worldly, social, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, — does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow — a fear of what is to come, a doubt of what is, a retrospect of the past leading to a prognostication of the future? Why this is I know not, except that on a pinnacle we are most susceptible of giddiness, and that we never fear falling except down a precipice: the higher, the more awful.

As the comet, that with a headlong rush, a hissing roar, flashes above us in the heavens, goes rushing on, dazzling the eye and filling the mind with wonder and admiration, then sinks into darkness — a thing of time, forever lost in oblivion; so when the man, impelled by ambition, rushes madly onward, startling us with the momentary grandeur of his passion, then sinks into the grave, a dismantled wreck, our admiration is changed to pity. These men become so giddy, so utterly worn-out, that as they stride onward, their heads bowed and arms folded in resignation to a power mightier than themselves, there is something in the contrast which their solemn miens and emaciated forms present to the thoughtless gayety of those just starting on life's long journey.

Again, we see ambition embodied in another class of men, who, being less passionate, do not dare to brave the angry waves of the present to gain uncertain honors in the dim future. The characteristics of such men are cool heads, unfeeling hearts, and cowardly

dispositions, which prompt them at an early age to assume the mask of hypocrisy, which they never lay aside. Instead of boldly facing that which they wish to overthrow, they accomplish its destruction by an outward show of good-will, and in secret bring to bear upon it all possible means of annihilation; their nefarious designs being hidden by a mask of smiles and a domino of flattery. Such beings are to be slunned; for they are wolves in sheep's clothing. All the seeds of evil are sown in the garden of their hearts — no, I will not say garden; for, instead of being such, it is a store-room, where lie shut up humid and festering designs, base plans, and wrong intentions.

The famished tiger, who springs upon and carries off its prey, tearing it, with loud roars, inspires less fear than the serpent, which silently charms, attracts by degrees, twists in inextricable folds the victim, feels it palpitate at every stroke of its deadly fangs, and seems to feed upon its struggles with as much delight as upon its blood.

Here we can see ambition in some of its mysterious workings. Let us be neither the tiger or the serpent, but, mounting this steed of ambition, govern it with a bit of principle and a bridle of forethought.

H. H. K.

✓ OUR PROGRESS.

What is it? Is it a reality; or has fortune simply smiled upon us for a brief space, and raised us to our present power only to precipitate us into oblivion, and give to the future an example in us of her fickle and transient nature? Are we a progressive people?

The highly civilized state of the nation, its influence and advancement in power, are again and again portrayed in the most flattering manner. Every paper, every magazine, every pamphlet, is glowing in its descriptions of some new advancements in science, some new discovery in the development of our resources, or an improvement, which only the labor of years has effected.

Truly the prospects are most encouraging; a brilliant future lies before us; and far is it from any loyal heart to anticipate only unprecedented prosperity. Athens, under the noble rule of Pericles,

with all her perfection in art, the admiration and envy of every age; Rome, under the mighty Augustus, at whose mandate the whole world moved in obedient response, never gave promise of a more auspicious future than does our nation at the present day. Year after year is our commerce increasing; year after year do we see ourselves becoming more independent, relying on our own resources and exertions, rather than on the foreign powers to which we have been largely indebted. Our influence, through our arms and diplomacy, has increased extensively; our deeds in peace are everywhere known. In war are we famed as invincible; in peace, as a nation equitable in its transactions, just and upright in all its foreign relations.

Externally the country presents an appearance flattering and fair: its prosperity is unequalled; in commerce no nation excels it; immigration far exceeds that of other years; and, considering only these, it might be thought that we are making true onward progress.

Yes, we are improving; yet but a short time since to the most careless observer our future must have appeared dark. To what end might that infamous clique, that accursed band of thieves, have extended its power and influence, which already had obtained control, and was exercising monarchical rule over the most populous city of the land? What, I say, might have been its destiny, if its sway could have continued? But love of liberty averted destruction; and to-day justice, reseated upon her throne, holds her avenging hand over the criminals who have attempted to undermine her power, and place her in disgraceful humiliation.

But progress embraces more than successful government; and the year 1871 presents a record which indicates anything but advancement in civilization. The natural realms of death are sufficiently extensive, and life at best is but frail existence; but when man seemingly takes part with the former, and becomes its agent and ally, life then becomes more precarious than ever. Does not the past year clearly demonstrate this? It has become an ordinary occurrence to take up the daily paper, and see, in glaring capitals, the statement of some horrible disaster, some cold-blooded murder, not committed by an insignificant criminal, but by those whose wealth effectually shields them from the hand of justice. Far too numerous are these. Hardly have we recovered from the consternation occasioned by one terrible accident ere we are again greeted with

the soothing intelligence of another. Steamboat explosions, railroad catastrophes, follow with their sickening tales of suffering and death. But soon is the awful lesson forgotten, and Death continues his undisputed sway. Thus are we continually in a state which, indeed, is not an enviable one, fearing that our turn may be the next; for how can we escape among so many perils!

Can this be called progress? To be sure. Progress in the wholesale slaughter of helpless beings. Progress toward the crudest state of barbarism, which the most savage African tribe would emulate in vain. The country has, indeed, made grand and wonderful improvements in the extension of its railways and in the comfort and convenience of sea travel; but so long as life is continually placed in such peril, this cannot be called progress.

Then let us hope that to those on whose heads is the blood of innocent victims, justice may fully be meted, and that they may receive the true punishment of their crimes. And may our country be thoroughly purged of those who are its scourge and curse, and, thus purified, ever continue, governed by true and noble men, actuated by high and lofty motives, and with characters unsullied by avaricious and criminal desire for gain.

F. R.

IN THE HEREAFTER.

The day was slowly dying;
 The sky was red with light;
 I looked, from out my window,
 On the picture gay and bright.

The tinted clouds seemed speaking
 In accents loud and clear;
 I listened to their accents
 In silence and in fear.

And, as I heard their voices
 Singing God's grand old truth,—
 That, in the Father's own good time,
 The yearnings of our youth,

The many cherished hopes of ours,
 For which we've hoped and prayed,

Our every aim, our ardent wish,
The promises we've made,

Shall to us granted be,
If they are right and best,
And fitted to our needs,
And draw us to his rest,—

My soul was filled with gladness,
And raised a song to him
Who knows our heartfelt longings,
Our eyes with tears and sorrow dim;

Who careth for his children
That they may happier be,
And prize his truth and wisdom,
And all his justice see.

Thus, in the twilight glory,
An ardent, restless youth,
I heard the tinted, golden clouds
Singing this grand old truth.

E. E. P.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF TOBACCO.

From the days when the returned adventurers of Sir Walter Raleigh astonished the people of London by fire and smoke from their mouths, down to the present time, tobacco has been much used and much abused. Its use has been vetoed by opinion and by law, yet every year higher and thicker rises its fragrant fumes. Cry out against the weed from the lecture-stand or the pulpit, protest against it in prose or in verse, yet never can be severed its hold on the passions of humankind. Its consumption is not confined to one nation, class, or sex. All bow humbly to the rule of poison king. The high-bred English nobleman, and the lowest Irish laborer, alike yield to his sway. The dainty Spanish beauty caresses in her lips the miniature cigar, with as much enjoyment as the statesman feels as he rests his hard-worked brain, and gazes vacantly at the rising wreath of vapor.

It is related of a man who had suffered the lowest extremes of

poverty and misery, that as he drew the last penny from his pocket he tossed it in the air to decide whether it should go for bread or tobacco; and said he, "in all my wanderings I never experienced such joy and relief as I did when the copper turned tobacco side up."

On the other hand, many declare that tobacco is not an enjoyment to any one, but simply a nuisance to the consumer and all around him. This may be so; but the experience of centuries goes to contradict it. True it is that the fumes of the weed are by no means gratifying to the beginner. Look at the poor novice, who smokes for the first time, slyly throws aside his half-burned cigar, and, choking a rising sob, goes quietly aside and relieves his rising feelings. Many and strong are his vows never again to endure the same agony; but lo, the temptation cometh; and behold, the deluded mortal again seduced from his resolutions! Not quite so distressing are the results. Again and again the same thing happens, and soon his thoughts run on about this wise: "Well it's not quite so bad after all this smoking, and, too, it's quite the thing," and with this he pulls up his shirt-collar, assumes the most idiotic air possible, and ever after puffs his weed in as public a manner as possible.

Foolish though they be, these actions serve to show the influence of tobacco, and to refute the idea that it is always distasteful. That it may be, and is so at first, is true, but the number and strength of its devotees show that the feeling of disgust is soon replaced by one of delight. Still we do not deny that tobacco is hurtful—hurtful in the highest degree. There are men who are so constituted, that every ounce of tobacco they consume hastens them to their grave. Still these are exceptional cases.

There is not one man of a thousand, we venture to assert (and that too, on good authority), who is injured by the consumption of this article in a manner *proportional to his physical organization*. However there are *few* who use it in this way; and the *use* of tobacco is far out-balanced by its *abuse*.

There are probably not a half dozen students in the Academy, who are sufficiently matured, not to be greatly injured by the consumption of the weed. But, alas! we can almost say that there are scarcely that number who are not addicted to its use. No, not its use, but its abuse.

W. H. M.

ENGLAND.

The present state of affairs in the United Kingdom is alarming. The nation which engaged to settle in peace all disputes and claims with the United States, and had, a short time ago, every outward show of prosperity and concord, has now every dark omen to portend a disastrous future — a war for a grand national reform, the overthrow of the kingdom, and the establishment of a republic. It is labor against capital.

The Queen is sick. At a banquet last evening, Mr. Disraeli, the ex-prime minister, responded to the toast "Queen" that her Majesty was approaching insanity, and that she was incapacitated for further managing the government. The effect is startling. The papers do not dare to print the speech. The people are frenzied. Prince Albert was immediately summoned from the continent. Yesterday, the army was collected in the plains of Aldershot — thirty thousand men, ninety guns. Thus we were informed of the threatening outbreak.

Conspiracies for the establishment of a republic have existed for many years, and they have obtained efficient leaders. They were cautious, at first, and not till lately have they allowed their sentiments to become known. But within a few days, throughout the kingdom, republican associations have been formed, and they could show a powerful force. On the 16th ult., Mr. Bradlaugh addressed an overflowing house in London, and boldly declared *that Queen Victoria was the last of English monarchs, and that Prince Albert would never be enthroned.* His speech was received with applause. While these movements were taking place on the one side, on the other the friends of the kingdom were giving balls, banquets, etc., to gain adherents to their party. It was manifest that both parties, seeing a struggle inevitable, were preparing accordingly.

The republicans (if I may term them such) consisted of the working-classes and those of the higher ranks who saw the evils of the monarchy and wished to adopt a republican form of government. Many of the laws have been exceedingly repugnant to the liberal principles of the nineteenth century. Particularly to the lower classes do we see the full injustice, as they are heavily taxed for the support of a church with which they have no sympathy, and which in many cases they denounce. Thus the spirit of discontent and

sense of injustice pervaded their minds. And when the daring leaders suspected the time was ripe, and stated the unsolved problem at the opportune moment, as they supposed, the people readily responded. Whole villages were enrolled *en masse* as supporters. It seemed to be seconded by all except capitalists, nobility, and parliament. When all were anxiously awaiting the result, and expecting a climax in which the monarchy would be torn down and every fragment swept away, a republic established, capital pulled down to its rightful level, and labor enthroned in its proper realm, we were astounded through the sensational World that to continue and strengthen the monarchy a prodigious compromise has been effected by the peers, granting the working-classes unbounded privileges. Among the most weighty of the concessions, and that which particularly pleases the laborers, and gains their almost undivided alliance, is, that they shall work but eight hours a day. Long has the English laborer striven to have the ten hours reduced to nine. Far in the past had his ancestors endeavored to have it lessened from eleven to ten, and, still further back, from twelve to eleven. But now, to allow them eight hours per day, when they have still fresh in their memories the sufferings which they endured at their recent strikes, is but to have them denounce their lately espoused republican principles, and welcome back the timely reforms and concessions of their monarchical government. Thus England with its tottering kingdom is wild with excitement; one day waiting hourly for the republic, while the next, it is astounded by a sudden change, in which the ideal republic of yesterday has vanished, the tottering kingdom strengthened by three fourths its rebelling subjects, and the people by a single announcement sway from the grand principles of republicanism back to their inconsistent kingdom. Such a whirlwind of excitement can scarcely be expected to exist long among the masses without considerable detriment. If the republicans, before the concession of the peers, had succeeded, honor and prosperity would have crowned their noble efforts. But now, whether Bradlaugh by some more stupendous contract wins a republic, or the present course of affairs speedily terminates in a firm and mighty monarchy, the consequences upon succeeding generations cannot be other than evil.

For as much, now, as the republicans enlarge upon the communistic principles of the opposite party, so much more will the

ultimate result be bad. For these concessions simply establish communism; not an insignificant attempt of an enthusiast, but a bold and hazardous experiment of a mighty nation, involving her whole working-class — that from which she obtains her very sustenance. But, if it prove a failure in the course of a few years, the consequences are fearful to contemplate. It is easy to take a step, but to retract is difficult. To give the masses pleasant homes in the country and all the conveniences of life, and let them be fairly initiated to this new mode of living, and then endeavor to return them to the filthy alleys of the city, compel them to work their old hours of labor and with their meagre recompense, would originate a complete revolution, and we would have the horrors of a civil war. But suppose it proved a success, that is, it is pleasing to laborer, lucrative to capital, prosperous to the monarchy, and continue through succeeding generations, could the results be good? Certainly not. To establish communism, and that upon such a stupendous scale, must ultimately meet with unparalleled calamities. To consider the evils that such a reform (if it may so be called) must engender and increase from generation to generation, until beyond human sufferance and degradation, will quite verify my statement.

And would such a reform confine its evils to England alone? I fear not. France, with its communists, would easily be led astray by this example of England. And the evil influences would be felt throughout the world.

That such a civilized nation as England could plunge itself into communism, with its consequences staring it in the face, seems almost incredible. But yet this or a republic was inevitable. The peers of the nation choose the former; and if successful, with its influences, England must now and far in the future abide. F. F. C.

WHEN ?

When I can sing
 As angels sing,
 Who swell the heavenly choir :
 When at my touch the tuneful string
 Shall holiness inspire ;

When I can love
 As angels love,
 With hallowed, pure desire ;
 And this weak heart shall cease to move
 With passion's smouldering fire ;

When I can speak
 As angels speak,
 In words unmingled with guile ;
 And all my thoughts, though crude and weak,
 Are free from aught that's vile ;

Then let me judge
 My fellow men,
 And blaze their faults abroad ;
 But careful let me be till then
 To leave the task with God.

C. A. D.

UNORIGINALITY.

A man, whether in public or private life, is very apt to fall into the fault of imitation. A certain following in the footsteps of others, which looks as if the man had no mind of his own. This lack of originality, is one of the easiest things to acquire, and one of the hardest to lose. There are many temptations to it. Some man may strike a certain sympathetic cord in the hearts of the people, and thereby gain great applause ; immediately his single track is so thickly crowded by a host of imitators, who are desirous of the same praise, as has been awarded to their leader, that it is quickly converted into a deep rut. So deep that many are swamped in it. Such is the case with many of the popular songs of the day ; for instance, no sooner was "Put me in my Little Bed" published,

than the country was flooded with music of the same description. "The Heathen Chinees" by Bret Harte was immediately followed by "Jim Bludso," and a multitude of others; every country paper had its "piece," written in dialect by the "village poet." Carleton, the "Harper's Weekly poet," no sooner started his easy style of "Farm Ballads," than he opened a broad avenue for the lesser poets to display themselves. Then there is a certain dreamy, ethereal, sentimental kind of poetry, which is most generally indulged in by beginners in the dreamy realm of poetic license. The first and last attempt at poetry by the writer of this was taken very badly with the above symptoms. The production died, went to its grave, "vamoosed," "unwept, unhonored and unsung." So much for poetry. Sometimes we see men whose very lack of originality makes the original. And then again, others whose very endeavors to make themselves appear original, tend to make them most unoriginal. This is that class of eccentric beings, who brush their hair up, and perform various peculiarities, in the *so-called* unconscious imitation of some of the known men of other times. This is quite a common fault. Then the true way to be original is, to be your own self; but don't try to be, or you'll fail. F. S. L.

TIME THE DESTROYER.

How vain is the glory of man. For more than six thousand years has he lived, labored, and died to raise some lasting monument of his own greatness; to find some means of perpetuating his own glory. And how feeble have been his efforts! The few cases where that which has been fashioned by his hand has survived its builder only serve to show more strongly the frailty of the founder. To a reader of history this thought must often recur. How nations have risen, have attained the highest prosperity and glory, and then, having ceased to belong to the present, have as quickly passed into history. The firmly cemented structure of the Roman Empire has fallen in ruins; the majesty of Greece has forsaken her; Persia possesses no shadow of her former power and splendor; Assyria is but a desert; Egypt's antiquity is now no boast of her greatness;

Carthage, once queen of the sea, has been transformed into a barren plain. And now, since so many and such fearful illustrations of the power of the ruthless destroyer show that his wilting touch is placed upon all alike, does the thought never return to us that we will run our short race, then pass away and be forgotten?

If we confine ourselves to the material world, over which time has undisputed sway, such undoubtedly would be the case. But happily there is a limit placed to time's strength, a realm not within its reach; all the physical, the seen world, shall be humbled to the dust, but the moral and intellectual shall live; and not only shall it live, but it shall enlarge, and continue to do so throughout the ages of time, so that though we ourselves may pass into oblivion, the influence of our thoughts and actions may extend over coming generations.

J. P.

THE INQUISITION.

The Inquisition, or Holy Order, which during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries held so prominent a part in the government of European nations, was first established under that name about the twelfth century. But similar courts were held under Constantine the Great, Theodoric I., and Theodoric II. The power of the inquisition was greatly enhanced by a law giving the inquisition one third of the property of the condemned. But during the fifteenth century it was customary to take the whole.

The French people often rebelled against it, and took ample vengeance on its agents. It was finally abolished in France, by Henry IV., and never re-established. But Spain was ever the paradise of inquisitors. There they could burn and hang, unrestrained by law or justice; for royalty and the church were on their side. This institution was first established in Arragon in 1232. About the close of the fifteenth century it reached the height of its activity and cruelty.

In 1547, it commenced the persecution of the Moors and Jews. One writer estimates that, from 1483 to 1808, over thirty thousand persons were burned in Spain alone.

Its greatest activity, however was during the Reformation. At

that time men were arrested and condemned on the merest suspicion. The suspected victim was not allowed to know the name of his accuser; but, hurriedly condemned, was led to the stake accompanied by the insults and revilings of the populace. After the Protestant religion had been fully rooted out of Spain, the efforts of the inquisitors were directed to the destruction of heretical books and Bibles. These were publicly burned, wherever and whenever found. Spain and France were the only European countries that, to any great extent, felt the destroying power of this institution. But Mexico and Spanish South America for a long time knew what a curse that institution could be; for the Western Spanish inquisition rivalled the Castilian in cruelty.

We can see in the oppressed condition of Spain and Cuba the blighting power of this Catholic scourge. The priests are the real rulers; the people, ignorant and sunk in superstition, are without energy, life, or national pride.

In this "land of the free" we can have no cause to fear the power of the inquisition. But for that very reason must we watch and guard against the power of the priests. New York city has been ruled by the Catholics for the last eight years. The great majority of her rulers are, and have been, Catholics. She is now waking up by the exposition of the Catholic frauds now going on. The German vote is being roused. A very good illustration of the Catholic power in New York can be found in the recent Orange riot. The mayor, intimidated by the Catholics, forbade the parade; and it was only by the sacrifice of the popularity of the governor that public right and law were vindicated. The attempts to take the Bible from the public schools, the appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes show what we may expect if Catholicism triumphs. They boast that they will elect a President in 1884; and they will, if the Protestant vote is not roused from its lethargy. Catholicism is now and has for a long time been silently, but swiftly at work, striving to obtain power in this country. The result may come sooner, and it may come later; but come it will; and, if active measures are not taken to guard against it, it will sweep the land with its power when least expected.

F. T. C.

EDITOR'S WHATNOT.

SLEEPY.

"Land a massy!" exclaimed Mrs. Snippergrass, "if folks had a little abscens of mind nowadays, there wouldn't be half so many conflagrations as there is. My man John was a master-hand to put out fires, poor soul! he got killed in the Kansas rage. He went out there to dispel the rebels, and was shot. Parson White give an apology on him; and I git a penalty once a year to pay for him. But land sakes, what's ninety-four dollars or forty apologies to having John round? But I was goin' to tell ye about that fire. Ye see we'd all gone to bed and was snug asleep, when I was scart nigh about out of my senses by somebody yellin', Fire! fire! I waked up and see at once that there was something awful to pay. The room was lighter 'n a blastin' furnace.

"'John! John!' I screamed, 'the house 's a fire, git up!' but he didn't move. John was a master hand to sleep; but once git him roused, and he would keep awake as long as the best on em. After a spell I made out to start him, and git his clothes on. Then I opened the door and pushed him out, tellin' him to holler till I got the mop-pail. I got the pail and broom and started, pullin him along with me, for we found 'twant the house after all, but a tar barrel a blazin out in the pasture. Some imperdent boys had brung it from the store, filled it with leaves, and touched it off, jest to show the old Nick that was in em, and to disturb decent folks out of their honest sleep. I knew it must be squinched before it went out, or 'twould set the town afire; for the blazin' leaves was a flyin' all over the field. So I told John to fetch water from the well, and I'd try the broom on it. But law sakes, I might as well used sperits o' turpentine as that broom. The more I fit it, the more it blazed, roaring away like forty tornaders. I spilt my best broom in less'n no time, and then called for John to hurry up. And will you believe it, the sleepy feller had gone and got my best goose-feather bed that I'd been makin' up for years, and afore I could ketch him he'd got it over the tar barrel, and was a beatin' away at it like a steam injun. In course I giv him a piece of my mind right thare, but 'twas no use, — he was half a sleep, and I knew it, so I made the best on't, and dissuaded him to go agin for water while I tried to save a few of the goose feathers. This time he did better. He had found the swill-pail and brung it full; but jest as he was agoin to

douse it onto the fire, he stubbed his toe and fell flatter'n a pancake square onto the barrel.

"The calamity didn't distinguish the fire; but it brung John to his senses, for he got his whiskers singed and burnt his finger.

" 'Why,' says he, gittin up and lookin round, 'Be I here? I thought I wa'nt.'

" 'Yes,' says I, 'you be here, and there's a fire here too; and if you don't stir yourself pretty quick 'twill burn us all up.'

" 'Fire!' says he, lookin straight at the tar-barrel. 'Where?'

" But just then realizin the state of things and comin to hisself, he hollered to the top of his lungs, and runnin up to the barrel he took around it with his arms, and afore I knew what he was about, had barrel and all down the well. We left it to sizzle there and went back to bed. And though the water tasted of tar for a year afterwards, we had the satisfaction of knowin' that we'd been the salivation of the town.

OVERALLS.

Monsieur Paul Applebaum was a Frenchman.

Bram Bramley was a farmer's son.

"Vat deed you name des tings?" inquired Monsieur, as he was drawing on a pair of overalls, preparatory to a fishing excursion.

"Pants, pantaloons, trowsers, unmentionables, breeches, or overalls, just as you like," replied Bram. "We will call them overalls, to-day."

"And vat vill dey be to-morrow?"

"Oh, that depends upon circumstances."

Poor Applebaum was thoroughly bewildered. Overalls to-day, something else to-morrow. He had already heard six distinct appellations for this single garment; and there might be as many more.

"Vill you tell to me vy dey be called overalls to-day?"

"Because you wear them over your pantaloons, to keep the water off."

"Ah," exclaimed he, staring very blankly, and proceeding to don the article; "I vill recollect."

The following afternoon Mons. Applebaum chanced to be enjoying a pleasant drive with Miss Maria, a young lady in whom he had of late become quite interested. Miss Maria was gossippy; Paul was silly; both were evidently happy, until a low rumbling among the clouds and sundry stray raindrops announced that a thunder-shower was upon them. Monsieur glanced at the heavens; comprehended the situation; then, taking the opportunity to display his knowledge of synonymes, he handed the reins to Miss Maria, and took out his umbrella, exclaiming, very wisely: "I tinks we shall have much water soon; I vill spread my *overalls*."

Why are certain cracker-puddings like some subjunctives?

Because they have an indefinite general antecedent.

Q U O D A G I S.
 '72.

$\frac{\text{RED}}{500}$, a vehicle = RE-BUS.



Ἀγριώτερος.

Y, 2 γs, ego, $\frac{\text{I n n}}{\text{I}}$

I, ψ, sick.

Canary.

Bye, X, By.

Jolly.

Quart
~~ss~~, E,

Color, ar.

Apis, tellus, WI.

Mater, Mare.

A. yellow, 2000 lbs.

Pontus, bail, r.

Infusio Hordei.

$\frac{\text{SIT}}{\text{I}}$, Samos and Crete.

A π mute, mus.

SIX — 9, 2 D, αὐτό, c.

A river, 50, a border, uuU.

*Aρεs, c

Ef, linen ravellings.

Pericarp, mare, durus.

Anthracite, porta.

X.

A vehicle, natus.

Unbound, UU.

A valley, whiskey.

1000, 100, 100, or 500.

Ten halves, and, er, palus.

A line, two semicircles and a perpendicular, in, a luminary.

Equivalence, a fastener, a liquid.

Right angle, oculus, acute angle, eis, i9i, od.

Fiery, χ , smack.

ϵ $\pi\hat{a}s$.

$\frac{\text{RUSH}}{2}$, article, new, $\frac{0}{2}$, knew.

Keigh, 45 inches, Oh gee.

Taurus, laridum.

Garden instrument, BBB, a circle, n.

To cut grass, peculiar, $\mathfrak{H}$.

$\text{S}_{\text{T}}^{\text{J}}$ 2 — 2, N.

Dee, $\omega\psi$, sea, K, $\epsilon\nu$, sol.

$\text{'}\text{A}\gamma\omicron\rho\acute{\alpha}$, $\epsilon\nu$.

Apis, you, Hyson, 50, E', ar.

K, $\omega\psi$, $n + \frac{n}{2}$, pila.

Dried grass, ah, racket, γ .

μ , $\nu\nu\nu$, $\sigma\nu$

ϵ , Aeger.

Ooo, — evil.

Jay-nothing-h-en-es-o-en.

Gee, grain, ef, fish propeller.

Imperative of am, ν , enclitic, r.

A handle, $\frac{\text{EX}}{10}$, WI.

24 hours, nigh, Latin from, II.

Scissura, $V \times 10$, **EWI**.



Let us Act for Ourselves.

Bohea, interjection, D + D, Ppp, con-100.

See, a, See.

Tall, II.

Forehead, $\frac{2m}{3}$, and so on — 0.

Ancestor, canine.

The Baltic, lay, before Toopēs.
 Halloo, Gay, don't — take the dot away.

Row within the extremities of **BIN**.

$\frac{\text{TON}}{4}$, $\frac{\text{EE}}{\text{E}}$, a lubricator between the end of man and the beginning of life, $\frac{\text{E}}{0}$.

Grace less race, hope less he, underpinning.
 (Stay before **50**, or after it,) — The beginning.

Ën enroll, a rod — **0**.

Indifference, in, the end of living.
 A tile before the beginning of church.

THE BURIAL OF — ?

Not a gong was heard, not a trumpet tone,
 As our load to the forest we hurried;
 Not a hero gave vent to a sigh or a groan
 O'er the grave where the bones we had buried.

We buried them darkly, at dead of night,
 The leaves with our hands softly turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the bonfires, dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed that breast;
 Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we wound it;
 It lay like a mummy taking its rest,
 With the forest leaves around it.

Few and short were the words we said;
 And we spoke not an accent of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the wire-jointed form;
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We heard, in the distance, the musical gong
 And the horns which the heroes were blowing;
 We heard, somewhat nearer, the tramping of feet,
 And judged that we'd better be going.

It was not from dread of corporeal harm
 That we scattered, when thus interrupted;
 We had heard of bad spirits infesting the wood,
 And feared that we might get corrupted.

Mutely, but hurriedly, onward we sped;
 And, like to the heroes of story,
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But left it alone in its glory.

BASE BALL.

THE PHILLIPS NINE.

The Editors have thought that it might be of interest to the readers of the Mirror, to see a short review of the characteristics of the players in their different positions. Accordingly, at request of the board, the following has been prepared by a disinterested, and close observer of the games. They are presented in alphabetical order.

BIRD, during the early part of the season, played centre-field and showed himself of more than ordinary ability; his best point being in the taking of difficult fly-balls; also in his sharp play in backing up second base. He has also played short stop, which position he plays on his class nine. But we have not seen him play enough in that position to judge accurately of his play. His best point there, is his throwing to first base. We think that with practise, and a little more activity, he would make an excellent short. He has also filled the difficult position of backing up Moody's strategic pitching; which position he filled part of most of the games. But we are sorry to say, that Bird is an inveterate grumbler; and his disinclination to obey readily, must be censured.

CRAVENS was pitcher of the nine during the season. But it is evident to all that his home position is in the field. He pitches a swift ball, but has not much command of it. Against an experienced club he is not effective; but a medium batter, he will almost surely pitch out. He has not played in any match as out-fielder, but his display in practice games leads us to judge, that he will make the best fielder the school has produced since Nevin of '70. He also has complete command of his temper; we never saw him angry but once, and then he kept it to himself. And he *always* obeys orders without question.

FINE is the efficient second base of the nine, he excels in the position, as also in that of catcher, being undoubtedly the best catcher in school; his throwing to base cannot be excelled in the nine. His characteristics at second are an ability to stop hot ground balls, and catch high flies. But the great defect of his playing is a desire to change position, and his ungovernable temper.

FLEMING played left field during the early part of the season, but in the

last games of the term, on account of sickness, has not been able to be present. He is the champion thrower of the school, and generally is a safe man to send to the bat in a trying emergency. We have seen him play but little this term, and cannot give him justice. We hope to see him on the field next season, fresh and recruited. He is one of those men whose good nature is just what is needed on the ball-ground. We do not remember ever seeing him lose his temper during a game, and he always obeys orders without question or complaint.

GARDNER is the strong man of the nine; but we have noticed that he is not inclined to practise, and also has many engagements when the minor matches are to be played. Now no one can be a good player and remain so without practise. The score shows him to head the batting list, but we think that against strange pitching his score would not be so good; and here we must say, that the batting average of this term is not a just exponent of the merits of each batter, for only two games have been played against pitching that amounted to anything, to wit, the Scotts, and the first game with the Theologues. This season Gardner has attempted to play short field, but does not succeed very well; his rightful position is first base, and he does not seem at home any where else. As a first baseman he is far above the average; we never saw him play poorly there but once. But his temper!! he does not seem able to keep control of it, and will sometimes get very fierce at those who are so unfortunate as to make a mistake.

HOTCHKISS has played first base this season and has succeeded very well; medium high balls he is sure of, but low ones he cannot take; and high ones he is prone to take with one hand, which looks very brilliant, but is not good playing. At the bat he is not regular, making a good score one day and a poor one the next. It can be said in his favor that he is almost always good natured.

JOHNSTON is the sole and only *good* third base player in the school, and we think that he greatly excels in that position for an amateur; he is a good batter, and one of the best runners of bases. We are very sorry to learn that he intends leaving the ball-field after the close of the season, for in him the nine lose what they cannot easily replace, a *good* third baseman, and an excellent player in all ways. However much he may dislike the commands of the Captain, he always obeys without parley, and is probably as useful a man as any on the field.

LORING, the right fielder, excels on fly balls, and it is only in that respect that his playing is brilliant; he has made some of the prettiest catches we ever saw on the ball field. His stopping of grounders, and his throwing, is only medium; but he must have placed to his credit that the ground of that part of the field is very difficult to play on. As a batter he has not excelled this season, but we think that against strange clubs his

batting would compare favorably with that of the rest of the nine. But he is one of the growlers, and is very prone to say bitter things if affairs do not suit him.

MOODY is the general player of the nine, playing catch for his class nine, short for the school nine, and other positions. We have been told that he once was a brilliant first base. He has caught for the nine this season, and is a very good catcher, but is unfortunate in his attempt to catch foul tips, sometimes they land in his hands, but oftener on his nose. However, he does not wish to catch, nor does he pretend to be a catcher; his proper position is short field. He is also very effective as change pitcher, his forte being slow balls, but when he attempts to pitch swift he loses all command of the ball. He has acted as Captain this season, and has filled the position very well, but has had many difficulties to contend with, for the conduct of some members has not been what it should, they have not had good command of their tempers; and in this respect not much can be said of the captain himself, he being the most prone to anger of any.

The nine with a few changes and a little hard work, could be made into a *first class* nine, and it is now above the average of *junior* nines. We do not believe that there are six better junior nines in the State. The condition of the nine is most hopeful. But one thing must be said: If the school wish to have a nine they must *support* it; the small sum of *twenty-five cents* was voted by the school—only about fifty of the whole school paid. True we think the Treasurer ought to be blamed for want of activity. Some have told us that they were not called upon. What we want is enthusiasm in the school. Next spring it is to be hoped that a good nine will be formed, and clubs invited to come here, and if they do come they must be well entertained; also that the faculty will see their way clear to allow the *nine* to go away to play. We hope that the members of the nine, and those who desire to play to fill vacancies, will diligently practise this winter both in the gymnasium and elsewhere. There is one thing the nine *must* learn to do, and that is to run bases, especially from home to first, and also take care not to get scared when they play a better club than themselves.

CLASS NINES.

'72.

President, C. A. MARSH.
Vice-President, J. W. CARSON.
Secretary, C. M. HOTCHKISS.
Treasurer, S. R. JOHNSTON.

Directors, { WM. H. MOODY,
 { F. S. LIVINGOOD.

Captain, S. R. JOHNSTON.

Nine. Johnston, 3d b.; Livingood, p.; Johnson, 2d b.; Munson, l. f.;
 Moody, c.; Porter, r. f.; McCord, c. f.; Hotchkiss, 1st b.; Bird, s. s.

'73.

President EMMONS BLAINE.
Vice-President, F. F. COLE.
Sec. and Treas. G. T. EATON.

Directors, { F. T. COLE,
 { F. T. HATCH,
 { E. B. CASE.

Captain, W. J. FINE.

Nine. Fine, c.; Stevens, p.; Abbott, s. s.; Gardner, 1st b.; Young, 2d b.;
 Cole, 3d b.; Loring, l. f.; Gilbert, c. f.; Sumner, r. f.

'74.

President, W. S. HALE.
Vice-President, C. R. CORNNING.
Sec. and Treas. W. N. COLLINS.

Directors, { H. P. BEACH,
 { W. P. HILL.

Captain, F. B. WESSON.

Nine. Wesson, s. s.; Granger, p.; Gormon, 1st b.; Coddington, c. f.; Wolverton, c.; Negley, l. f.; Aldrich, 2d b.; W. Bishop, 3d b.; Corning, r. f.

PHILLIPS BASE BALL ASSOCIATION.

<i>President,</i>	S. B. STILES, '72.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	EMMONS BLAINE, '73.
<i>Secretary,</i>	R. W. DE NOIELLE, '72.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	W. S. HALE, '74.
<i>Directors,</i>	{ R. W. DE NOIELLE, '72.
	{ W. H. MOODY, '72.
	{ G. T. EATON, '73.
<i>Nine Committee,</i>	{ R. W. DE NOIELLE, '72.
	{ F. S. LIVINGOOD, '72.
	{ JOHN PORTER, JR., '72.
	{ F. T. COLE, '73.
<i>Captain,</i>	W. H. MOODY, '72.
<i>Nine.</i>	Bird, c. f. '72 ; Cravens, p. '73 ; Fine, 2d b. '73 ; Fleming, l. f. '72 ; Gardner, s. s. '73 ; Hotchkiss, 1st b. '72 ; Johnston, 3d b. '72 ; Loring, r. f. '73 ; Moody, c. '72.

BALL GAMES.

'72 vs. '73,		36 to 14
'72 vs. '73,		20 to 24
'72 vs. '73,		25 to 50
Phillips vs. Holten's, of Danvers,		32 to 9
Phillips vs. Scott, of Danvers,		0 to 17
Phillips vs. Theologues,		26 to 14
Phillips vs. Theologues,		29 to 7
Phillips vs. Picked Nine,		28 to 18
Phillips vs. Picked Nine,		36 to 9
Phillips vs. Picked Nine,		12 to 7

Batting Score and Average of School Nine.

	Games.	At Bat.	Safe Hits.	Average.	Outs.	Runs.	Left on Base.
Bird,	6	37	14	2.2	15	16	6
Cravens,	6	40	15	2.3	17	19	4
Fine,	6	41	18	3.0	17	20	4
Fleming,	4	28	11	2.3	12	10	6
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Vol. XVII.

No. 2.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

PHILO MIRROR.

MARCH, 1872.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παδεῖα.

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THE MIRROR.

FRANK S. LIVINGOOD, }
ALBERT F. GARDNER, } EDITORS.
WILLARD K. DYER, }

Vol. XVII.

MARCH, 1872.

No. 2.

✓ SOME OF OUR ENLIGHTENMENT.

YOU remember reading, not long ago, of the *murder* of eight students, for simple schoolboy pranks, by the Spanish authorities in Cuba. Of course, it is not called murder; for it was cloaked with a form of trial and sentencing for the desecration of the grave of a Spanish general. This was done with the sanction of that Spain — that “relic of by-gone days,” one of the most beautiful lands on earth, always the seat of ignorance and superstition — where the bloody scenes of the Inquisition were enacted; where Catholicism has always had full sway, dragging her down to, or rather keeping her in, the lowest depths of servility.

Now, of course, you all believe that the Inquisition was a fearful thing — the most hideous ever sanctioned by any state. Now, this murder, if it had happened in what we are pleased to call the “Dark Middle Ages,” or in the time — I almost said, of ancient Rome, but I won’t disgrace *her*, even (at least, not when in her prime), with *such* a crime, — but, I say, if this had happened long ago, we would hold up our hands in “holy horror,” and not only look upon it as barbarous, but call it so too; but now that we meet it face to face, and because it comes to pass in this our enlightened, civilized, intelligent, free nineteenth century, — which, you know, is *the* century of railways and progress, — it is very, yes, too apt to be considered one of the things which must happen, and, like the horrors of the dentist’s chair, in reality not half so hard to bear as the contemplation of it.

As you live in this wonderful age, when you can find out everything through your newspaper, when, you know you, can eat your breakfast, and, at the same moment "read what is going on all over the world" (the telegraph is generally credited with some of this, though); well, I say, I guess you have read of the tortures inflicted on prisoners in some of the prisons of the land; at Sing Sing, for example, water is caused to drop constantly on the head of the victim, causing pain and misery almost worse than the rack. While little Delaware yet clings to the pillory and whipping-post, very likely with the sole purpose of keeping us in mind of some of the good old customs of our forefathers. I was going to mention "corrupt men in office," as one of the degeneracies of the age, but I won't, because I believe there are as many good men in office, and no more corrupt ones *now*, than there have been *before*, or else we could not hold our present position as a nation. Perhaps we are getting too smart, too well educated, especially up here in New England, where the stern religious principles of the Puritan Fathers are fast, too fast, giving way to the march of scepticism, and infidelity, born from the fact that men are becoming too wise to accept any great truth without trying first to pick it to pieces, thus merely bringing on doubt. For there are some truths so great that they must be accepted without hesitation, else the man who reasons hardest against them, only involves himself deeper in doubt.

There are many evils in addition to these which must be met. So let us hope that we, in our day shall see, — no, rather let us resolve to be, — the men who shall stand out against these evils, who shall be true to the right, and cause the former things to pass away, and purify our nineteenth century, — this strange conglomeration of good and evil.

F. S. L.

DEATH OF CICERO.

AFTER the death of Julius Caesar by the daggers of his assassins, Octavius Caesar soon succeeded to the throne. He immediately issued a decree, that all implicated in the assassination of Julius Caesar should be arrested, wherever found, and brought to trial. Octavius united himself with Antony and Lepidus, and they, as a triumvirate, ruled the world. They made out a proscription list

of one hundred and thirty senators, and a still larger number of the equestrian order, offering large rewards to any who should bring the head of any of the proscribed to the triumvirs, and warning all, by the severest penalties, against harboring them in any way. The corruption of the times is, perhaps, in nothing more conspicuous than in the eagerness with which sons sought the promised reward, by betraying their fathers to death. The name of Marcus Tullius Cicero, was found on the proscription list. Cicero had been a warm friend and partisan of the aristocracy. But being by nature a time-server, and finding the patricians and plebeians so equally divided that it was quite uncertain which party would gain the ascendancy, he ingloriously endeavored to maintain a neutral position, that he might easily pass to either side which should prove victorious. His powers of eloquence were so remarkable that the plebeians and patricians were both intensely anxious to secure his advocacy.

Octavius condescended to write to Cicero, entreating him to espouse his cause in the senate. Cicero casting a longing eye towards his patrician friends, Brutus and Cassius, who were now far away beyond the Ionian Gulf, ventured to accept, though very hesitatingly, the proffered hand of the young plebeian, Octavius. The imperial orator accompanied Caesar to Rome, and went with him to the forum. Octavius wished, as far as possible, to reconcile the two antagonistic elements of aristocratic privilege and popular rights. Still he was the child of democracy, and the spirit of Julius Caesar was in his heart. As in the Roman forum he had addressed the citizens, and, in the fervor of his speech, pointed to the statues of his uncle, and vowed by the immortal gods that he would emulate his uncle's spirit, and strive to attain his greatness, the people applauded him to the skies; but the nobles turned away in indignation and disgust. Civil convulsions agitated the whole Roman empire. Soon the party of the nobles seemed to be gaining the ascendancy; and Octavius found that his only safety was by quitting Rome. The pendulum of Cicero's mind instantly swung back to the side of the aristocracy. He hastened to Rome, and in a full meeting of the senate, delivered his renowned oration entitled the "Third Philippic." In this he proposed a vote of thanks to Brutus, the assassin of Caesar, and a most illustrious advocate of the aristocracy. At the same time he proposed a vote of thanks to Octavius, the chief representative of the plebeian cause. Cicero

played this double game, since he was well aware that it was by no means certain which party was to come into power. Soon it became manifest that the sun of Octavius was fast ascending the horizon. But the parties became so much embroiled in the complexities of political intrigue, that often it was not a little uncertain which was the popular and which the aristocratic side.

Brutus in Syria, and Cassius in Greece, were rousing Pompey's veteran legions in advocacy of the old aristocratic commonwealth. Their success so intoxicated Cicero, that forgetting his ordinary discretion, he so lauded, in one of his orations, those assassins of Caesar, that the people, who had loved and admired Julius Caesar, turned against him bitterly. Antony, the friend and partizan of Caesar, rallied the popular party, and persuaded Octavius, undisguisedly, to place himself at their head. Octavius, then in command of the forces in Cisalpine Gaul, wheeled around his veteran columns, and commenced his march towards Rome. He was at the head of an army flushed with victory, and by a singular coincidence marched along the same road which his uncle Julius, upon the same embassy, had previously traversed.

The revolution of the wheel which crushed the aristocrats and elevated the people was almost instantaneous. He marched to Rome unopposed, everywhere recognized by the people as the nephew of his uncle.

The heel of the plebeian now fell crushingly upon the patrician's head. It was under these circumstances that Cicero found his name upon the list of the proscribed. In great terror—for, though an eloquent, he was not a brave, man—he fled from Rome, and in disguise hastened to the coast, that he might embark for Macedonia, where the partizans of Pompey had assembled their forces. He was driven back by a storm, and, because of sea-sickness, he could not be induced to re-embark, but, with unwonted heroism, declared: "I will die in that country which I have so often saved." Cicero, with composure which his previous life would not lead one to anticipate, returned to his villa at Formiæ, and there, little knowing of the bloody and terrible death which was prepared for him, quietly awaited his doom.

His slaves, who were devotedly attached to their thoughtful, humane, and virtuous master, kept a vigilant watch, and one day seeing a body of soldiers approach, they hurried Cicero, unre-

sisting, into a litter, that they might place him on board a vessel. They were overtaken by the soldiers, and Cicero knowing well his doom, with manliness which inspired respect, he met it. Reclining in his litter, he calmly stretched out his head, with his neck bare, to be severed by the sword. The soldiers seized his head firmly, and a brawny Roman arm, with keen, cutting blade, almost instantly cut his head from the body, and the gory trophy remained in the hands of the hardened, merciless executioners. They also cut off both his hands, saying that they were the instruments with which he had written the Philippics. The hands and head they carried to Rome, and exposed them derisively over the rostrum where Cicero had uttered strains of eloquence which still vibrate through the world. The mob of Rome, regarding Cicero as an aristocrat, rightly punished for his recreance to the principles of popular rights, gathered tumultuously to witness the shameful spectacle; and yet many eyes of plebeians, as well as patricians, wept over his cruel fate.

Whatever judgment may be pronounced upon the weakness of Cicero, he was, beyond all question, one of the purest and best of the men of those dark and dissolute ages. It may be urged, in defence of his timidity and vacillation, that he regarded with equal disapprobation the selfish and unprincipled members of both factions — the aristocratic and the democratic. Neither party, it almost seems, was worthy the support of any honest patriot.

There was, however, this undeniable difference: The patricians were struggling to deprive the plebeians of an equal share in political privileges, while the plebeians were contending for equal rights for all. In this conflict, there is not much doubt where the sympathy of an honest man, and one devoted to the interest of his country, should be.

* A. F. G.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

AWAY up among the hills of New Hampshire, where stately Mount Washington flings his broad shadow o'er its rocky cradle, first struggles into daylight the beautiful river Merrimack. Its clear, limpid waters come welling up from the rifted rock, and go dashing down the hillside, stealing silently under the dark old forests, receiving joyously into its transparent bosom each little

brooklet, rivulet, and river that hasten from miles around to pay tribute to its conquering way, until at last, a broad, sparkling, beautiful river, it pours its flowing wealth into old ocean's briny depths.

There is, perhaps, no river in New England around which clusters more of the thrilling romance of Indian life. Lovely maidens have been reflected in its glassy mirror; mighty warriors have washed the paint from their faces and the blood from their hands in its bright waters; and deeds of nobleness, of daring, and outrage have been planned upon its brink. The falls of Amoskeag were far-famed among the Indians; for there dwelt a powerful tribe, and there was the best fishing-ground the whole river afforded. But a short distance from the river a huge, solitary rock rears its grey front, towering far above the tall pines that cluster about its base. There comes down to our time a sad tradition connected with this rock, which gives a gloom to its sun-lighted summit no time can dispel.

In all New Hampshire there was never a more beautiful maiden than Moina, whose sire was chief of the tribe that fished in the falls, and stored their corn in the rocks, the constant wear of the waters had hollowed for their use. A young brave, magnificent in fearless manhood, had won her heart, and vowed that when the scalps at his girdle should number a score she should sit in his wigwam, and he would hunt the red deer for her alone. In vain the proud, painted warriors of Pennacook came down to sue for her; in vain the haughty Saugus chieftain bore to her his gay present of murmuring sea-shells; her young heart would not be tempted from its allegiance. So she gently, but firmly told them, "Moina would light the fire in a wigwam of her own tribe."

At length war broke out between her tribe and one many miles away, and all the chiefs and braves went on the war-path. The maiden bade her lover adieu with a happy heart; for she never doubted his success, and he had told her that when the fight was ended Moina should be the wife of Muntunno. They were absent many weeks; but at length one sunny morning, with shouting and rejoicing, the victorious party came back again, and many dark-browed captives swelled their train as trophies of their might and skill.

But one fair maiden, lovely as the dawn of day, graceful as the swaying lily, Muntunno claimed as his, and very careful was he

that she grew not too weary in their long journey, and that she mourned, not without a comforter, her loss of kindred and of home. He told her many tales of his warlike tribe, and of the bright waterfall that made music in his home, but not a word said he of the dark eyed Moina, waiting for him there, and never hinted to the gentle captive that he had, long ago, given his heart into the keeping of a proud and beautiful maiden. And Moina went forth to greet him with a heart brimful of trusting love, and the welcome bright in her eye and warm on her cheek, but he had eyes for the captive alone, ears only for her gentle words ; and the cold heartless look he gave Moina froze the swift current of her love, and chilled her very being. He led the tired girl to his wigwam, spread the choicest skins for her to rest upon, and ere the day was ended proclaimed among the braves that she would be his bride. And when the mellow dawn broke once more upon the earth Moina sat in her lodge alone, weaving gay bands of the gaudy wampum in her jetty locks. She decked herself as for a bride, then swiftly climbed the great grey rock, and bathed in a flood of glorious sunlight stood upon its very summit. Raising her clasped hands to the great spirit, she invoked a bitter curse upon her faithless lover, and plunged headlong from the rock. They buried her where she fell, at the foot of the frowning precipice, and ere many moons her sorrowing father slept at her side, and Muntunno was chief of the tribe. But her curse was registered. God punished the faithless even on earth. His enemies gathered their scattered forces, and allying with other tribes came, down upon him like a whirlwind and, betrayed by his captive wife, Muntunna and his tribe were swept from the face of the earth.

The white man has tamed the wild-glad river, and the busy hum of the spindle, and the swift, plying shuttle have nearly drowned their memory, but Rock Raymond is a monument by Moina's grave that ages cannot crumble away.

W. K. D.

PLUCK AND PLOD.

IN reading biographical history, we wonder at and admire the power of mind that some men possess, and become so fascinated with something that they have done or said, that we at once declare them natural-born geniuses, not considering what was the real cause of their success and greatness.

Donald G. Mitchell tells us that "Energy and perseverance make the man, and not genius." We forget that upon this alone depends all our success in life, and so console ourselves with the vain belief that we are not born geniuses, and that they alone rise to positions of honor and trust, and, as a consequence, our ambition falls, our energy becomes inactive, and perseverance ceases, and so we go plodding through this world, comforting ourselves in the old adage: "Ignorance is bliss."

There is no need of this. It is indeed a foolish belief, making ourselves content to bury our talents. We are all geniuses, natural born. There is the genius for history, for poetry, for painting, for imagination.

We see in nature that God has made no two things exactly alike. Our mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers are all obedient to the same general laws of nature, yet all differ widely from each other. So with the human family; as we are made to differ in tone of voice, features, manners, and habits, so has the mind been endowed with different faculties. One man excels in this, another in that. To some God has given ten talents, to others five; but we all are the possessors of one; and that man is a greater genius who findeth the one and maketh a proper use of it than he who hath the ten and knoweth not the power of one.

We could, if necessary, draw a line of distinction between the men of our day who have made *action* their motto, and those who have trusted too much to their own natural abilities. Look forth into the world, and mark our men who now mould society and occupy responsible places. They did not reach their positions of honor with little labor, but step by step, slowly, but surely, have they overcome every barrier; and then go back into history, and there read what men have been and done who made this the foundation of their success. To the boatman who said it was impossible to brave the raging storm, Tell, imbued with patriotism, exclaimed

"I know not whether it be impossible, but I know it must be attempted"; and by his energy and daring deed Switzerland was, freed from Austrian tyranny.

By the perseverance of one man, and for the welfare of his native France, the whole of Europe was made one great battle-field, and caused the world to look on in wonder. And so did the energy and perseverance of John Brown, in 1858, cause this proud and mighty nation to become frightened to its hearts core, and enter the key that unlocked the fetters of slavery, and consigned to everlasting infamy that blackest of all black codes that ever blackened the annals of legislation or the pages of history. It was this that made Demosthenes the model orator of the world, this that makes Spurgeon the modern Whitefield of ancient times, this that makes every man a *man*.

And what would our country have been to-day had it not been for the zeal of our Pilgrim fathers? "It would not have been at all," said one of our New England governors. It is because of the energy and perseverance of that noble band of martyrs and reformers that we are a nation, composed of the most blessed people of modern times, and why we have become the best and greatest nation of the world. The names of Washington and his compeers are honored names in history, and will ever be seen written in characters of light.

And now shall we, when we see that every age has had its great men, — men who have been the makers of their own greatness, — shall we, I say, stand with folded arms and an idle brain, and permit ourselves to be borne on in this struggle of life, and when the battle is ended not have a name save in the little circle of friends in which we move? Nay, this is an age of action; and anxious eyes are looking down upon us as the hope of the future. Let us then improve the privileges we now enjoy, and let us make Philo-fame as wide-spread and far-reaching as the name of Phillips. We are the makers of Philo, and Philo, if rightly conducted, is the maker of us. Shirk no duty. Every performance made here makes the next easier, and is a forward step in the way to the attainments of higher and nobler ends. This institution was founded, not for gain, not to perpetuate the name of its founders, but for the interests of the Republic, for the cause of Christian literature. These were the high and noble aims that moved the Phillip brothers less than a

century ago to found here this sacred Institution. And now it is left for us to throw around it some literary and scientific garniture.

May we then, as students, so live and so act, that when we come to enter upon life's duties we shall be men fully qualified for our work, men worthy of the age in which we live; and when we are gone, generations to come will point back to us as makers of their age, with as much pride and reverence as we in this age point back to our Pilgrim fathers and the founders of our free institutions.

S. R. J.

FREE LOVE.

"I HAVE an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may, to love as long or as short a period as I can, to change that love every day if I please; and with that right neither you nor any law you can frame have any right to interfere. And I have the further right to *demand* a free and unrestricted exercise of that right; and it is your duty not only to accord it, but, as a community, to see that I am protected in it. I trust that I am fully understood; for I mean just that, and nothing else!"

These are the sentiments which Victoria C. Woodhull is now sowing broadcast over a country not in a state of semi-barbarism, not with its people degraded by ignorance, deprived of the light of the word of God, but throughout a land of civilization, a land dotted thick with common schools, a land where the Bible lies open in every household.

But you will say: "This cannot be true; you must be mistaken. Has not a grand jury indicted Brigham Young for his offences? Did not, in New York, the authorities prevent the meeting of the Mormons who had gathered to propagate their faith? Can I believe, then, that these doctrines are permitted to be advocated in our public halls before the people at large? No, no! it is a monstrous mistake. Such conduct never would be allowed, or, at least, only in the dance-halls or dens of vice of our large cities."

We would tell you that this prodigy does exist. These words were spoken, not in North Street, but in Music Hall, and that, too, before a crowded audience.

"Of course, this woman has no adherents — no followers of her teachings?"

But she has many — many who openly avow their allegiance to her. Daily we read the sophistries of those who defend her cause — matrons, some of them, as their signatures evince.

Mrs. Woodhull complains bitterly of "that stupidly arbitrary marriage law," as she terms it. Mrs. Woodhull probably considers herself as the champion of her sex; and in that capacity only can she feel aggrieved at the marriage regulation; for, according to all reports, she personally has not allowed the law to cramp her inclinations to any great extent.

Further on in her lecture, she remarks that she can see nothing but a legal difference between a woman who has married and lived with a man because he supports her, and a woman who is not married and lives with a man at the same price.

"O tempora! O mores! Senatus haec intelligit, consul vidit; haec tamen vivit."

The ancients, with their paganism, would have thought no punishment too severe for this woman; we, with the inspired writ on every side, allow her to preach defiance to its precepts. W. H. M.

SQUIRE SILAS.

An ancient place was Bigotville,
A strange, unsightly town,
Whose houses, with their paintless sides
And roofs half tumbled down,
Bespoke a fearful lack of thrift,
And seemed to indicate
That life of every kind had fled,
And left it desolate.

Near by the village, on the east,
Meandered River Slow,
Upon whose banks a fresh idea
Had never deigned to grow.
Just off the so-called "village park"
An antique structure frowned,
Whose toppling steeple seemed inclined
To seek the solid ground.

This rickety, unsafe concern,
 Wherein a careful mouse
 Would hardly dare to make his home,
 Was called, "the meeting-house."
 There, swinging 'mid the owls and bats,
 Within its crumbling spire,
 For ages past, at nine P.M.,
 The bell had clanged, "Retire."

A rod or two of pasture land,
 Unfit for growing beans,
 Had been reserved, by public vote,
 For raising citizens.
 Here, in a time-worn edifice,
 Beside a stagnant pool,
 The little folks of Bigotville
 Attended common school.

Back from the street some half a mile,
 On Ignoramus hill,
 A quaint old mansion reared its walls,
 O'erlooking Bigotville;
 And there Squire Silas Custom lived,
 Unsocial, cold, and proud;
 Before whose presence old and young,
 Throughout the township, bowed.

The Squire, by chance, had wooed and wed
 Miss Habitura Pinch —
 A lady who was never known
 To yield her will an inch.
 Squire Silas ruled all Bigotville,
 And Mrs. C. ruled him:
 Both with a power as absolute
 As 'twas severe and grim.

Old Nathan Trust was constable,
 And kept the corner-store,
 That had "DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES"
 Inscribed above the door.
 It chanced that Ebenezer Grout
 Came in to trade, one day.

"Good morning Nathan; Heard the news?"

"What news?" said Nathan. "Hey?"

"I heard, just now, from Carpenter,
That Wright had sold his farm.
Young Henry Progress' bought the place;
He'll surely come to harm.
Squire Silas Custom won't allow
A man like him about.
They'll have a fuss. You see 'f they don't.
And Si will turn him out."

"Wright sold his farm! Sho! Well, do tell!"
Said Nathan. "What 'd he get?"

"His price, no doubt. But what that was,
I haven't heard, as yet."

"Well, I declare! That's news, indeed,"
Said Nathan. "Where'll he go?"

"Just that," said Grout, "and why he sold,
I'm curious to know.

There's something wrong, depend upon't.

John Wright would never sell

That farm his father left to him,

If all was goin' well.

He's been kept down by Custom's heel

For more than twenty year;

And then, there's Madam Custom, too;

She's bothered him, I hear."

"Well they're the bother of us all;"

Said Nathan. "I for one,

Should like to hear that they had sold,

And moved away from town."

'Tis judged a crime, a fearful crime,

If some poor wretched fool

Unwittingly o'erstep the bounds,

And break Squire Custom's rule.

But Squire untrammelled by a law,

May riot in his lies;

While all the town must fold its' hands,

And meekly shut its' eyes.

O'Brien, who tipples at the inn,

And drinks Van Bibber's ale,

Squire Custom calls a drunken wretch,

And sends him off to jail.

But Squire himself, may sit at home,

And steep in high-priced wine;

Or at some social gathering,
 Get drunk as Tim O'Brien;
 Yet you and I must hold our tongues,
 No matter how we feel;
 For Squire must not be criticised:—
 His tippling is genteel.

Poor crazy Jane, Ben Topper's wife,
 Who killed Bar-keeper Sling,
 Squire Custom, with a pious zeal,
 Condemns at once to swing;
 But Squire and wife may walk our streets
 Concealed in Pleasure's guise,
 And scatter habits worse than death
 Before our very eyes:
 May pinch, cramp, torture, and deform
 The bodies of our youth,
 And teach them in a thousand ways
 To ridicule the truth;
 Yet no one dares to bring a charge
 Against the twain meanwhile;
 For Squire and wife are favored ones:
 Their work is done in "style."

Just at this point Miss Prate came in
 To get her bill enlarged:
 "A roll of pins, and three fresh eggs."
 'Of course,' she'd have them charged.

"You've heard," she said, "about that man
 That's come to Bigotville.
 He's going to make a stir, they say,
 On Ignoramus Hill.
 Judge Common Sense, and Lawyer Change
 I hear are coming too.
 With men like these a stirring round
 What will Squire Custom do?"

Exactly what the Squire would do,
 No one could make quite clear.
 Exactly what the Squire did do,
 Shall presently appear.

A lapse of years;—Squire Custom sits
 Reflecting o'er their flight.
 Those years have brought him many a grief;
 They've shorn him of his might.

“Indeed,” said he, “a pretty fix.
Am I at last outdone ?
Do those young upstarts think to rule
In this, my native town ?
That Progress’ got a new idee,
Eb Slocome said to-day ;
If he don’t keep it to himself,
I’ll teach him what’s to pay.
He and that scoundrel Common Sense
Will ruin Bigotville,
If I don’t put a stop to it, —
But put a stop I will !
They’ve run a pair of iron rails
Clean through the lower plain ;
And introduced a thunderin’ thing
They call an ‘engine-train.’
And then that scientific line,
The telegraphic wire,
That’s strung along the engine-track,
Has set the town afire.
For on it, — standin’ just as ’tis, —
They’ve made the people think
A letter’ll go around the world
Before a man can wink !
They’ve squandered half the public funds
In fixin’ up the town.
They’ve built a new academy,
And torn the old one down.
The meetin’-house has been rigged up
With cushions, paint, and blinds ;
A public library procured
To feed the youngster’s minds :
A town-house built upon the hill
That cost a cruel sum :
New sidewalks laid : the roads all paved :
A license fixed on rum :
And all within a few short years,
In spite of my commands ;
And what is more, they’ve got the *power*
Completely in their hands
For when that rascal Common Sense
Soft soaped John Government,
And made him let his niggers vote,
My influence was spent.

I once held office; but alas!
 I've been compelled to budge.
 The chair I've occupied for years
 Holds Common Sense as Judge.
 I have a few constituents:
 My wife is left to me. —
 I sometimes wish she'd gone the way
 Of all mortality. —
 And if this Progress still persists
 In carrying out his plan
 Of settin' all the women up
 On equal terms with man,
 My days are numbered sure as fate;
 For Madam Silas C.
 With extra power, conferred by law.
 Will make an end of me.
 That's what he's driving at. The wretch!
 I'll have the Sheriff sent
 To apprehend him instantly
 For murderous intent.

.
 The court was crowded. Old and young
 Flocked in from 'everywhere'
 To hear the celebrated case
 Of Progress *versus* Squire.

The plaintiff's counsel Peter Fudge,
 And Nicodemus Cant
 Were there in all their awful state
 Prepared to blow and rant.
 Young Henry's counsel, Sharp and Grit,
 Two stirring men, were there;
 And Common Sense serenely graced
 The magisterial chair.

The court was opened in due form,
 The accusation read;
 Which, stripped of it's redundant words
 And legal technics, said,
 That Progress, in his late attempts
 To franchise Custom's wife,
 Had laid a deep and deadly plot
 To take his — Custom's — life.

"What answer make you to this charge?"
 Inquired Judge Common Sense.

"Not guilty!" Was the firm reply.

“ Then let the suit commence.”

The witnesses were duly sworn,
And pumped in legal style;
And all were newsy, save one Blunt,
Who caused the court to smile,
By recommending Lawyer Fudge,
‘ To hold his sland’rous tongue.
He wan’t a gon’ter help connive
To get young Progress hung.’

Miss Prate was called ; and took her oath
That Betsey Croaker said,
That someone, more’n a year ago,
Had told her nephew Fred —

“ Be more explicit, if you please.”
Said Grit, “ Tell what you’ve seen.”

“ O nothing Sir, — except I know —
That is, — they say, I mean,
That Mr. Progress don’t believe
In Mr. Custom’s ways ;
And I’ve expected there would come
A fuss, these many days.”

The testimony given in,
All listened to the pleas.
Squire Fudge declaimed, and, with his gas,
Created quite a breeze.

“ ’Tis clear,” he said, “ that yonder knave,
For reasons of his own,
Has plotted ’gainst my client’s life ;
But that’s not all he’s done.
He’s scattered throughout Bigotville
These modern traps of his ;
He’s turned the heads of all our youth ;
And, not content with this,
He now would have the women placed
Upon an equal stand
With us, who, by established law,
Are rulers of this land.
Your Honor’ll surely not withhold
The penalty that’s due.
The law demands his punishment ;
And I demand it too.”

When Lawyer Grit addressed the court,
Dead silence reigned around.
His words were pointed, plain, concise ;
His arguments were sound.

“I will not try,” said he, at length,
“To prove, what now is plain,
That all these extra charges brought
Are libellous and vain.
These modern traps, I’m proud to say,
My client soon intends
To set for fogies everywhere :—
Beware, my legal friends !
About these dreaded equal rights,
So nettling to our pride,
I’ve neither this nor that to say :
Your Honor must decide.

Judge Common Sense pronounced the charge ;
The jury then withdrew,
But shortly brought the verdict back,
Which, read by Foreman True,
Pronounced the pris’ner at the bar,
“*Not guilty !*” So say we ;
But moved by pure and manly zeal
To make his fellows free.

Old Custom sat and ground his teeth.
Long may his Squireship grind !
Till Progress, with his loftier aims,
Shall govern all mankind.

C. A. D.

EDITOR'S CARPET-BAG.

REVIEW.

I will try to write a short review of the term, which, you know, has been one full of pleasing recollections, and of some sad ones.

Under the auspices of the V. A. S. Club, an association of Andover gentlemen, Mr. James T. Fields lectured on "A Plea for Cheerfulness"; Gen. J. H. Hawley, on "Gentlemen in Politics"; the Highland Quartette, of Boston, assisted by two Boston ladies, gave a concert; and Professor Churchill one of his entertaining Readings. Upon the latter occasion quite a number of the members of Phillips, were "arrayed in white" and black "apparel, and bearing" not "palm-branches," but canes. The townspeople considered this quite a superior joke to "howling about at dead o'night," of which pleasant amusement but little was indulged in, with the exception of a slight fiasco on new year's night. In addition to the "V. A. S. entertainments," Miss Mehlig gave a piano concert, and the Harvard Glee Club appeared under the auspices of the Senior English Class. On Christmas, quite a number of the boys visited their friends. When we returned, we were all startled and grieved at the announcement of the death of John C. Bailey, a member of the Middle English Class. When we left, there was apparently every chance for his recovery; when we returned, he was dead and buried. This is the first among the boys of the school for some years. Should we not heed the warning: "Be ye also ready." Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the bereaved father and mother. Not to linger. Lately we have been afflicted with a species of epidemic; viz. an eye disease. In some cases the disease commences about the middle of the term. Some of the indications are sundry "flunks and fizzles" in Geometry, or some other of the "inspired studies" (that is, inspiration is necessary to get along with them). This is succeeded by a general decadence in lessons, and culminates a week before the ex—end of the term. A great need is then felt for the balmy breezes of "home, sweet home"; and the conviction that immediate convalescence would result from a look at the "scenes of our childhood" is deeply rooted. May nothing serious result from it.

In our Society, we are progressing as usual. Our worthy President was restored from exile at the middle of the term, and since then has performed his duties with satisfaction to everybody else, as well as to himself. With one or two exceptions all the parts have been performed,

and the debates well sustained. The two last meetings were taken up by a moot-court, a full report of which, by our special reporter, will be found on another page.

Now, hoping that you will support Philo as well, and the "Mirror" better, next term, and that you will excuse all mistakes and neglects, we leave this to you.

At a meeting of the Scientific Department of Phillips Academy, held this afternoon, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst, our friend and schoolmate JOHN C. BAILEY, be it therefore

Resolved, That, lamenting the loss of our companion and classmate, whose noble character has won the attachment of us all, we offer to his afflicted parents and friends our hearty sympathy in this sad bereavement, praying that God in his goodness will sustain and comfort them.

Resolved, That his classmates will manifest their respect for the deceased by wearing the usual badge of mourning fifteen days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and inserted in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle and Lawrence American.

HENRY HOGAN,
T. M. GOPSILL,
A. C. PLUMER,

ARTHUR BLISS,
E. W. NOBLE, JR.
WALTER T. DANA,

Committee.

Andover, Dec. 26, 1871.

SESSION OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

ON the evening of Feb. 23d, 1872, a session of the Superior Court was held in that grand old Philo Hall, where General Washington didn't have his headquarters, or stay all night. The Court was opened with his honor, Judge Moody, on the bench. The hall was crowded with sedate and German-stomachy Juniors, who were bound to maintain the honor of their class, and Seniors ever on the alert to run errands and hold horses, or in any way to turn an honest penny (and a new leaf too). The clerk called the following cases: 1st, Big Case called to order for eating peanuts.

No one appeared for any of the cases, until that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts versus Knox Johnston was called.

Catchem Kane and Skinnem Gardner for the Commonwealth, and G. A. S. Burchard and Lord Pettifogger Daniels for the defence.

Before the Court proceeded to business, the Judge made the short and pithy remark "that none but the lawyers should be allowed to chew tobacco." All the legal gentlemen availed themselves of this permission,

and the Judge, who had sore eyes, was obliged to take snuff. Mr. Skinnem Gardner "led off" with an elegant plea, but which proved to be the wrong one, and he was consequently obliged to begin again, and "do so no more." The first witness for the prosecution was Charles O'Toole, Janitor of the "Fem Sem." He gave a clear, straightforward, well-mixed-up story, and Mr. G. A. S. Burchard, rising, steadied himself for a fierce onset.

B. "Mr. O'Toole, did you take anything that night to strengthen you?"

O'T. "Begorry I did — a bit ov a mop, sir."

B. "But did you take nothing else — liquor, for instance?"

O'T. "Oh, ye spalpeen, I took the mop for a licker, and, betunder, I laid about me."

Mr. Burchard took his seat slightly the worse for wear, and his colleague, Lord Pettifogger Daniels arose.

D. "How far were you from the prisoner at the bar, when in the Gymnasium?"

O'T. "Sure, and there aint no bar in the Gymnasium."

D. "No, no; I mean how far were you from the man whom you saw in the Gymnasium?"

O'T. Oh, begorra! Is that what ye'd be afther know'n? Well, five feet, eight and three fourths inches."

D. (who thinks he's got him). "Now, sir, did you measure it?"

O'T. "That I did."

D. "What for, sir?"

O'T. "Because I tot some fool would be afther askin' me that same." [Mr. Daniels only needed fresh air, and was brought back feeling better.]

O'T. "Is there any one else wants plug at me?"

The witness was finally seated, after much confusion, and Mr. Hopperdodger was put upon the stand. He did not know who he was, why he was, what he was, nor where he was; only, "dat man — dat brisoner at de bar owes me fifteen cents." He said he liked the boys (which, by the way, proves that he isn't a theologue).

Mr. Clark was fined \$5 for not having sore eyes when asked. Two Middlers were find \$10 each for playing "penny anti" out loud.

Miss S. S. Simper came next — a "Fem Sem." (Happy thought — All Fem Sems should be called S. S. = Simple and Sappy. Nothing charged for this thought.) Miss Simper was "so fond of those delicious Theologs. No; she didn't get reprimanded for kissing the Janitor," but pointed out Mr. Gardner as the man. "He stood on the ground beneath my window, and reached right up to my window [thir'd story], and he puckered so nice that I kissed him before I knew it." (Joke on Skinnem). The clerk was fined \$20 for pasing a note to Miss Simper. (Intense excitement.)

Mr. Burchard. "Miss Simper did you get introduced to Knox Johnston?"

Miss S. "O Lordy, no! Why, 'you know how it is, yourself.'" (Collapse.)

Mr. Daniels. "You say that you were at the window in your night-gown."

Miss S. "Oh, no! I took a quilt; for Miss McKean had borrowed my night-gown the day before." Some brilliant "counters" took place, and Miss Simper was allowed to take seat, amid the admiring glances of the motley crew there congregated.

Messrs. Stiles and Dickinson fined \$5 each for throwing spit-balls. (Furor.) Several witnesses were brought up, and then the Court took a five minute's recess. The Judge and two counsel for the prosecution adjourned to a side-room, with a bottle of Santa Cruz, which had been taken from Mr. O'Toole some time before. The celerity of the uncorking and disposal was only exceeded by the longing in their stomachs.

Court was again called, and the business in hand proceeded. Lord Pettifogger Daniels made a "short, but sweet" plea for the defence, and Mr. Knox Johnston, the prisoner at the bar, was placed upon the witness-stand. He told what little he knew in a very short time; and Mr. Catchem Kane, adjusting his bow legs so as to bear the weight (?) of his legal lore, asked:

K. "Mr. Johnston, had you a moustache the night of Hallow eve."

J. "I did."

K. "How large was it, as large as mine for instance"? caressing a shadow of some furze from a quince bush, which had spoiled three cameras and couldn't be seen *quite* as plainly as the fires on Hallow eve.

J. "As large as yours; oh yes; mine was in sight, and I—I don't exactly seem to see yours." Mr. Kane sat down just as Mr. O'Toole remarked that "he was jealous of 'Johnny's bristles,'" which "brought the house down" (but it soon rose).

Mr. Gardner. "Mr. Johnston, You say that you wore thin, light clothes on that night; now how could that be, as the thermometer stood four below zero?"

J. "Oh, it might easily have been that up where you are, but it was summer heat down below." Mr. Skinnem Gardner sat down, and took some "weed" to sustain him in so trying an ordeal.

Next came Mr. "Big" Case, who was as hard a case as could be found (happy thought; no harder than examinations). There was no cross examination, as the counsel for the prosecution had both fallen to sleep, and Mrs. Chever, hearing the snoring, had thought it was thunder, and had put out her rain-water tubs. Next was Mr. Wilder, who after a fierce struggle to kiss the "Fem Sem," found that he had kissed his washer-woman by mistake. ("Bad luck on the mourners." Large raise in bill; viz. for washing mouth 18c.).

Mr. K. "Do you tell the truth?"

Mr. W. "Yes; but I don't believe you do."

Mr. K. "Why"?

Mr. W. "Nothing; only I heard that your mother whipped you for telling the truth when you were a youngster, and that you had never tried it since." (Very true.)

Mr. G. "Have you got sore eyes"?

Mr. W. "Yes."

Mr. G. "How did you get them, — being up late"?

Mr. W. "No, only trying to see the top of your head in cloudy weather." Mr. G. and W. had some exceedingly harsh words, and Mr. W. thinks that he would prefer a mahogany coffin decidedly. The "Fem Sem" quieted them by singing a snatch of that melodious sonnet, "Don't let your angry passions rise," "From your toe-nails to your eyes." This ended the testimony for the defence. The plea for the prosecution reminded one of some patent medicines that apply to one thing as well as another, and are good for nothing in anything. The Judge censured Mr. Kane for using a pony in its construction. (Santa Cruz has a bad effect on the Judge.) Mr. Burchard followed, and wound up by saying, that he had proved fully that they had biscuit and not cobble stones at the Union Club (we're glad). The jury when called upon to hear the Judge's charge were all found to be matching pennies, with the exception of Mr. Oliver, who was absorbed in a cook-book, but now and then looking up to decide the knotty points in the innocent game. The Judge's plea was as follows:

Gentlemen of the jury, a fearful responsibility rests on your shoulders. You have been chosen carefully — none are Theologs, or ever intend to be, and therefore your character is unimpeachable. To analyze the conflicting evidence would be an insult to men of your insight and penetration, therefore, my instructions shall be of a general character. Mr. O'Toole, for the prosecution testifies that "sore eyes are prevalent" (examinations approaching). Note this, also, that Mr. Oliver was engaged as wet-nurse at "Fem Sem." This is important — bear it in mind. For the defence, Mr. Hipperdodger testifies that "a bean-bag was thrown into a third story window of Smith Hall, upon the 31st of October, also that Deacon Abbott received twenty-five dollars for three old oil-barrels, placed outside the day before, as he expected a fire that night." Let this be of great weight gents. Bear in mind the universal principle laid down by the immortal Daniel Pratt: "Vox Populi, king-crab hy-cockolorum nymbio, glycerenibus calcium nobis est." From your own experience derive as your rule of action, never to go out to a bonfire without taking an active part, as the opposite of this will cause your expulsion or suspension from school. It is a well-known fact of the law, that a man is responsible only for his own action, although this is sometimes overlooked. (At this point his honor was interrupted by the plaintive chorus, "We know how it is ourselves," sung by the members of the school — on the "list." The judge was affected to

tears, and could only murmur in broken tones, "Be virtuous and you'll have a soft thing.")

The jury, when called upon to hear the Judge's charge, were all found to be matching pennies, with the exception of Mr. Oliver, who was studying a cook-book, and deciding all the knotty points.

The jury adjourned; each using a pillow-case, while Mr. O'Toole was pulling the Fem Sem's "back hair," and punching Mr. Hopperdodger for telling. One of the jury was moved by the spirit, and the eleven others put him to bed. The room was (strange enough) full of marsh gas.

No decision, except that all agreed that the spirit was Mrs. Cassady's.

Now, let me add a few words. I beg you, read and study them carefully. They are: "Nixe nisen cullie-swe gobble tamen. Kiss whistle beencuttinforaweek e pluribus go braw Stonewall Caesar and Julius Jackson. Sweet potatus-est."

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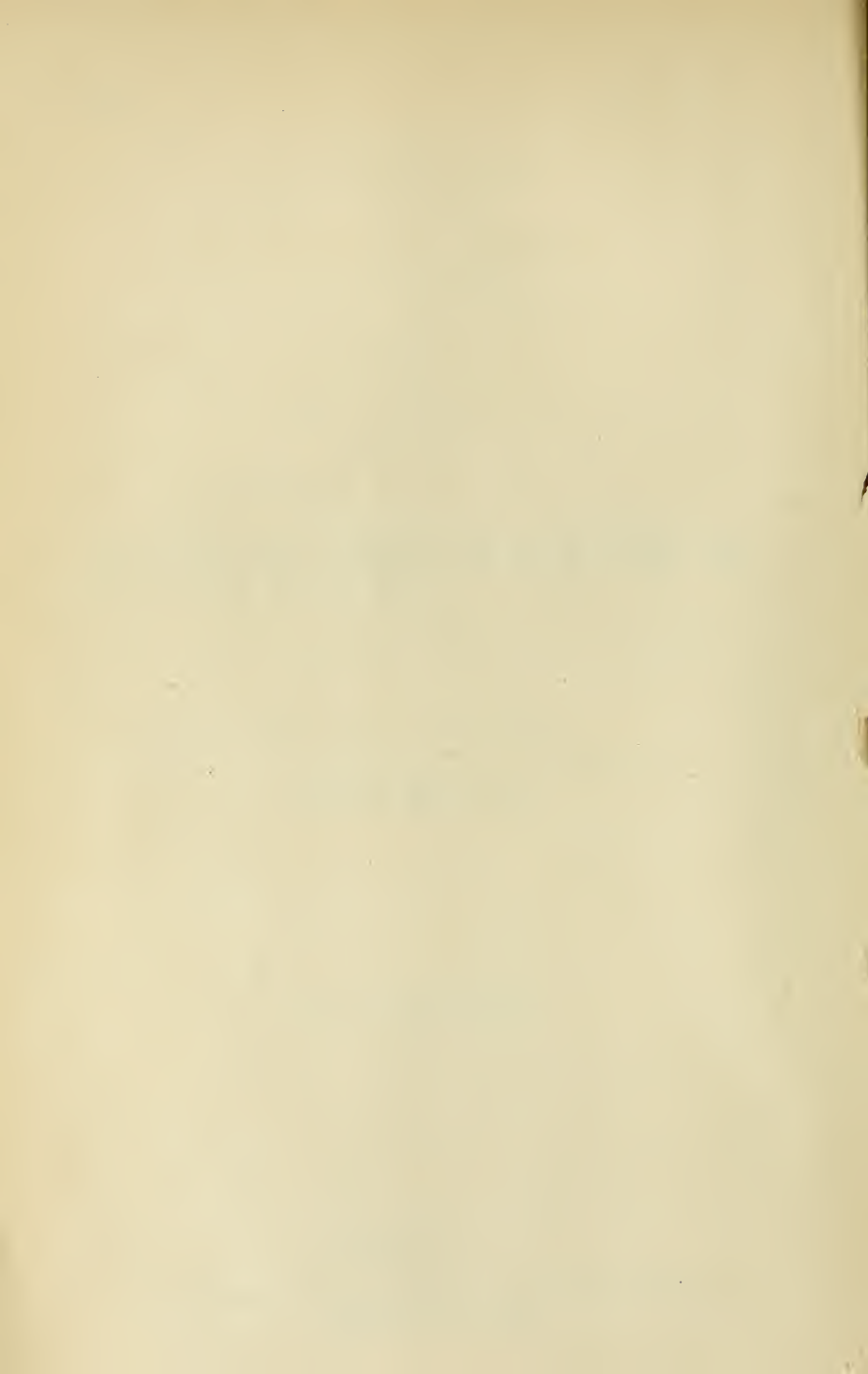
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JUNE, 1872.

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S. RUTHERFORD JOHNSTON, DAVID S. ALDRICH, CLARENCE BUCKINGHAM,	} EDITORS.
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No. 3.

AN AIM IN LIFE.

LIFE is a gift from God. A purpose unique, distinct, definite, must have been in the Divine mind when he gave life to you and to me; for the life that has been conferred upon us is not that which has been given to the plant, to the tree, or to the animal. Life to us means thought, imagination, reflection, the capacity to know our being's end and aim.

What, then, shall we do with life? It is only when we have an aim, and a worthy one, and seek after it, that we are fulfilling the purpose of that beneficent being who gave us these capacities, these energies, these qualities, and that we are true to ourselves in the knowledge of their possession.

If these energies have scope and play, even when the aim is not the highest, the man is ennobled, and such are the men of whom time leaves any record. Caesar aimed to become master of the world; and he carried the Roman eagle from the Adriatic to the Bay of Biscay. One aimed to lay the resources of an undiscovered country at the feet of his sovereign; and his eyes saw the beauty of its forests, heard the song of birds in that marvellous land, and carried away in his hand gold found in its sands. Men have sought honor, fame, wealth — sought these only for their own sake, — and have been the better.

Recollect, these are selfish aims; they are not what they ought to be, but infinitely better than the dull, insipid, useless, wasted, lives that so many live. But let the aim be high, and the life lived for it

will carry the soul into the presence of its aim. Men who have most impressed the world, changed the condition of states and nations, are those who had such intent, and followed it to the end.

The great difference between one man and another lies precisely in this, that one feels more than another; one has notions of which another has not dreamed; one is moved by emotions to which another is an entire stranger. Some men and women find greatest enjoyment in watching the boards, where characters are represented that never had being except in fiction, and passions portrayed that were never found in nature. Sir John Franklin in the front of danger, amid polar snows, beyond and through the ice of a thousand winters, is trying to find the north-east passage. And yet to all these God has given the same grand capacities.

Tell us, ye who have lain upon a mother's bosom; have received a father's blessing; have had wealth to bring you comfort, luxury, and a home; who have basked in the light of religion as you grew up to manhood and womanhood; been warmed into intellectual life by the help of education; ye who, with all these gifts and blessings thrown around you by the hand of God, have not yet found your mission; have lived without an aim; have shown no power and refined no character, while the harvests through all these summers have ripened on the hills; tell us if that be worthy of beings who are one in lineage with such men as Luther and Cromwell, with Washington and Lincoln? Men who die amid the tears of peoples on either side of oceans.

"Be good my friends! Let him who will be clever do noble deeds, not dream them all day long, and so make life, death, and the vast forever one grand sweet song."

The question is not Shall we live in history? but How shall we live? Names good and bad are alike mortal; and on the same historic page we find linked together Paul and Judas, Washington and Arnold; but the features of the good are painted on canvass, chiseled in marble, and their names spoken by mothers at the cribs of children.

Only the life lived for what is true and just and heaven-approved, can give us what is enduring and imperishable. Give your thought to the brodered robe: the moth will eat it. Find fame by the sword: the rust will soon dim its brightness. Keep youth about you if you can: your knees will sooner or later tremble, and

you will ask a friend to give a helping hand. Cultivate your mind so that you know all truths and understand all tongues: there will come a time when you will not know the face that has been with you since childhood's hour.

“What need of the changeless story which time hath so often told,—
The spectre that follows glory, the canker that comes with gold;
That wisdom and strength and honor must fade like the far sea-foam,
And death is the only winner;—but friends we are going home.”

Let us, whatever may be our occupation or plan, perform the duties we owe to ourselves, to country, to race, and to God, believing the words that were meant for all ages: “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.” S. R. J.

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

ONE of the greatest sources of wonder to the whole world has been the progress of the arts, science, and of agriculture in the United States. Even at this enlightened day as one looks back on what America once was, and then with his mind's eye follows her progress step by step down to the present age, he is wont to exclaim: From the depths of the wilderness to the highest state of perfection ever achieved by a nation since the world began.

About two hundred and fifty-two years ago, the Mayflower touched the bleak and wintry coast of Massachusetts. Since that eventful day the United States have risen, as the prayers of those Pilgrim Fathers arose from that ice-bound shore. As every nation which expects to arrive at true eminence must base its government on the Christian religion, or some day will witness the fall of that nation, never to rise again. So the founders of this mighty republic, putting their trust in the Almighty, placed the world at defiance, and followed the dictates of their own consciences. As they left their weather-beaten bark, little did they think a nation would spring from their undertaking, whose number should be as the sand of the sea. Their only object was to find a spot where they might worship God in peace, and escape the tyranny of their oppressors. At first they were but a speck on the coast of the Atlantic, but a handful

of true, determined men, who, rather than denounce their belief in the only true God, dared even face the dangers of such a voyage (which at that time seemed almost miraculous), the freezing winds of winter on an uninhabited coast, and a whole race of savages. Passing through the severest trials they, or rather their descendants, have at last arrived at the most noble pre-eminence of republicanism the world has ever dreamed of. Being oppressed by enemies on all sides, by the civilized in the Old World and the savage in the New, it seemed as though they never could rise above such fearful odds. At first their numbers were so diminished by the attacks of the adversary and the Almighty destroyer, that it seemed as though the undertaking of forming a colony, based on the Christian religion, must be a failure. But God in this latter day did not close his ear to the cry of his people, neither did he allow the prayers of his chosen to remain unanswered. As it is often observed in nature that there is the greatest calm just before a storm, so after gaining a foothold on the soil of America they pushed onward and upward toward a true and righteous government. The career of these men seems one of the brightest pages in the world's history. Entering the revolution rather than give up their rights, they have shown us, by their deeds of valor and Christian benevolence, an example of which any nation might well be proud.

Although many individuals claim notice, we would speak especially of La Fayette. His goodness caused many a soldier's eye to moisten with the tear of gratitude. "He, like Washington, goes down to a greater immortality than awaits any hero or mere warrior of the human race." Emerging from the contest an acknowledged nation, instead of a dependent colony, they have risen with such rapid strides that they have left the world in the swell caused by their ship of state. What nation in existence has done more for the world? None. Some of the greatest difficulties have been overcome in America ever witnessed by man. The greatest inventions have been made. The application of steam to manufacture and travel, and the Atlantic cable, all go to show the spirit of advancement in America. What nation stands first on the lists of governments to-day? America, and there she will stand forever. She has produced some of the greatest men, and men whose names have been and will be handed down to posterity. Not like other nations has she produced a great man in many years, but every age has

had its acknowledged leader. Her great men have not been cruel despots like Napoleon, and hundreds of European monarchs, but men who have ever been urged onward by a true and noble Christian spirit. What is it that constitutes a great man? Is it he who gains the most power who is the greatest? No; but he who benefits the world most by having lived in it. Is it he who makes the greatest splurges as a politician? No; but he who, in whatever position he may be, tries to do the will of his Maker. .

“Rome had its Caesar, great and brave, but stain was on his wreath. —
 He lived a faithless conqueror and died a tyrant's death.
 France had its eagle, but its wings, though lofty they may soar,
 Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.
 Those hero gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves,
 Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal to make a world of slaves,
 Who though their kindred barred the path still fiercely waded on,
 Oh, where shall be their glory by the side of Washington?” D. S. A.

DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES, the world-renowned orator, was a soldier and a statesman as well as a speaker. His first effort at public speaking was unsuccessful, he is even said to have been received with ridicule; but at last, by his unwearied exertions, he became one of the greatest orators the world has ever seen.

In becoming an orator, Demosthenes had to struggle against the greatest physical disadvantages, his voice was weak, and his utterance defective. But by his constant efforts, he raised himself to an eminence few men have ever yet attained.

Pericles, the celebrated rival of Demosthenes, and counted by some to have been even a greater orator, was, perhaps, a more finished speaker; his voice was finer, his gestures more graceful and he presented a finer appearance. But the eloquence of Demosthenes in his Oration against Leptines, and in his speeches on public affairs, soon gained him the good will of the people, and placed him at the head of Athenian orators. He took part against Philip when he saw that Philip had resolved to subjugate Greece, and he devoted all his powers to resist the aggressions of the

Macedonian monarch. For fourteen years he continued to struggle against Philip, and neither threats nor bribes could turn him from his purpose.

He failed ; but the failure must not be considered his fault. And after the death of Philip he was the first to call upon the Greeks to throw off the Macedonian yoke. In this too he failed ; and Athens, having been compelled to sue for peace, Alexander demanded the surrender of Demosthenes and other leaders of the popular party, and with difficulty he allowed them to remain at Athens. Many accusations were brought against him in his public life at Athens, but they were proved to be false, and, for the most part, were brought against him by some less fortunate rival. He was vindictive in his nature, and implacable in his resentments. He had a glorious subject for his political ambition to defend, the cause of Greece against Philip, and he defended it like a champion worthy of such a cause. He was admired in Greece and courted by the king of Persia, and even his enemies had the highest opinions of his honesty and integrity.

C. B.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

He was an aged man, and his hair was as white as snow ;
 In the old Revolution he had helped to rout the foe ;
 His accents were tremulous, and his footsteps were infirm ;
 And for his wooden leg his life was made a pensioned term.

He was a pious man, and, as he sat within the door
 Of the house he had helped his father build long years before,
 The holy book of God rested often on his knee,
 And he read the precious precepts full understandingly.

But he was not always thus in serious, sober mood ;
 'T was true that he had woes, and that o'er them he would brood ;
 And yet, as I remember him, he seemed a jolly man,
 And his repeated adage comes to me : "*Laugh when you can.*"

But, speaking of his love for fun, a story I recall,—
 A story which he told to me and to my brothers all :
 'T was well nigh thirty years ago, but I recall it well,
 And the gist of it—the substance—I am about to tell.

'Tis a long, long time my children
 Since I used to go to school ;
 Where I said my verbs in Latin,
 Where I broke the 'stablished rule.
 Yes, the time has swiftly glided
 Since I donned the schoolboy's frock ;
 And to-night I am an old man,
 Soon shall join the heavenly frock.

But away, away, dear children,
 With such sombre thoughts as these ;
 I will now be young once more, —
 I have little men to please ;
 So to-night, my dear, dear children,
 I will tell to you a tale
 Of the fun I had in youthtime,
 Ere I entered manhood's pale.

Charlie, you have seen the building
 Where your grandpa learned to read
 Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil,
 And whate'er *sub-freshmen* need.
 'Tis full large and very sightly,
 'Tis the pride of all the town —
 Some day you shall enter, Charlie,
 And gain honor and renown.

But enough of vain digression.
 I will tell my story now ;
 When I got myself in trouble,
 And the reason *why* and *how*.
 'Twas a bright and pleasant evening,
 And my lessons were so dull
 That I did not try to learn them,
 Rend'ring thus our statute null.

For you know it was a precept
 That no boy should leave his room
 'Till his studying was completed,
 Else he'd surely meet the doom
 Due a dunce and brainless fool
 Who has illy spent his time ;
 He would read his fate on *papers*
 Where the prose was never rhyme.

But I reckless felt that evening
Little cared for any one ;
So I closed the tiresome Virgil,
And went forth in search of fun.
Many boys I found translating
English from the measured Greek ;
And at first they seemed reluctant,
But my boldness made them weak.

So at last they left their Homer,
Joined me in the teacher's yard ;
Where we filled an empty barrel —
Which we carefully had tarred —
Filled it to the brim with shavings ;
Saturated them with oil ;
Rolled it 'neath our teacher's window ;
Lit it, ere a hand could foil

Our purpose. Then we ran away.
But the flame played higher, higher,
And the shrieking bell was crying
To the mercy of the fire.
That was Friday, and the next day
I was sent away from school.
It was just — the punishment ;
I had not obeyed the rule.

But my children it will haunt me,
It will haunt me all my life ;
I mean, the thought of my neglect
Of my faithful teacher's life.
For fatigue brought on a sickness,
And his house was all destroyed ;
Oh, if I could make atonement
To the man I then annoyed !

And yet, my children, I believe it,
Had there been no "study-hours,"
Were there no such rule at Procter's,
All the direct, strongest powers
Of evil, could not then have turned
Me from the path of right ;
Could not then have caused me sorrow,
If they'd tried with all their might.

●

And I'm very glad, dear children,
That you're bound in no such way ;
But can study in God's sunshine
On each bright and pleasant day.
That, since common sense is plenteous,
Trustees make you no such rule ;
That they have no "study-hours,"
In the bettered Procter school.

Long lapse of years have passed, the golden gates have swung back
Once more upon the shining silver hinge's easy track ;
The venerable story-teller has bravely stemmed the flood,
Has passed to peace and purity, has reached a pitying God. E. E. P.

✓ WHAT THE WORLD OWES PROFESSOR MORSE.

MORSE, the aged patriarch, has gone. He has departed, leaving to a grateful humanity a name which has borne him on swift wings to the highest pinnacle of fame ; not to sink beneath the public gaze like the starry rocket that, ascending the sky (its own force spent) bursts, and is seen no more ; but which has established him there, firm as the lasting rock that scorns the ceaseless dash of the angry waves. And the civilized world has paused to reflect upon the career of a mighty man, whose powerful genius curbed the lightning's in their course, and directed them through the four quarters of the globe — quick messengers of thought ; to consider the mind which has subdued their fiery energy, and enslaved it to human thought. The highest homage, the greatest respect, indeed the deepest gratitude, can only in part express what is due from the world to such a benefactor. Especially shall we realize this when we consider what an important key he has turned toward laying open the mysteries of nature, and behold that immense stride which he has contributed to the march of Progress. Behold, the swift electric fire sits obedient to his command. Scanning the pages of History can we find *one* among the many inventions there recorded which will equal this in mystery and wonder ? Glance at some of the advantages which the world reaps from this marvellous electric force, which has been reduced by American genius to a system

resulting in a "Mercury" for thought. That puffing, hissing, and powerful, locomotive, which binds together countries, awakening a spirit of growth, and which bears man and man's traffic on its shoulders, is compelled to yield to its silent, yet ever watchful companion, the telegraph, which, standing at its side wherever it lays its track, outstrips its fleetest motion, and warns it of danger ahead.

Even that far-ruling press consults it for "advice." With outstretched arm it links continent to continent. Now disappearing beneath the seas, now climbing lofty peaks and stretching over the plains below — in quick succession it announces war and commotions, peace and tranquility. Leaving "Old Time" in its course, strange as it may seem, it relates the event before its occurrence. With surpassing despatch it reports the rise and fall of kingdoms, whispers in the sorrowing mother's ear that her boy at the present moment lies dying on the field of battle. By its amazing feats it has opened new fields for the imagination. In short, this invention has aided the human race *mentally* where others have *physically*, and has done more toward awakening the whole world than any other human device which has met the public view. The thoughtless world is daily dependent upon it for many of its comforts. Think you that the numberless hundreds with mere pleasure in view, would leave their pleasant homes in these happy states for foreign shores, were they ignorant of the fact that the friendly cable will continually inform them concerning their affairs in their native land? No; the society of the day would never put itself to any such anxiety, even if it were for pleasure. Truly the telegraph is hourly showering down innumerable blessings upon its unappreciating rulers. Reviewing all these things, can we but admit that mankind owes much to the originator of the telegraphic system? Can we hesitate to acknowledge what a blessing he has bestowed upon his fellow men? No; surely no! In this invention then the world possesses at once a jealous guardian, a never-tiring messenger, and a great promoter of thought. Rightly has it been said "'Twas Franklin who caught the horse, but Morse who put the bridle on." The former showed man electricity, while the latter directly benefited him by placing it under his control. The name of Morse will ever rise, a monument of glory and renown. Years may come and go, but the passing time will serve only to strengthen the well-

earned fame of Morse. His system can and will be improved upon. Rising generations may examine more deeply the upturned mysteries. They may send the far-reaching wires from pole to pole; but the *invention* they can never change. Man has traced the vast deep with his paths; made the air his highway; but never before has he sent thought upon threads of metal. G. A. W.

MANHOOD.

ONE of the common fallacies of the day is, that a young man under the age of twenty-one has no judgment, no thoughts or feeling of his own, nor any rights which any one older ought to respect. It has been shown by evidence which cannot be refuted, that the human heart is naturally depraved and wicked, and from this, the conclusion is drawn that a young man, in whom the work of regeneration has not been going on for over a score of years, is *totally* depraved; destitute of the first atom of moral feeling and without self-respect. The man of forty can remember several acts of indiscretion committed by some boy of twelve or fourteen, and these remembrances completely debar every one, from four to twenty, from any consideration from him. He has come to think it an essential part of the law of being that every one should pass through a kind of purgatory, before reaching the age in which all shall look up to him with respect, and that he is a divinely appointed instrument to make a young man's life as miserable as possible. He takes a fiendish delight in seeing the same lash which cut his back, snapping above the shoulders of all youth, and seeing them bear the same burdens under which he sweat and groaned.

While there have been, still are, and always will be, bad boys and bad young men, it seems to us insane reasoning which will condemn them, as a class, because of the criminality of a portion. It reverses that sound law which considers every one innocent until proved guilty.

Manhood comes not with age. He who has lived seventeen years may be as truly a man as he who has lived seventy. There is implanted in the breast of the young, by the great God who made him, high and lofty thoughts and noble aspirations, and no amount

of slight and insult can completely drag them down. For every act of infamy committed by the young I will tell you of one of honor, and where a page of history is darkened by the color of their acts I will show you a page gilded and illumined by their splendor. The stories of daring heroism and of self-sacrificing devotion of the young in years, manly at heart, will never be forgotten. Cassibi-anca still thrills us, and the love we bear the boy who saved a city by pressing his hand against a hole in the dyke all through a dreary night will continue until pulsation ceases.

I say that boys have feeling; that their joys and sorrows, commendation and insults, are full as real, and keener, than those of after life. You injure his self-respect in any way, or do anything to make him feel less like a man and more like a brute, and you do him an injury, the effects of which can never be eradicated. The book which we all reverence says: "I write unto you young men, because ye are strong;"—shall the strength of his manhood, and the strength of his intellect never be used?

The time has come when men are no longer measured by form or age, but by qualities of heart. The time is coming when the noblest and highest form of manhood is not shown by domineering over others, but by treating all with respect.

The only being who ever showed a manhood in its full perfection was a young man; and the same young blood which flowed through the veins of the Christ of history, surges and ebbs through the veins of every young man.

G. A. C.

✓ LIFE.

"To know that which lies before us in daily life, is the prime wisdom." This expression, involving such depth of meaning and truth, verifies itself more vividly to our minds each day, and leaves us involved in still deeper obscurity respecting the race which God has put upon the earth, as his instruments, to have power over the brute creation, and to carry out the designs of Nature in all her manifold and intricate varieties.

He placed us here as we are, having faculties and characteristics which must be moulded and guided with the greatest care, that they

may grasp with ready accuracy, and retain with keenness unblunted. We are not the drones of the hive, to pass our days in torpid inactivity, at last to perish as we have lived — despised and neglected : but we must be the busy workers, mingling with the bustling throng, and with our competitors contesting inch by inch the path to honor, glory, and renown ; which, though the height be giddy, can be mounted by all.

Take life as it is ; full of struggles which must be met, hand to hand, shoulder to shoulder, with iron nerve and unswerving purpose ; full of temptations and dazzling allurements, which must be resisted and spurned, since they, though often decked with magnetic art, are the subtle poison, continually sapping our life's blood and undermining the vigor of mind and body, which are the foundation stones of unfaltering success.

Point out to me a man who has risen from an obscure position to one of eminence, and I will show that he has won the palm only by undaunted will and with brain unclouded. On the other hand, how many do we see with inborn genius and superior talents, yet lacking the nerve and sinew of true manliness, buried in comparative oblivion from the want of one thing — will ? Can one of us say that he has not had cherished plans unfulfilled, hopes blasted, or duties unperformed ? And yet we will venture to say that these plans, in the majority of cases, could have been well carried out had the determination to succeed been with us.

We are not all endowed with the same qualities and characteristics. Were this so life would be a blank, and our pathway, instead of being bordered with roses, would be strown with thorns. Each has his own peculiar and inborn traits, which must be brought to the surface, expanded, and polished by contact with every-day life. Our best scholars are oftentimes not those of marked ability ; but they have an object in view, which they are bound to acquire, and bend all their energies to this issue. Success at the bar, or in the pulpit, is not insured by ability alone ; but he who says, I will, and presses on, unmindful of the petty slurs of others, though fickle fortune at first smile darkly upon him, at last shoots forth from the gloom, and is on the flowery pathway of success.

The prosperity of one in any and every endeavor depends upon his own brains, not the brains of others. We see in every-day life around us those of inferior intellect, but of keenest ambition, and

knowing not defeat, grasping the reins of power, and shaking them in derision over those of superior endowments whom they have distanced in the contest.

In a word, strive not to gain the goal by headlong flight; but step by step the ladder mount, until the highest round is reached. Progress should be our watchword, and the encouragement of our fellows our pride and delight; and thus, as we glide down the even-tide of life, after her hard-fought battles have been won, we shall look back without a regret or sigh, feeling that posterity will bless us as benefactors, and strive to imitate.

L. D.

TOO LATE!

AN ORATION.

THE grey light of dawn comes slowly creeping through the barred window of the prison, and in the black shadows of the further corner disclose the outline of a man. Before its early beam has again printed the fair impress of light upon the cold stone walls, he must give his life for the life which he took; with head buried deep in those trembling hands, he calls before him the wasted years of his life, tracing his career from boyhood's innocence to the day when the life-blood of a fellow creature streamed hot upon his hand. In the still morning air the hammer of the workman rings clear and loud, fashioning the bridge of eternity; and as its sound strikes upon his ear the knell of his death, with streaming eyes and upturned face, full of agony, he murmurs: "Too late!" Ah "too late!" What a world of anguish is contained in those two short words. With mournful cadence they tell us of opportunities neglected, temptations unresisted, remembrances thick strewn with scenes of ingratitude, of lust, of foul murder, all deeds of the past, all never to be recalled, but in their own place to burn deep into the heart of the doer, racking every nerve with remorse, turning every thought upon themselves, till at last they force out the sad words "oh, could I but live my life once more; but — too late, too late!"

By Adam's sin the curse of these words has been entailed upon his descendants, a curse which varies in its effects with every

man or woman ; some can look back over their lives and feel scarce a shadow of regret, but that shadow must be felt by all. The world has known but one who was free ; and through his freedom comes absolution for all. The results of this law can everywhere be seen ; we read them deep printed on this man's brow, in that white hair, in this bent form. Hear the roar of that swift-coming train, it slackens, stops at the station, starts slowly, gathering speed in the course, and disappears round yonder curve, just too late to be caught by the warning cry of danger ahead. A few short moments, and that massive engine, that apparently irresistible power, is a gnarled, twisted heap of useless iron. The struggling mass of flesh, blood, and bones, the odor of burning wood, the wails and groans of the ill-fated passengers, seem a living, nay, a dying, example of heaven's universal law. Some sage of ancient Greece caught the whole philosophy of human life when he said, that the rival deities, Pleasure and Pain, once separate, were by Jove's command made one, so that when, upon any mortal, Pleasure came, her dark sister followed in her train. How true this becomes when applied to real life ; we see no gift without its bane, no pleasure without its sting ; even life, that greatest gift of Heaven, that gift without which no other can be given, is but the beginning of the end : life enters but to prepare the way for death. But cannot men, looking back over the pages of history, always beholding shame and remorse following fast in the track of crime, ever hearing the ominous ring, forever witnessing the awful truth of that stern sentence : "The wages of sin is death,"—cannot they, with the experience of all time spread out before them, profit by it, and learn wisdom from the sufferings of their forefathers ?

Eighteen centuries had passed since Judas lived and died, and from the lonely death-bed of Benedict Arnold came the answer : No ! Ages have rolled on since Abel died by the hand of his brother, and to-day the death struggle upon the murderer's scaffold, answer : No ! Yet man's mission on earth is not to come, live, and pass away, blindly trusting to fate, yielding himself to be turned here and there by the force of circumstances. But it is for him to mark out his own fate, to overcome the power of circumstances by opposing his own strong will. It is for him to remember that although perfection cannot be attained, still it may be his object ; and that although he cannot do all things well, still at the last day

he may hear the welcome voice saying: "Well done, good and faithful servant." The past lays between ourselves and our God, the present as we speak the word is gone, but the future lies broad and blank before us, and we stand ready to mar its fair surface, or to adorn it by the records of a life well spent. W. H. M.

RIGHT VERSUS MIGHT.

IN this age and country we are in a measure compelled to indorse one side or the other of every important political or social question. Neutrality implies indifference. Indifference is the offspring of ignorance. Perhaps no subject is more anxiously agitated to-day, in this country and in England, than that of female suffrage.

The expediency of giving women the ballot, the effects that may result therefrom, their ability to exercise intelligently the right of franchise, are all points which bear not at all upon the question, Shall women vote? None of these points were raised in favor of negro suffrage. It was left to the opponents of that measure to urge its inexpediency, the ignorance of the proposed new electors, and the injury which would accrue to the country at large from their unintelligent exercise of the right of franchise.

But the greatest of American statesmen (Charles Sumner, the father of abolition and pioneer in the cause of negro rights) met all opponents on the ground upon which I advocate female suffrage. "Are not our objections," he said, "to this measure founded merely on prejudice and the letter of the law? Do we not know that justice and the spirit of our free institutions call upon us in the name of consistency to give equal rights to all?" So I would say: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall"; let neither color nor sex disfranchise any American citizen. Perhaps I cannot better explain my views than by quoting a familiar document: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There is the proposition. What follows? "That to secure these rights governments were instituted among men." Not rights for govern-

ment, but government for rights, higher, holier than the government itself. In the fragment of our Declaration of Independence just quoted the word "man" twice occurs. Can any impartial person maintain that it means man in a specific, and not in a generic, sense? Is it only males have an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the blessings arising therefrom? Although it is not necessary to strengthen this position by further argument; yet I cannot forbear glancing, for a moment, at the teachings of history as to the capacity of women to fill even the highest political offices, and to discharge the gravest political duties.

For the purposes of illustration, we may say that government may be maintained by brute force, and also by intellectual power; though, looking back as far as we may into the history of the Dark Ages, we distinctly observe that what I may term intellectual government ever has held, and it is fair to presume ever will hold, the ascendancy. From this fact the opponents of the political equality of women deduce what they esteem a conclusive argument in saying that woman does not possess intellectual powers equal to man's. A fine argument, if it were true. Experience, however, proves exactly the contrary; nor is the testimony of science wanting. Let those who doubt woman's political intelligence or knowledge of the art of government scan the history of the past, and say if they can find more brilliant names than Isabella the First of Spain, Elizabeth of England, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, or Mary Queen of Scots in the annals of those countries. Can greater examples, better exemplars of skill and wisdom in the noblest art known to man be found or desired? No; woman is in no respect mentally our inferior; not even in courage. Do you doubt it? Read the history of our late war. What think you induced our sisters to leave home and friends in the hour of our country's need, to encounter the discomforts and trials that attend the life of a hospital nurse? Was it hope of office or desire for gain? Nought but sympathy with the suffering and a motherlike mercy drew them to those scenes of blood and war to bind up the patriot's wound, to relieve the hero from pain and sorrow, when death, hovering o'er him, closes his eyes in humanity's long, last sleep.

If a single phase of manhood (superior physical strength) is to be the test of a capacity in the matter of electing our law-makers, are we not going backward in the path of civilization to the darker ages.

when the rule of the strongest was the only law, and the dogma, "Might makes right," the only theology. Physically, woman is not the equal of man; but if physique is to be the standard, might we not with equal justice exclude from the polls every man who is not six feet in height? In this nineteenth century we are prone to maintain that every day increases our knowledge, and witnesses some new step in the general progress of the human race; and I maintain that every day and step of progress evinces more and more unmistakably the fitness and ability of women to compete with our sex in vocations for which they were formerly supposed to be totally incapacitated by their sex, and a trial will establish their ability to cope with political questions and measures as well directly as they have ever done indirectly. Women are now in every particular but one recognized as citizens. They must pay taxes, may administer estates, may be punished for crime, in fine, must suffer all the penalties and submit to all exactions of laws which they can take no part in enacting. Taxation without representation was the cause of the American Revolution, and our constitution is supposed to guarantee the right of representation to all; so far as it does not, it fails to establish the freedom our forefathers fought to obtain. What can be more partial and unjust than to say to tax-payers of one sex, "You may vote and be represented," and to those of the opposite sex, "You shall not vote; your property shall be taxed, but not represented"? Let us, then, remember whose sons we are. Let us also remember that the war of opinion on this subject cannot always last. Though we see but slight disturbance on the surface of the political sea to-day, to-morrow the storm may break forth in its fury, and woman, aggrieved and oppressed, may break down the puny barriers that defend this fanatical dogma that men are the lords of creation. The grand reformation has been started. Will you join in and assist to make our country the home of universal freedom, of true republicanism. They deserve your aid. Do you wish to add honor, renown to your name? Then take your position firmly, and bravely battle for the cause of equal rights and equal liberty for all, without distinction of color, race, or sex. If you do not, I fear when the smoke of the last great battle in this conflict of Right *versus* Might has cleared away, you will find your hopes crushed, your bulwarks thrown down, and that your folly and mad opposition have led you on to disaster and defeat. W. B. V.

ANDOVER *vs.* LAWRENCE.

'Twas evening. In the western sky
Great cloud-waves heaved and rolled,
All radiant with the sun's last beams
Of crimson and of gold.

A magic tint fell o'er the plains
Impurpling all the air;
Night stood aloof, as though averse
To veil a scene so fair.

Old Andover, in greenest robes,
With June's fresh blossoms crowned,
Looked proudly from her ancient seat
On all the region round.

"Aha!" said she, "How blessed I am.
My hill commands a view
As fine as any in the land,
If what they say be true."

Young Lawrence chanced to occupy
The plain that lay below:
A lively, easy-going town,
Somewhat inclined to grow.

"Indeed, you boast yourself my friend,"
Said Lawrence. "I perceive
That too much lore has made you proud.
If you could spin and weave
As many miles of cloth as I
In just as many days,
You'd have a right to waste your breath
In self-awarded praise."

"Umph! Spin and weave," quoth Andover.
"A noble work, indeed!
The honor certainly is yours.
On that we're both agreed.
But, think a bit, my worthy friend;
I've mills just over here."

"A pretty set of mills you have!"
Said Lawrence, with a sneer.

“Some small affairs for woollen cloth,
And one for twisting twine.
The whole, increased a hundredfold,
Can’t be compared with mine.
For every factory-brick of yours,
A spindle I can show ;
And cotton by the solid bale
For every pound of tow.”

“You’re hardly just,” said Andover,
“In scorning little things ;
A deal of good is often done
By simply twisting strings.
A library just down the street,
Another on my hill,
Are two results that I can show
Of one twine-making mill.
Would that I had a hundred such,
A Smith for ev’ry one,” —

“In that event, perhaps you’d rear
The chapel you’ve begun,”
Said Lawrence, with a wicked smile.
“If what they say be true,
A weekly prayer is offered up
From every straight-backed pew
In that time-honored church of yours
That stands upon the hill,
For some kind soul of ample purse
To execute a will,
Devoting all his worldly goods
To no less worldly ends
Than furnishing corporeal ease
To your church-going friends.
If I may add a word myself,
I think you’re too inclined
To rob the body of its dues,
And overload the mind.
’Tis true, the tenement of flesh
Is not of greatest worth ;
But then it answers passing well
For dwellers on this earth ;
And, since ’tis destined for a time
To carry round the mind,
Attention to its varied wants
Will pay, I think you’ll find.

The pulpit truths you like to give
I'm not inclined to scout.
For, in their proper time and place,
They're valuable, no doubt.
But mortals sometimes take delight,
So far as I have known,
In coming down from logic's sphere,
And walking in their own.
The talk that meets the daily want,
In Saxon terms expressed,
Is needed more than doctrine lore,
In stilted language dressed."

"I grant that much," said Andover.

"But, surely, you'll agree
That my three schools of learning here
Have gained renown for me."

"Yes, in a measure, I admit;
But, as I said before,
You sacrifice a deal of good
To fill the head with lore.
Your boys, who've come from cosy homes,
With friends and comforts blessed,
Are made to live in narrow rooms,
Unpleasant, at the best.
The building where these boys recite
Is filled with warmth and cheer;
The buildings where they work and sleep
Are shaky, cold, and drear.
And then, you're not alone, my friend,
In ostracising boys —
In deeming them a heathen set,
Just made for sin and noise.
Now, I maintain that they have souls,
A sense of right, and shame;
And, ten to one, if used like men,
They'll show themselves the same."

"Your talk is strange," said Andover;

"But, since you're under way,
Perhaps about the Abbott school
You've just a word to say."

"I might say much, but lack the time.
This, only, I'll suggest,

That, if some monied friend of yours
Would like to manifest
A kindly feeling for his race,
He'll heed with funds the call
That's rising from that honored school :
'Give us a larger hall.'
Of course you'll think, my learned friend,
That I'm assuming airs
In teaching you what's right and wrong,
In these, your own affairs."

"I think you are," said Andover,
"A little indiscreet
To set your youth against my age ;
It shows undue conceit.
You'd better mind your spindles, sir,
Nor try to comprehend
A matter so beyond your years,
My criticising friend.
Fine counsellor you are, indeed !
I never feel at rest,
If e'en a single boy of mine
Has gone to be your guest.
Think of the tempting traps you've set
To spring upon their youth,
And all the means at your command
To lead them from the truth.
As to the charges you have brought :
I don't pretend to be
A paragon of all that's wise,
From imperfections free.
I simply try to do my best ;
And hope, as time wears on,
To doff my garb of seeming ills,
A better suit to don.
My mission on the earth is this :
To train the intellect ;
And yours, to weave fine fabrics, sir,
The body to protect.
Perhaps, if you should catch from me
A little of the zeal
That sets the mind's machinery
Above the water-wheel,
And I should learn to value more
The body's growth and health,

We both might send forth stronger men
 To serve the Commonwealth.
 So, neighbor, let us cease our talk,
 And strive, with right good-will,
 You in your sphere, and I in mine,
 Our mission to fulfil."

C. A. D.

✓ GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

THOSE desiring the recognition of God in the Constitution make the following declaration of principles : The civil government owes all its authority, light, and power to Almighty God. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Ruler among nations. The Bible is Christ's, and therefore God's revealed will, and is of supreme authority in a civil government. Theological conventions have endorsed these views, and have urged them upon the Country, and before the Senate of the United States.

It is a self-evident proposition that every man has a right to himself, that is, to the uncontrolled use of all his powers. From this it follows, that one must so exercise his own right as not to interfere with the same right granted equally to his fellow-being. Governments may violate this right in various ways, and first in point of importance and frequency in the matter of religion, by forbidding all religious observances or enforcing the exercise of a particular religion. In so far as an act is religious, society has no right to control it on the ground of its truth or falseness, goodness or badness, in the sight of the Creator; but only when the act interferes with the rights of others.

Expediency, as well as a consideration of what is right, forbids a government to exercise control over religious beliefs. The recognition of God in the Constitution instead of strengthening the laws, tends directly to weaken them. By such recognition we compel a man to obey the laws of the land, because they are the laws of Almighty God. Thus we give those who deny God's authority a pretext for disobeying the laws.

Search the records of our race, and tell me what nation has permanently prospered where the civil and religious power have been combined. Compare the Spain of to-day with the Spain of four

centuries ago. Then plenty filled the land. The arts, nourished in the lap of prosperity, had reached the zenith. Invincible in war, and rich in her possessions, she held a high rank among the nations. Now behold her, sunk in poverty and ignorance, unable to maintain her authority over a handful of rebels. Fair France lies crushed and bleeding; the defeat of Church and State united, by the Virgin State. Sunny Italy! Land of story and of song, hail, as you break forth from the darkness of religious thralldom, and appear transformed in the glorious sunshine of religious freedom.

History is replete with such warnings and examples. Let Christian sects erect their dogmas and plant their theological batteries within the Constitution, and the work of the Fathers of this Republic will be undone. Wars and persecutions will follow, and the sun of our glory will set in darkness and bloodshed.

Let us Christians recollect that the great Master himself said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Let the true light of the gospel shine out in our lives, and influence us to do deeds of love and mercy for our fellow-men. Let us not attempt to force them to obey the civil law on the ground that it is God's law. But let us, as American citizens, be watchful, be jealous, of the rights entrusted to us by the Fathers, and defend, with our lives if need be, the principles of religious freedom taught by the Constitution, and our country shall be, as it ever has been, the refuge of the homeless and persecuted of church and state throughout the globe. L. F. B.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION.

GATHERED around the camp-fire of General Sidney Johnston on a cloudy, misty April evening, ten years ago, might have been seen a little group of Confederate generals absorbed in a low and earnest conversation. The flickering bivouac fire, as it flashes up, reveals transient glimpses of their *faces*, eagerly bent forward to catch every word that falls from the lips of General Beauregard, who stands in their midst. A little without this excited group, like a shadowy spectre in the background, stands General Johnston.

Occasionally he advances into their midst and makes some suggestion in a low, calm tone which commands the most respectful attention.

The whole plan of the battle is discussed; the position and duty of each are so carefully assigned as to admit of no mistakes. Then, after a parting injunction from their commander, the officers separate, and proceed to their respective quarters; some, to sleep the remainder of the night, but more to pace the narrow limits of their tents in that nervous, terrible state of suspense which attends the last hours of waiting before a battle. At such a time a fear creeps over even the bravest soldier, which is forgotten as, side by side with his comrades in arms, he is swept on in the fierce, reckless charge. As are the last moments of a drowning man, when all the scenes of his past life come up before him in a vivid panorama, so, in some degree, is this interim to every soldier. His thoughts return to a home which he has left far away. He looks in once more upon the home circle. There, in his wonted seat he sees his aged father, and the dear face of his devoted mother, and his younger brothers and sisters gathered at evening around their happy, peaceful fireside. Then with excited thoughts he reviews his past life, and the familiar scenes and events of his early days rush through his brain, almost frenzied by the uncertainties of the coming day.

It was as beautiful a Sabbath morning as ever dawned in the early spring upon a Southern landscape. The sun rose to light fields carpeted with the dark verdure of the young grass; the trees, just putting forth their foliage, were made vocal with the pleasing songs of countless happy birds, — a picture of loveliness and peace. But ah, so soon did this give place to war's darkest, saddest scene, that it seemed almost a dream!

Already, far as the eye can reach, the rebel brigades are drawn up in line waiting for the word. Now the clear bugle notes ring out upon the still morning air, and the deep columns of the enemy commence their march down through the woods. The Union pickets are soon encountered among the trees, a few shots exchanged, and they are driven from their posts. As ocean billows dash against, and roll around the rocks of the seashore, so the serried ranks of Beauregard sweep down and fold their great waves round General Prentiss's division.

Our troops, determined as they are, cannot withstand such an overwhelming force. They waver, fall back a little; they are in full retreat! Back they flee to General Hildebrand's brigade. An opening is made for them to pass through to the rear. The ranks are now closed up, and in one solid column they await the enemy. Soon the deep roar of the heavy ordnance is heard loud above the sharp continuous rattle of the musketry, and the thick smoke rolls in dense volumes over the field. The two great armies now fully engaged surge to and fro in the mighty conflict. Thus all day long the battle ebbed and flowed. All day the two contending forces advanced and retreated, and advanced again, until at last our troops were forced to take a desperate stand at the river bank, or be driven into its waters.

And now behold the scene as it is colored by the last rays of the sunset. A thick smoke hangs over the field covered with men and horses dead or dying, and the equipments of war broken and scattered about render the scene still more fearful. Exhausted with the long unequal struggle, and filled with forebodings of defeat on the morrow, our veterans scarcely hold their position at the river.

But see! on the opposite bank appear the Stars and Stripes, and beyond deep columns of blue with their burnished bayonets gilded by the slanting sunset rays! "*It is Buell's advance!*" One prolonged wild shout of joy goes up from that despairing throng of weary soldiers. The loyal winds take up the cry and bear it far away over that wide field of carnage.

At the welcome sound the wounded and dying raise their drooping heads, and with their last feeble breath send on the glad tidings. The booming cannon seem to thunder forth a welcome to the dusty march-worn ranks, and to say to the defeated: "VICTORY! VICTORY *for you to-morrow!*" "VICTORY, VICTORY!" echoes the river again and again, against bank and bend along its winding course! "VICTORY, VICTORY!" answer the forest trees, as their foliage rustles in the evening wind. Cannon, river, and forest, all unite in sending forth that one joyful strain, which shall ever echo down the aisles of time, proclaiming to the world that *justice and freedom must and will prevail.*

G. N. C.

CROMWELL.

SECOND PRIZE ORATION.

THE tyrannical aggressions of Charles I. upon the liberties of the English people were met by the most determined opposition. The people are divided; civil war breaks out; Charles is defeated and executed; the leading character in these events seizes the reins of power, and, with himself as Lord Protector, makes of England a Commonwealth.

It is clear that the power to bring about such results must have been held by no ordinary man. Indeed, the first quality of Cromwell's character—that which pre-eminently marks the man—was his immense energy and personal power. Apparently, everything that he accomplished was achieved by the irresistible impulse of his personal force. His battles were distinguished by no skilful generalship, by no brilliant manoeuvres, but by the shock of a straightforward fight. His plans were carried out with an energy and a will that bore down all opposition.

Still, he was not destitute of those qualities which are generally regarded as the very reverse of such a rough and impulsive nature as his outward acts would show his to have been. Indeed, it seems as though the very source of all this energy and force was a heart full of emotions, keenly sensitive to all that was passing around him. His emotions, indeed, were not those of a delicate and refined nature, but were full and overflowing—always impelling him to strike a heavy, crushing blow in behalf of the object which had aroused his sympathies. With a spirit that could brook no restraint, most deeply was he moved by the oppressive acts of his Sovereign and his tyrannical advisers—acts not only directed against civil rights, but also seeking to tyrannize over and suppress that most precious principle—to which Cromwell devoted the energies of his life—freedom of conscience. On this point his feelings were most sensitive. Religion was the corner-stone of his character. In its name he carried forward his work; to it he went for comfort; from it he received his strength. Gathering his soldiers from that class of the community in sympathy with himself, he sought to instil into their minds the same religious sentiments which animated his own. The Bible became the text-book of the camp. His troops gave

themselves, with the devotion of fatalists, to the advancement of what they believed to be God's own cause. Influenced more by the historic dealings of God with his chosen people of Israel than by the spirit of Christ's teachings, Cromwell superstitiously regarded himself as a special instrument in God's hands for establishing, in his own country at least, the principles of religious liberty. He so far believed that in matters of doubt God imparted to him impulses in the right direction, that he trusted himself to them with implicit confidence. He seemed to act as if entirely irresponsible for his deeds; and to this perversion of the truth may be attributed his many great mistakes. This religious fanaticism made him a stranger to discouragements. A bright, shining hope and a steadfast heart ever animated him. Undoubtedly, with his increase of power, the simple trust in God with which he began his career was in a great measure supplanted by personal ambition. From religious freedom as his object, he passed to the enlargement of England's power; and who can deny that a desire to establish his own great name entered into his plans? Indeed, it would seem that God, by a timely death, put a check to the perversion of the means by which he restrained a too severe trial of his people.

Cromwell's daring courage and supreme belief in himself and his cause is shown in his despotic dissolution of the Long Parliament. With no authority or right whatever, but that of his army, he forcibly drives the members from the House, and takes England under his paternal care. But Cromwell was always equal, indeed superior, to the situation. Contending against an amount of opposition which is rarely brought to bear upon one man, he not only ruled England to her advancement and glory, but made the name of Cromwell a warning to oppressors throughout Europe. Against the persecutors of the peaceful Waldenses he hurled effectual threatenings; while our own forefathers, struggling to establish their exiled principles — now New England's crown and glory — in this land, had abundant cause for blessing the co-operation and sympathy which Cromwell furnished with an unsparing hand.

Naturally such a bold, independent, and successful career as was his, has raised up for him a host of enemies. Especially was aristocratic England thoroughly indignant with the Commoner who not only aspired to, but obtained and successfully held possession of, the English throne.

Consequently, we have the all-embracing charge that Cromwell represents the perfect hypocrite — his compassion for the sufferings of his fellow-men, his zeal for his country's prosperity, his intense devotion to the service of his God, — all a sham — a pretence to conceal his inordinate ambition and the natural ferocity of his character. Truly, he was a most marvellous man, whose despicable character and selfish life could bring forth such fruits for England as came from his administration, Such duplicity as he must have practised is, indeed, far beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals; stamping its possessor as a man of wonderful powers.

No! Cromwell's life was *not* one of falsehood and base selfishness. He possessed a heart which yearned to see his fellow-men blessed with those glorious principles which are the foundation of our own government, and for whose maintenance we would most earnestly contend. To have produced such results as he achieved, he must of necessity have been animated by sincere principles and by motives which truly represent the dictates of his own conscience. His great nature honestly strove to make England the champion of religious liberty.

Beset, as he was, by enemies intent on his destruction, it is not strange that he was reticent and reserved — that he refused to lay open his heart and plans to the inspection of those around him. Nevertheless, he did, indeed, labor not only for the good of England, but of the world; and we, here in New England, have cause for gratitude that the life of Oliver Cromwell has blessed the pages of History.

A. H. P.

PROGRESS OF ISLAM.

THIRD PRIZE ORATION.

IN the treatment of the subject before us we shall follow the triumphant march of the warriors of the Crescent from Arabia, along the shores of Africa, to their final defeat in the heart of France.

During the middle of the seventh century rumors of a new power in the East drew the attention of men to the defenceless state in which their internal disagreements had left them. Reports of the

progress of this vast invasion spread like wild-fire through the various states of Europe, and not only threatened their national existences, but even the Christian faith.

What had the Huns been compared with this mighty horde of enthusiastic warriors, flushed with victory, armed superior to anything the West could show, and urged on in what they considered a holy cause?

Expelled from Mecca by the Jews, Mohammed, with a little band of brave men, begins his westward march. Few, indeed, at first, but like the onward rushing of a mighty river, they gathered strength as they went. Already looking beyond the narrow precincts of their power, they beheld across the desert the proud dominion of Persia and Constantinople. The city of Medina grew too small for the rapidly increasing followers of the Prophet, and they went forth conquering and to conquer. Mecca fell before their resistless sway, and city after city sent in their submission to the claims of the conqueror.

Ere a year had elapsed from the death of Mohammed, the whole of Arabia, and all the hardy warriors who travelled its sandy steppes, had accepted the great watchword of his religion: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God." Before another had passed by their battle-cry rang through the great commercial cities of the East, and in the land where the gospel of peace had its birthplace.

The claims of Christianity were ever held with respect; but breathing disgrace and death against the powers of Rome, the mighty horde moved on. Syria fell, the Persian monarchy was menaced, and the proud conqueror stood on the banks of the Euphrates. Blow after blow was dealt as the ever resistless force advanced. Constantinople trembled; Jerusalem yielded; Antioch, the seat of Grecian government, submitted. Alexandria with its fabulous wealth, was twice taken, and its overthrow was the harbinger of the fall of all Egypt.

Mohammedanism armed the people in an exciting cause, and sent them forth like a destroying fire. Yet there was wisdom among the chiefs. They founded great towns on sites so adapted to the protection and purposes of trade, that they even now remain the marts and fortresses of their land. They were excited to the most vigorous efforts to possess themselves of the greatest city in the world;

the seat of art, literature, and religion. They pushed forward from river to river, from plain to plain, until they raised their victorious standards before the gates of Constantinople. For five successive years the assault was renewed by fresh battalions, but always with the same result. Giving up at last, they poured their thousands along the coasts of Northern Africa; neither did they rest from their labors before Carthage had fallen, Tripoli had been occupied, and their territories lay in an unbroken line along the two thousand miles of the Southern shores of the great Mediterranean.

In the beginning of the eighth century fanaticism and ambition sailed across the straits. Myriads of warriors overran Spain from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, and the crowded tents of the Moslem army were pitched in the central fields of France. The East and West were brought front to front. Mohammedanism and Christianity stood face to face. On the result of that great day at Tours depended the intellectual improvement and civil freedom of the human race. The nations of Asia, Africa, and Europe advanced with equal ardor to the conflict which was destined to change the history of the whole world.

For six long days victory seemed imprinted on the brow of the Oriental; but on the seventh the stout hearts and iron hands of the Germans asserted the civil and religious liberty of their posterity, and the Arabs were soon hurled beyond the Pyrenees by Charles Martel, and his valiant host.

Although victory with the sword crowned their efforts for a time, yet lacking the elements of true power, they were driven from Europe never again to invade it. And to-day Islamism is slowly, but surely dying out in its birthplace and home — yielding to the steady progress of a nobler system of religious truth. C. A. M.

RUBBISH.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS; DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF
THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY, JUNE 13.

IN the midst of a beautiful lawn there grew a giant oak, whose wide-spreading shade had refreshed the generations of men for centuries. Near by, a luxuriant Ricinus reared its tassled head, and sported its broad leaves in the sunshine.

"Oh fie, you lazy dolt"! exclaimed Sir Ricinus, shaking his scarlet crest in scorn, as he addressed the oak. "Why don't you grow? Just look at me! Four months ago I was a bean and buried in the earth, to-day I blossom ten feet above the lawn, while you in all these weeks have hardly grown an inch."

"An inch on every twig is no mean growth, my friend," returned the sturdy oak. "Tis strength, not size, I'm striving for. My girth of trunk and broad extent of limb are but results of secondary worth. I grow to live, while you but live to grow. My life is measured not by weeks and years, but centuries. While at the first autumnal frost you, foolish friend, will bow your haughty head; your leaves and stalk of mushroom growth will shrivel, droop, and die. As with the grass that perisheth, so will it be with you." - And thus it proved. The October frosts came. Ricinus trembled. His brilliant foliage hung a blackened mass. His fibreless sap-burdened stalk yielded. He fell, fulfilling Nature's universal law, that superabundant growth insures a brief and profitless existence: that types of being characterized by display, depending on elements of a worthless and transitory nature must perish from very excess of nothingness.

Nature materializes, as it were, the great principles and laws of the immaterial world. As the figure placed before the eye facilitates the demonstration of a geometrical proposition, so the illustrations afforded by the natural world aid in the solution of the great problems of cause and effect that appear in the world of mind and character. The oak, as it seems to us, grandly symbolizes those noble developments of manhood which have from time to time blest our earth: the Patriarchs, who began to flourish when the world was new, whose ever increasing influence, extending down the ages, casts even upon us its genial shade; Luther,

William of Orange, Howard, royal types of intellectual vigor, and moral fibre; our own Lincoln, within the shelter of whose deeds three millions of emancipated Americans are rejoicing to-day. That name, potent with its associations of self-sacrificing toil, of love, and martyrdom, shall ever stand a tower of strength, increasing in grandeur as steadily and surely as the dark period of physical, mental, and moral slavery, is merging into the glorious age of perfect light and truth.

But not of the world's oaks may we speak this evening. We turn from them with reverend thankfulness. The great plain of history would be desolate and barren indeed, without them. Let the children of men never cease to tell of their beauty, their grandeur and their strength.

We may not, however, entertain the thought that these embodiments of power and greatness are the only forms of existence necessary to our well-being. Earth would be incomplete without its whispering pines, to tell of rest; its clinging ivies, to enliven the rough gray walls, and hide the uncouth angles; its roses, with their beauty and their fragrance; its tiny violets, breathing forth their obscure lives in lessons of humility. They all have their prototypes in the immaterial world. They represent the lives that fill the most sacred places in our hearts; around which our affections twine; as essential to our happiness as the sunshine. We would gladly dwell upon these; but convictions of duty demand the consideration of a less lovely type of character, symbolized by the Ricinus, fibreless, cumbered with that which is best expressed by the homely term "rubbish."

When one contemplates the magnitude of this class of lives, he almost trembles for his race; and yet, with the plausible reasons offered for the necessity and desirableness of their existence, with the encouragements, nay, the advantages, extended to them, the wonder is that any nature takes time to mature; that all are not drawn into the popular current of folly that threatens to undermine the very foundations of our letters and morals. We have in mind a representative of this class. Listen.

"None of your drudging for me. Away with your puritanical notions of morality. My whole nature is opposed to work and morals. If there is a God and he made me, he endowed me as well with likes and dislikes. Am I to wage eternal war with these?

Place your theorizing against my inclinations? Forsake present ease and pleasure for a vague something in the future? Never!"

We admit the difficulty, and grant your logic. But friend, that vague something in the future is a tremendous reality; an influence that is destined in its own degree to mould the history of the world; and in the great hereafter, to confront you in the faces of the multitude who have been affected thereby. Your inclinations embodied and endowed with creative power would doubtless make for you a world very unlike the present. Whether it would be an improvement on the same is a question. Be that as it may, we are here, with evil propensities on the one side, and conscience on the other. Around us will soon be raging the fiercest struggle between right and wrong the world has ever seen. The sword is placed in our hands. With it we can mow down the hosts of evil or carry destruction into the ranks of truth. We alone are responsible for its use.

We are only stating a very unpleasant fact when we say that a deal of the boasted activity of this nineteenth century is expended in the accumulation of rubbish. We believe in energy. We believe in progress; but when rashness becomes a synonyme for the one, and advance in folly for the other, we say, "Down with the brakes."

This enterprising spirit demands that young America shall leave his home at thirteen years of age, spend the next three — the most critical period of his life, at the Academy, away from home influences a mother's love, a father's guidance — thrown into the very midst of temptation, as wax into the fire. With powers of thought, and application half matured, he is forced through the college course, and graduates at twenty; too often, thoroughly accomplished in the requisites of a modern gentleman — gaming, drinking, smoking, and swearing; slightly versed in Latin and Greek.

At fourteen Miss Columbia begins her boarding-school life. At eighteen she is supposed to have completed her education; coming out with less Latin and Greek than her brother, but excelling him in her acquisition of rubbish; for is she not cumbered with it literally as well as metaphorically?

Thus hampered these representatives of modern progress leave the shady by-paths of youth for the rugged highway of manhood and womanhood. Think you the young man will exchange that

load of indulgences — the tobacco-box, the card-deck, the wine-cup, for the implements of his appointed life-work? And the young woman, will she throw down her burden of finery, jewels, and shams, and, assuming instead the simple ornament of an earnest, loving spirit, heartily engage in the duties which she alone can discharge? Or will they go on gathering that which burdeneth while it profiteth not?

Society throws wide the doors of her attractive mansion, and bids them enter. She leads them through her spacious apartments. In all the pomp and splendor that surround them, is there aught that inspires to noble persevering effort? Nay, rather every occupant of these stately saloons only encourages them in their course of self-indulgence. Flattery, cringing at their feet, praises their beauty and talent. Fashion, dazzling their eyes with her witcheries, tells of conquests to be achieved. Indolence, reclining in elegant languor, whispers that labor is menial, unbecoming the lady and gentleman. Pleasure, with a winning smile, tells the old story of God-implanted desires; that the acmè of bliss is only reached by following whithersoever they lead. Their seductive hostess leads them through her galleries of art, adorned with many a work of genius, — of genius soulless and sensual, as well as chaste and spiritual, — into her halls of literature, where are collected the productions of minds poisoned with lust and passion. She places in their hands “Foul Play” perhaps, or that other work of her great novelist “A Terrible Temptation,” saying: “These are exponents of our morals. Read them. They will liberalize your views. They will cause you to look with greater leniency upon the weaknesses of your race. In a word, they will teach you that it is far easier and more fashionable to resist other people’s temptations, and yield to your own.” But she does not open that door which she herself has closed and barred, and show them the throng of miserable, betrayed, abandoned, souls who have fallen from purity to degradation and ruin, simply from having acted on that very principle.

She leads them to the sideboard, and with her own hand presents the sparkling poison. She talks in glowing terms of the inspiring, invigorating influences of wine; and sneers at the puritanic teetotaler who says, “Away with it all.” She does not show them the deadly effects of that tempting cup in the wretched multitude of

inebriates and criminals who have been thrust from her respectable doors, and who lie half buried in the ashes of their own hopes, their honor, and their humanity.

Amid such influences, every one of which finds its answering desire in the human breast, do you wonder that the great work of moral and intellectual advancement lags for want of uncumbered hands and hearts and minds? The young man desires, perhaps, to enter the political arena. What does he find? Fraud, deceit, envy, covetousness, slanderings, bribes, cliques, — corruption everywhere, — rubbish of the basest sort, with here and there a coin of finest gold, stamped with rectitude and superscribed with manhood. Verily justice has fallen into a quagmire of iniquity. Think you the young man will clothe his feet with the impregnable sandals of truth, cling nobly to his integrity, march boldly through this mass of uncleanness, and assist in raising the prostrate goddess? Or will he, allowing his patriotism to become sullied with selfishness, his love of right dimmed with covetousness, himself sink amid the debris, a scheming, reckless politician? The voice of past experience answers, "He will be likely to take the latter course."

Can this be true? Is it a fact that the legislation of enlightened Christendom has fallen into the hands of unprincipled demagogues? Is there no power adequate to wrench it from their grasp, and establish it on a basis of truth and equity? Many plans have been proposed for effecting this change. The young woman is exhorted to come to the rescue; to vote, harangue, and legislate; to enter the political halls, and with the besom of her righteous indignation, sweep away the chaff and rubbish. Let her come, kind soul. It is her right. She will find work for many a weary year, till her arm falters and her heart grows sick.

Doubtless this scheme has its advantages like many another that has been proposed. But friends, the process of purifying politics, literature, and society, must begin with individual renovation. Until a thorough hatred of sham and vice is implanted in every nature, the path in which that nature moves will, in some measure, be littered with rubbish.

Truth and justice were never in so great peril as to-day. They are calling for men and women of strength and fibre, who are willing to battle with their inclinations; who are conscious of the tremendous issues at stake; who understand themselves and each other.

When the young man shall become convinced that the true woman unto whom he has offered his name and heart, will never join hands with him until he has renounced his habits of indolence and self-indulgence. When the young woman shall realize that no true man, though he may be amused for a season with her smiles and coquetry, will ever place his destiny in her hands, until she has divested herself of every counterfeit in dress and manner. Then will a wondrous change come over the face of things ; as when the clouds break, and the hitherto baffled sunlight comes pouring down upon the earth.

Come thou mighty Winnow, whose fan is in thy hand, march up and down through this fair land of ours, and waft into oblivion the chaff and rubbish that cumber it. Pass through our marts of trade, and leave them purged of every trace of grasping selfishness. Visit with thy cleansing power the spheres of politics and letters, and fill them with thy pure morality. Pass through society, and fan away its pride and arrogance, its shams and vices. Enter the abodes of the fallen and abandoned. Lift from the broken heart the weight of guilt and ignominy which tears of remorseful penitence have been insufficient to remove, and fan into a glowing flame the smouldering spark of virtue. Aye, enter the hearts of men ; and cleanse, as thou alone canst cleanse, from every evil thought and wrong desire. Cleanse, till this earth shall become one grand temple of truth and purity, resonant with the harmonies of justice, mercy, and freedom, fragrant with the incense of holiness, and all mankind sincere and humble worshippers at his shrine.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

REVIEW.

ANOTHER term has wended its slow course into the past; and, as we look back towards its beginning, many an interesting circumstance presents itself to our view. This is certainly the most beautiful time of the year at this classic spot. Many a graduate of Phillips looks back to the summer terms spent on Zion's Hill. This term has been especially full of interest to the lordly seniors, who are about to launch forth into college life. How many will ever see life glide away with fewer ripples on its smooth surface than while at Phillips? In the early part of the term an entertainment was given by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Weston, under the auspices of certain members of the Academy. It was a very enjoyable affair; but, judging from reports, we should advise them not to attempt another. One of the pleasantest features of the term has been the extremely fine preaching which the students have enjoyed. It was furnished by a gentleman of Boston, who supplied the pulpit of the chapel with some of the finest talent the city can afford. He also took especial interest in the students of Phillips; making engagements with each gentleman to address them in the evening, at the Academy chapel, when it was graced by the Fem. Sems. Never has a year passed when there has been better feeling between the classes. We like to see this kindly feeling, and hope it will ever be found at Phillips.

The ball season opened with the usual interest. No match has been played with out-of-town clubs; but the usual matches between the classes has served to keep up the interest in this popular amusement. On the thirtieth of May the Boston Juniors were to play a game with the School Nine; but, owing to the rain which set in, they were not able to do so. But a friendly game was played after it had ceased to rain, which ended with our boys ahead. May 17th, the Middlers enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Taylor's house. Of course, the fair sex was in attendance. We have heard it said that some of them endeavored to call on the young ladies the next week, on the plea that they did not become acquainted with them in Andover, but on being asked where, replied: "In the night."

May 24th the annual Draper Prizes came off. We would commend all the contestants on their fine speaking. Flowers were thrown profusely; and when, after all the declaiming was finished, the chairman of the

awarding Committee arose and said: "All the contestants have nobly acquitted themselves; but, after due deliberation, the Committee have awarded the first prize to William N. Frew," the old hall rang with applause. Equal satisfaction was expressed in the awarding of the second prize to Charles F. Loring, and the third to Knox Johnston. Decoration-day was, as usual, a holiday to the students; but the pleasantest feature of the day was not being obliged to form in the procession. Some singing rendered by the boys at the Fem. Sem. was rewarded by lemonade from the fair occupants. May 29th, Mr. Gough delivered his lecture, entitled, "Will it Pay?" Mr. Gough needs only to be heard to be appreciated. June 4th, the Seniors had their reception at Mr. Tilton's. We are told that they conducted themselves as children should. The speaking for the Means Prizes took place June 7th. All the orations were very good, and the awarding of the prizes was quite satisfactory to all. George N. Cross succeeded in carrying off the first, Arthur H. Pearson the second, and Charles A. Marsh the third.

And now, schoolmates, at the end of another year, we bid you a kind farewell.

A.

BASE BALL.

THE PHILLIPS NINE.

It has been considered advisable to present to the readers of the Mirror a few characteristics of the players in their respective positions. Consequently we present them in alphabetic order.

BIRD, during the season, has played centre-field, and has shown himself fully competent to fulfil the demands devolving upon him in that position. It is a pleasure to bystanders to see the smile of satisfaction that overspreads his countenance, as certain strikers send the ball toward his position; and the grace and ease with which he catches long-flies to centre is unparalleled in the history of the school. As a catcher and striker he is sure; but as a base-runner he is only medium, and gets the majority of his bases by what is commonly known as "luck." He, like all the others, never knows when his strike comes, and consequently is always behind. He is inclined to growl, and not unfrequently disobeys orders. He is considered one of the best general players in school, also one of the most stubborn.

CLARK has played short-stop, and, although a new member of the nine, he is the "right man in the right place." The manner in which he stops grounders and throws to first base is a source of wonder to the uninitiated. He plays the position better than any man in school, and is deserving of all the credit bestowed upon him. As a striker he does not excel, as he continually persists in knocking for the practice of the infielders, probably to see if they play as they should. This is very detrimental to his score, and is a fault which he should remedy at once. He uses some hard words around home-base, and some evil-minded person was heard to remark that "Clark must have learned to complain when he was hazed at Yale." We don't believe it.

CRÁVENS is the efficient left-fielder of the nine, which position he has filled to the satisfaction of all interested. He throws a splendid ball, and far excels any left-fielder we have seen in the school. As a striker he can compare favorably with any member of the nine, and the audacity which he displays in striking over the right-fielder's head is the means by which he so often gets his first. He is never caught napping, and consequently always has a good score.

GARDNER is decidedly the strongest man of the nine. Many of his plays at first are startling, even to the initiated. There is an inclination, however, on his part, not to practise. In the game with the Boston Juniors he did most excellent service. As a batter the score shows him to be far ahead of the majority. The ravenous and voracious manner in which he gobbles up balls at first can only be appreciated by those who have seen him eat. We congratulate Gardner that he did not mistake his calling when he gave up studying for ball-playing. His chief characteristic on the ball-ground is the large amount of space which he is prepared to occupy — owing, in all probability to his length.

LORING, the right-fielder, excels on fly-balls, and his playing is exceedingly brilliant in that respect. Taking in consideration the difficulties with which he contends, we can only say that he has done exceedingly well. In fact, he has improved wonderfully since last year, both at bat and in the field. All he lacks to make a first-class player is want of assurance in his abilities. He is very much inclined to take the duties of captain upon himself. This is especially apparent at a critical moment. Last year he was chronicled as a growler. In this respect he has improved; and we will only add: Let there be more improvement.

MOODY, who is captain of the nine, has shown himself capable of discharging the arduous tasks incumbent on said officer. His *forte* is ball-playing; on which account he was given the key of the field, when, in order to display his skill, he attempts to play short-stop, second-base, and centre-field, but always finds successful rivals in the shape of Bird and Clark. As a player, nothing can be said against him when he is not too *moody*; but when he allows his passions to get the better of his good sense nothing can be done to suit him; and at such times he takes advantage of his authority, and gives vent to his smothered feelings in loud and angry tones. Were he to play second base only, he would soon make himself a successful rival of any amateur in the state. He is a very good batter, and is, in fact, the best general player of the nine.

PEARSON, the third baseman, has had but few opportunities to show what he could do, as he has played other positions for absent members. We have seen him do some very fine playing this season. He plays a very nice first base, is a good batter, and has shown himself to be acquainted with the finer points of the game, and has all the material necessary for a good player. His chief characteristic is quietness.

THATCHER is the only man of the nine that can claim superiority in catching. He catches with the skill and grace that a professional might envy, and he has defended his nose with as much ease and success as ever attended the efforts of Mace or Coburn. Thatcher never complains of mistakes of others, and seldom makes one himself. He has played second a few times, and has shown himself to be very proficient in that position. As a batter he is very good.

YOUNG, who has acted in the capacity of pitcher, has succeeded very well, and so far as judged his pitching has been found to be very effective. The manner in which he delivers the ball is at once peculiar and unique. He is constantly on the watch to catch some base-runner napping, and very many men have been known to retire from bases rather ignominiously, owing to his watchfulness. He very frequently has opportunities to make double plays, which he neglects to do; usually throwing to first, instead of second. He is a very good player, but better at cutting than ball-playing. It can be placed to his credit that he is usually found indulging in both these American pastimes.

We regret to say that with this report the readers will be called upon to bid farewell to many of the persons here chronicled; and we congratulate any community that may be so fortunate as to secure their services. We are fully confident that there is base ball talent in the school, which only needs development in order to be appreciated. And we would appeal to those remaining here to sustain the reputation which your predecessors have gained.

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Quartette.

R. B. TOBEY; S. B. STILES; J. PORTER; F. S. LIVINGOOD.

Trio.

G. G. CONVERS, *Violin*; W. L. McCORD, *Flute*;
O. P. SHANNON, *Piano*.

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THE
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NOVEMBER, 1872.

No. 1.

✓ GENEVA ARBITRATION.

It is but a few weeks since the guns at Geneva boomed out the glad tidings that the Board of Arbitration had completed their labors, and that another great step towards a higher Christianity and civilization had been taken.

To find the origin of the famous "Alabama Claims," which have been a bone of contention between England and the United States for so long a time, and the settling of which has been the work of the Arbitrators, it is necessary to go back to 1862, when Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister at the court of St. James, called the attention of Lord Stanley, her Majesty's chief minister of foreign affairs, to the building and fitting out of the steamer *Oreto*, whose nominal destination was Sicily, but whose well-known purpose was the destruction of the United States merchant marine. Little attention was paid to the request, and no steps were taken to prevent her escape, but soon there appeared on the stocks of a firm whose head occupies a seat in the House of Commons, a larger vessel, and one more openly known to be building for the use of the Confederate States. By the united efforts of Mr. Adams and the United States consul at Liverpool, Lord Stanley was induced to look into the matter, and the case was presented to the Queen's counselor.

This barrister was sick, but recovered barely in time to prevent the escape, had the other officials, through whom the seizure must be made, used the due dilligence so often referred to by the eminent American advocates. As it was, the officer, with the papers in his

hand, could see her steaming out of his reach, commencing the terrible career of the famous Alabama. Coaling at Nassau, and then taking on board the arms, that immediately followed her from the same port, she commenced a career that could be called nothing less than piracy, insomuch as all prizes were sacked and burned before having been submitted to the necessary decision of a prize court, which international law makes most indispensable. In the course of her disastrous cruising she captured sixty-six American merchantmen, but in June 1864 she was sunk by the Kearsarge off the harbor of Cherbourg; and her captain with part of her crew, having been picked up by a British yacht, were taken to England, where they were treated with kindness and were even lionized.

At the same time the Georgia, Florida, and Shenandoah, all English built and mostly manned by British seamen were pursuing a like work of destruction. The latter sailing north, destroyed the whole of our whaling fleet and, on her return at the end of the war, surrendered herself in a British port, having never entered a Confederate harbor. The tale of the destruction and loss of life and property might be carried on to almost an indefinite length, but it will be sufficient to note the final result. Before the close of the war in 1864 the whole commerce of the United States was being carried on almost entirely by British vessels, our own having been driven from every sea, and our shippers were compelled to pay heavily increased rates of insurance.

Out of these foregoing, together with the fact that the prolongation of the war after the battle of Gettysburg was the result occasioned by these vessels, the whole question of damages, both direct and indirect, sprang. In both the Senate and the House of Commons many debates were held on the subject, and a great deal of correspondence passed between the representatives of the two powers.

In 1868 a treaty was drawn up by Lord Clarendon, then minister of foreign affairs, on the part of England, and Reverdy Johnson, the American minister, but was rejected by the Senate. Correspondence was carried on, resulting in the appointment of a joint commission, which met at Washington in 1871. This commission had for its settlement not only the "Alabama Claims," but also the questions of fisheries, St. Lawrence navigation, San Juan boundaries and some others. It was by this body that the Treaty of Washington

was framed. This treaty differed in many respects from the one previous, but mainly in the insertion of the following :

(1) A neutral is bound to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping any vessel which it has reasonable ground to think is intended to carry on war against a friendly nation.

(2) Not to allow a belligerent to use its waters or ports as a base of operation or for supplies. To use due diligence in its own ports and waters to prevent the escape, recruiting, or arming of vessels against friendly nations.

(3) To use due diligence to prevent the violations of the foregoing.

In regard to these three principles her Majesty commanded her ministers to declare that the British government could not assent to them as a statement of international law in force at the time ; but, in order to evince its desire of strengthening friendly relations and making provision for the future, it consents to have the Arbitrators assume that it had undertaken to act upon them, providing however, that they shall be binding upon both nations in future, and further, that the attention of other nations be called, and efforts made to gain their assent to them. But now the claim for indirect damages, which the United States urged in connection with those for direct losses sustained, was disputed by England.

The main points of these damages were claims for advanced rates of insurance, the transfer of American commerce to the British flag, and for the prolongation of the war. By England these claims were looked upon as unjust, and unauthorized by the Treaty of Washington. Negotiations were opened for their withdrawal, and continued until the time for the delivery of the counter-cases, at which time a motion was brought before the Board for an adjournment until the question could be settled ; but after a consultation the tribunal declared that these claims were inadmissible, thus removing the last obstacle to the progress of the arbitration.

In the course of the negotiations, the United States had agreed to relinquish this claim, providing that England would never raise it in future, she being a belligerent and our government a neutral, and thus, by this decision her point was gained.

By the Treaty of Washington the Board of Arbitration was to consist of five members, one to be appointed by each, the Queen of England, the President of the United States, the King of Italy,

the President of the Swiss Confederation, and the Emperor of Brazil. Should any one of the latter decline or fail to act, either by reason of death or otherwise, his place was to be filled by the King of Sweden and Norway. They were to meet in Geneva; each government was to have an agent to prepare its case and counter-case; the decisions were to be final; each vessel was to be decided upon separately, but the award was to be a gross sum, payable in coin, and without interest, within twelve months after the decision, but if it failed to be awarded in gross, two assessors were to be appointed, one by the President and the other by the representative of Italy at Washington, to thus decide it; their place of meeting to be either in New York or Boston.

The arbitration is now a thing of the past. A few weeks ago it awarded to the United States a sum of fifteen and a half millions of dollars, the direct damages for which England was liable. This sum will be distributed among the original losers by a committee to be appointed by Congress early in its next session; and the fear expressed by so many that it will go for the benefit of the government, as did that obtained from France, is utterly groundless.

The question of the duty of neutrals has long been misconceived, and until quite lately it was thought that the rules laid down in the treaty were entirely new, but Mr. William Beach Lawrence, an American authority on questions of international law, says that they are the same as those adopted by the United States government when Washington was President and Jefferson Secretary of State, and if that be the case, it will give them a more welcome reception among nations as a maritime law, than if they had been adopted simply to settle the one particular case of the Alabama.

And now that this peaceful settlement of weighty claims, and those which might have embroiled two of the most powerful nations on the globe in a war that would have resulted in a heavy additional load of debt to each, besides the destruction of much life and property, we can but look upon it with a feeling of great joy that, at last, this great achievement has been accomplished.

Compare it with the recent war between France and Prussia, in which so many thousand lives were lost on both sides, and by reason of which France has been loaded down by an enormous debt that many generations will be unable to pay.

And will not this tribunal for the settlement of international

damages without war have a most beneficial effect upon all Christian people? Is it not an evidence of the dawning of a better time, a beam of light from that glorious civilization which we can clearly see in the future?

C. M.



THE GREAT GOD LUCK.

THE Greek or Roman, when any misfortune occurred, said that the Fates were adverse, or Jove was no longer with them. The Moslem, in an hour of trial, calmly submits to the will of Allah. But the American curses fortune and the luck that is down upon him. This same Luck is a very curious fellow, a betrayer of his friends, and a benefactor to his enemies. He walketh triumphantly in gambling-halls and in the sacred billiard-saloon, and ruleth mightily over Wall street. At his name nations prostrate themselves. He is a god before all others. Minerva and Mars yield to him, and acknowledge his all-powerful influence. He and the "Almighty Dollar" are the gods of the Americans. Sacred to him are lotteries, prize candy packages, and Yankee notions. His shrines are in the streets of all our great cities, where at night, beside the flaming torch, the pedlar praises and sells his wonderful soap with a prize in each paper, or his razors warranted to cut anything from sheet-iron to the beard, without once being sharpened.

His victims are numerous: fast country youths, glorious in crimson vests and yellow neckties, are his special delight. These, like lambs, are fleeced upon his altars, and like them return, when the summer is over, to bring back a new growth ready for the shearer, who is always on hand. Another victim pleasing to the great god is the economical old woman, who tries her luck at the dollar-store, buys, and is sold. His priests, an immense multitude, are the choicest of the land. They are those who have invented washing-machines that sell and don't wash, and perpetual motions that go rapidly from the dealer's hands, but no further; drummers and confidence-men, and those whose daily trade it is to get the best of their fellow-men. But if a priest degenerates or offends the god, woe upon him! Luck turns, and the favored sacrificer becomes a most grateful sacrifice. Like all other gods, Luck has his own

peculiar cities, many in number, among which are the great cities of the world. He also has his Delphis, as Saratoga and Baden-Baden. Here his altars are always burning, and a fragrant incense ever fills the air. He has many names, such as chance, fortune, etc., and is worshipped in many forms; but his power always remains. He governs the Americans with an iron rule. It is strange how people trust him. Men neglect important responsibilities, trusting that Luck will bring it out all right; if he does not, they never take warning, but say that he will soon change. His greatest ally is Hope, who encourages the despondent, and awakens the successful to more extravagant designs. In our games, in our studies, in all the vocations and stern duties of life, Luck creeps — sometimes aiding, but far oftener deceiving and ruining. His worship is increasing every year. He turns the foot of the farmer from the soil to the city; he incites the mechanic and laborer to leave their toil, and follow Horace's well-known advice, "Go west."

Will Luck's rule be everlasting? We hope not; and we believe that the time will come when his influence will be entirely broken, and that the people, arousing from their indifference and stupor, will dethrone him, and place in his stead the ever-trustworthy deity, the friend of man, Hard Work.

A. G.

MUSCLE.

WERE it possible for one of us to listen to the conversation of a band of Grecian youths as they were leaving one of their complete gymnasia, perhaps we could catch now and then a word from Alexander to his Fidus Achates; perhaps he was undergoing a severe course of training to defeat his antagonist in the wrestling match; how eagerly he points out the muscles on his arms; was sure he'd throw Nestor the next time — would have before, if he had not slipped. And then his friend congratulates him, and states that he expects a sword from his father, and "his shield was being made at Syntax's, the new armor-maker — he'll do his very best — was down there to see it this afternoon." And then we are removed, and fall behind a pair of modern young gentlemen: "Don't you think

that Thompson a verwe law fellar? he wears his wing on his wight faw finger" His comrade assures him that he can't "indaw" the person unfortunately addicted to that vulgar manner of wearing a ring; and then they, too, are left, and the listener muses on the "degeneracy of the times."

By no means is this to be considered the model common talk of the youth of Greece and the young gentlemen of the present; but yet it in a measure partakes of that character, and one will talk of what interests him, and in too many cases it will be dress or business.

No Hellenic institution exercised so powerful an influence on every phase and feature of Greek life as did their Gymnasia; it was there that the young gained the symmetry of figure, the suppleness of muscle, and power of endurance, which in that age constituted a nation's defence.

In this age of aids for man, — where nearly every cause for use of one's feet are removed by our extended means of motion, where our products are reaped by steam, and in nearly every case where great exertion is called for, iron muscles are ready to perform it, — it is difficult to urge upon the public the fact that the wonderful system of nerves and sinews, tubes and glands in our bodies cannot perform their duties well when left unaided; that frequent motion and agitation must mix and aid to digest our food and scatter it through the portals of our veins, if we would have a strong body, a clear mind, and noble nature.

Filled with a desire to instruct mankind in this matter, of late, several worthy persons have labored to show how this may be most readily effected; and each has presented to the public gaze his "theory." All seem to hold the belief that exercise for the young of the present, is to be secured mainly in our primitive gymnasia; to many who have attempted this system, these are but the symbols of aches and pains and the renewal of a vow to keep aloof from them; probably brought about in this way: Anser, at the earnest invitation of a patron of the god of muscle, is induced to cross the hitherto unknown threshold. Within all seems to be in motion: here mazy and intricate figures are being wrought with the clubs; or, again, another floats back and forth with regular movement upon the rings; strange pieces of animal mechanism upon the bar whirl about and twist and turn and are succeeded by others. Is it strange he is filled with a desire to do likewise? So he begins. The Indian clubs seem the least diffi-

cult and the most graceful to exercise with ; but the good opinion is soon changed to dislike when he ascertains their power to twist the arms and wrists of the unskilful. The vaulting-horse under him becomes but a stumbling-block and envy consumes his soul when he sees inferior Stebbins toss the dumb-bells around so lightly ; he finishes his exploits with a trial of the bar : after a great struggle he is perched upon it, and is then asked to drop into his knees ; he yields and drops — drops into his knees, and even exceeds his own expectations, drops as far as the floor, and then and there finishes the exercise for that day. As he departs he feels of his muscles, thinks he'll measure his arms, be weighed, and practice regularly.

A night's rest dissolves his enthusiasm. On arising, his muscle is departed and a sorry substitute remains ; he is compelled to obtain aid even to put on his collar. Indignation gives him strength to make a vow never to be seen within a gymnasium as long as he possesses strength of mind sufficient to see his folly.

And yet it need not be thus ; one can with moderate exercise at first, and the more rugged and complicated later, perfect his physical powers, and do himself a life-long benefit. But how few understand this ; our bodies are living witnesses of it ; and may the time soon come when some one with "the pen of a ready writer" may show that neither the honest man nor the brave is without a rival ; but that the strong man, when his strength is properly exercised, has his excellences : and that he is no more acceptable in the eyes of his Maker who uses this wonderful frame of our being as a treasure-house only of this world's wisdom, than the one who turns his thoughts in part to improving its exterior, made in the likeness of his Divine Creator.

N. D. A.



A "THEOLOGUE'S" ADVENTURES AT THE "FEM. SEM."

BY A THEOLOGUE.

One summer's eve a Theologue
Decided he would go
Down to Philena's Institute,
And see the Fems, you know.

Two hours before the looking-glass
This Theologue did spend,
To arrange his hair and mustache,
And to his necktie tend.

When his toilet was completed,
He thought that he would do;
But he lingered a moment longer
To take a final view.

Then quietly he left the hall,
And, with elastic tread,
Down through the old horse-chestnut walk
With eager steps he sped.

With feelings of satisfaction
He did his way pursue,
Down past old Phillips Academy,
Till the Fem Sem came in view.

But now his heart begins to fail;
He says: "What shall I do,
If, perchance, some Cad or Theologue
Should be at Smith's Hall too?"

"But faint heart ne'er fair lady won,"
And, if I would succeed
In winning one of these charming Fems,
I must be brave indeed."

As through the gate our hero passed,
He thought, "When I'm within,
Why, what shall my theme of converse be—
Fashion, or 'riginal sin?"

Now on the porch he waits awhile,
Before he dares to ring,
To quiet his agitated mind,
And think of just the thing

That he should say, when ushered in
By her who should descend
To answer the ringing of the bell,
And to his wants attend.

He rings the bell; then waits and waits;
And then he rings again,
And wonders and wonders why it is
That he should ring in vain.

But, nothing daunted, one more pull
He to the *door-bell* gives;
Then he waits, and wonders, as before,
If any one there lives.

Just now he hears a window raised,
But by a hand unseen;
And a smothered titter greets his ear
From back the window-screen.

The dreadful thought comes to him now,
"I'm in a sorry plight;
There's but one way from this to escape,
And that's in speedy flight."

As down the gravel-walk he hastes,
And through the open gate,
A merry voice warns him, from above,
"You're just one hour too late."

MORAL.

Whene'er you to the Fem Sem go,
To make a call in state,
Be sure you are all right; then go ahead,
But not an hour too late.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

"IN the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread," is the declaration of God himself; and yet there has always been a tendency to look down upon labor as degrading, and upon those who live by it as inferior in power and place. It has often been asserted that labor was imposed upon man as a curse. It is rather one of the greatest blessings given to us by our Divine Father, calculated alike for our moral, physical, and intellectual improvement and welfare. Without labor nothing good or noble can be obtained. Arts, science, civilization, progress, all live and flourish by labor and toil. Without man's labor God had created the world in vain, and all society, except the most rude and savage, must perish. Look around, and see the glorious results of labor. Behold our own country, once covered with mighty forests, where no sound, save the song of

the bird or the tramp and growl of the wild beast, broke its stillness, and compare it with our country to-day. These mighty forests, once standing in massive grandeur, have been cut down, and the wilderness has become the fruitful field, and the desert has indeed been made to blossom as the rose, by labor in its onward march. Look at the iron-horse as it careers majestically over hill, plain, and valley, passing from ocean to ocean, the mighty carrier of the millions; the steamship as it ploughs the fathomless deep, moved by machinery of the profoundest invention, bearing the products of every land and visiting every shore; and the telegraph passing over the land and beneath the sea, girdling the world, and from all learn the dignity of labor and the glory of work. Look at the men of history; yea, the men of our own time and country, such as Grant, Sherman, Sumner, Wilson, and a host of others like them, both living and dead, who by their physical and intellectual labors have made names for themselves, to be remembered forever. Consider the rapid advancement that has been made in the literary world within the last few centuries, the result of the labor and toil of many years. Is there not dignity in that which labor alone can give? And can we look at the men of thought and action, men of power and influence, because of labor, and say there is no dignity in labor, and that it is mean and degrading? The times demand educated men, earnest, energetic, true,—men of power. The nineteenth century is an age of progression, and he alone who runs shall win the race. Brain sweat, as well as that of the brow, is the price of success. The man who would be truly great in every sense of the word, must labor for greatness, for there is no royal road to learning or real influence. There may be aids and helps to make the road smoother and the ascent easier; but nothing but hard and earnest labor can gain the summit. Unskilled labor constructed the rude hut of the back-woodsman, improved labor the simple cottage, and cultivated labor the princely mansion filled with all the comforts, luxuries, and elegances of life. Indeed everything, great, good, and glorious among men is great, good, and glorious in proportion to the labor required to produce it. What invented and constructed the printing-press, that furnishes our libraries, and floods the world with newspapers? It is labor, hard, earnest, persevering labor, such labor as conquers all things. As we look around us and daily see on our street-corners and in the low places of resort,

those without employment, we see the degradation and misery of idleness and sloth. The loiterer is a slave to every vice and passion; every sin finds a place in his mind, and thus he is subject to a slavery worse than all the bondage of labor directed by the lash of the master. The true, earnest worker regards labor not only as a duty, but as a pleasure. It gives health, wealth, and wisdom, and should be regarded as a priceless blessing to the world, the source of joy, the giver of peace.

“Indeed,

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us ;

Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;

Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us ;

Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.

Work — and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow ;

Work — thou shalt ride o’er cares coming billow ;

Lie not down wearied ’neath woe’s weeping willow.

Work with a stout heart and resolute will.”

F. C. H.

THE LOSS OF THE R. G. COBURN.

THE sky was covered with dull, lead-colored clouds ; the signs and flags of the curiosity shops creaked in the wind ; the shrill whistle of the pony-engine, as it drags the train loaded with iron ore, mingles with the whistles of the tugs, the rattling of the cordage, and the hoarse voices of the sailors, who are making all things snug in the harbor below. One or two large drops of rain fall with a dull thud on the plank sidewalk, a gust of wind fills with sand the eyes of a party of pleasure seekers who remain on land until the deep sound of the Coburn’s whistle, the loudest on the Lakes, is heard calling them to return.

They had visited the famous Silver Islet, where the quartz is worth one dollar per pound as it is taken from the mine ; they had roamed over the Wildcat city of the north ; had visited the copper mines at the Portage ; had, in safety entered the narrow harbor of L’Anse and now were about to leave Marquette, the last stopping place until the lower lakes are reached.

Was it the strange words of the captain, who had protested against the previous Sunday’s sermon in the cabin, saying that it

would certainly bring bad weather, combined with the memory that the smoke settled upon the very surface of Superior the day before, a sign of storm, that made them glance so uneasily at the clouds and endeavor to keep up their spirits by the jest? And how little do they think, as they make their way over the piles of freight and iron ore, that many of them will never put foot on land again.

The captain stands with the bell-pull in hand, giving the orders necessary for clearing the harbor, caring little for the danger signal snapping loudly in the breeze, over the signal department rooms. The waters of the lake have an angry appearance and here and there a white cap is seen. Way out are the vessels hurrying to shelter, but why should the Coburn, as strong a propeller as any on the Lakes, fear. It is noon when the steamer in the vast locks, settles slowly from the waters of Superior into those of the Sault St. Mary. About dark the vessel enters the head of Lake Huron. Soon she is free from the friendly shelter of the islands and now she feels the full force of the wind. The bell rings to check her a little. Two whistles and the *India*, bound up, is passed. For an hour all is well. Soon a gangway with some iron ore is washed into the sea. Now comes one wave larger than any preceding; the rudder, which, through carelessness, was allowed to remain but partially hung, is carried away, the steamer falls into the trough of the sea, the angry waves dash over her, each time tearing away timbers, boats, and gangways. The captain, ever brave, stands near the wheel-house giving orders to his men, who obey without a word. Often the waves break over him and his brave sailors, but he thinks not of himself, but rather of the lives and property committed to his care.

While the waves are sweeping the deck, bearing everything movable away, and while the shouts of the captain and his mates may be heard at times above the tempest; how different is the scene within the long, narrow cabin. At one end are the tables, fastened securely to the floor; here are collected the waiters who break out in loud prayers and lamentations at times. At the other end is the piano, still open; the books from which have come many songs to make the journey pleasant, lie scattered on the floor. Clinging to the fastened chairs, the banisters, and even to the doors, are the cabin passengers, each calm and collected, and each offering a heartfelt prayer to Him who alone could save in that hour.

The captain, haggard and with eyes bloodshot, staggers into the cabin, and tells them that there is now no hope. The vessel is lying almost on her side and the great waves dash against her, sending repeated shocks throughout the whole ship. A party of fifty strive to embark in the two boats left by the seas. One is swamped as it touches the water, but the other, commanded by an old sailor, rests lightly on the waves. Twenty-five escape in her. Others throw themselves on the roof of the cabin just torn off. The rest betake themselves to prayer, and soon the noble vessel sinks to rise no more. Sinks, with the captain and such of the sailors as are not already drowned at their posts, and nothing, save the floating roof, soon broken to bits, is left of the noble Coburn. Eighty-five persons were lost, while about twenty of those who succeeded in embarking in the small boat were saved.

Three days, and the papers throughout the country contain the following: "Detroit, October, '71. — The R. G. Coburn went down off Bois Blanc Island, Lake Huron, carrying with her eighty-five of her passengers and crew. Twenty saved. Total loss covered by insurance."

M.



COURAGE.

COURAGE is excellently defined by Webster as "that quality of the mind which enables one to encounter danger and difficulties with firmness, or without fear or depression."

This quality of the mind is necessary in every pursuit of life. Why does the soldier rush into the enemy and their raking fire? because he is courageous. Why does the spy knowing that if captured, he will be executed, go within the lines of the enemy, — nay, even enter their very camp, — to learn the number of their men, the number of their cannon, the position of the camp, and to obtain other information which will be of incalculable advantage to his commanding officer? Because he is courageous. Why did Wolf dare the attempt to clamber with an army up those steep, rocky heights leading to the plains of Abraham, and to attack Montcalm and a force superior in number to his own? Because he had courage.

But courage is not needful to a military person only : it must be possessed by everybody who desires to succeed in life. It is requisite to the person commencing business for himself, to enable him to risk all his property in a trade, which is liable not only to cause him the loss of the compensation that he would receive in another's service, but to strip him of the small possessions which he, after so many weary years of toil, has been able to save.

Why does the merchant, finding that, although he has been attentive to his business, his losses have been greater than his gains during the first year, still continue in the occupation ? Because he has courage. Why does not the lawyer, after losing his first case, become disheartened, and abandon his profession in despair ? Because he has courage.

Since we see the inestimable value of this quality of the mind of which we are speaking, let us strive to cultivate it. If we sometimes meet with difficulties, let us have courage, and we shall certainly overcome them. Let us never forget the excellent advice : If you don't succeed at first, be courageous, and try, try again.

J. O'C.



FAILURE.

ONE failure is to many a total overthrow. It is only those of heroic mould who push on, in the face of repeated difficulties, to forge success out of defeat. Many are like the yielding shingle of the sea-shore, on which the waves of the ocean beat roughly, and with their dashing change its very form before our eyes ; but others stand as do the firm and solid cliffs, which resist their burly strength, and as they dash against them give but new beauty to their glistening sides, and fall in harmless foam beneath their bases.

Let no one be ashamed of his defeats, and bury himself beneath their ruins, there to furnish a stepping-stone to the victor ; but rather, like Cynus of old, rise the stronger for the fall, and, standing on the defeat of your antagonist and your own success, look into the brightness of the future.

The speechless babe hides in his mother's arms from his first failure to walk ; but love prompts him on, and power is gained after repeated trials. At last, through childish victories, the strength

is gained which shall push him on through life's conflicts to a crown.

One who carries his sword always in its sheath will find when occasion comes that the blade is dimmed with rust, and his own arm incapable of wielding it; but the steel is burnished with brightness and the arm toughened into bone and sinew when used against the weapons of angry foes.

I cannot prevail upon myself to think that God made this life to be all a blunder — that he created these tears of tribulation without a purpose. Rather, refined in this alembic of God's power, in some way the soul is changed; the man is purified; and from the poor dross the mighty Alchemist procures the radiant heart that shall pervade all with whom it mingles with life and power, and leaves behind it a noble lesson.

The task God has given may be performed. We can enter the golden gates bearing our sheaves; yet the one who strives and toils weeping beside his burden, even if not finished when the sickle is thrust in, shall be gathered into the garner of his Master. N. D. A.



WORK.

As we stand upon the rostrum of to-day, and look down the aisles of time, we discover that all places of trust and honor have been gained by those who have worked. An indomitable will ever urged them to do whatever they found to do well. Time, to them, had a meaning other than the fleeting hour; it was that which demanded something must be done. Although some of our noted men have been born in obscurity, nevertheless they knew that to rise above the level of the common man something was to be achieved which they must make their life-work. Man was not created to die in the same plain in which he was born; but the spirit was endowed with a longing to reach out and beyond its neighbor towards something higher and nobler. What, think you, would be the condition of the world to-day, if the desire for something better had been omitted in the formation of our faculties?

There is an individual work, besides the great labor which we as a race must perform. Each of us was created for a definite purpose, and it is our duty to labor to carry out the great will of our Creator. Abraham Lincoln was one of the most persistent workers of the

nineteenth century ; and what a success crowned his efforts. But all cannot be Lincolns. How wise is that power that created a diversity of aim in man ! One aims to gain distinction in the political world ; another, in mercantile life ; while a third only seeks to do his life-work in his own humble sphere, thinking that will best promote the good of his fellow-man. In the lowest walks of life how many men we find, unappreciated by their fellow-beings. it may be, but who, departing, will leave " foot-prints on the sands of time," which ages alone can erase. Do not think that some great deed that you may do will immortalize your name. Few names have been immortalized by one great deed of humanity. Remember that you are living in a cold and unappreciating world, where the most you accomplish must be done by your own unswerving energy. Josh Billings says :

" He who by farming would grow rich,
Must plough and sow and dig and sich,
Work hard all day, sleep hard all night,
Save every cent, and not get tight."

It is not alone in farming that we need energy, but in all the branches of business, remembering that " there is no true greatness without great labor." Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, studied while working at the forge, and thus gained an education.

The question is not Shall we live in history ? but, How shall we ? Names good and bad are alike mortal, and on the same historic page we find the names of Paul and Judas, Washington and Arnold. But the features of the good are painted on canvas, chiseled in marble, and their names sung at the cribs of children. How many men have blessed the world by their energy. Professor Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, has begun to live in history. Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, lives, and will continue to live. Think you George Washington gained his glory with arms folded. He too lives not only in history, but in the hearts of his countrymen ; and how noble is that life. Go straight ahead, and don't mind your enemies. If you dispute, you do as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk ; there will be a reaction. If not, do your duty, and hundreds who have been alienated from you will come flocking back. Be good, my friend ; let him who will do noble deeds not dream them all day long, and thus make life, death, and the vast forever one grand, sweet song.

D. S. A.

THE SENIOR'S DREAM.

PROLOGUE.

GREAT poets have always disregarded the mere petty rules that guide songsters and rhymsters in composing their doggerels; but soaring on a freer wing, have escaped the bounderies of rhyme, rhythm, etc., and have given their immortal verses to the world in all their natural sweetness. As this is strictly true, and especially applicable in the following poem, let those who would criticize, remember and be silent!

A METRELESS POEM.

- 1 There was a young senior of studious mind,
Who, when his studies were o'er,
Wearied, retired late to his bed,
And presently loudly did snore.
- 2 For through the ivory gate of dreams,
Several visited him;
And he tossed and rolled all over his bed,
While his rest was very slim.
- 3 For Little Iulus, and Dido the pure,
Harassed and bothered he,
While Peirce, with a grin, threw at his head
An indefinite quantity.
- 4 Achilles shouted in his ear,
"You dog-faced drunken boy;"
While Chirisophus, standing up,
Said to him, "*Δόκει μοί.*"
- 5 The Furies and old Latinus,
Next appeared in view;
Sergestus with the Sibyl,
And Trojanus Pubes. too.
- 6 Then Ulysses and Agamemnon
Rolled up the wooden horse;
And standing near to it began
The indirect discourse.
- 7 When four little imps came hopping in,
Horribile visu were they;
Their names were printed on their backs —
"*Iva, ως, ὅπως, and μῆ.*"

- 8 But Alecto, with her snaky hair,
 Caused them quick to pause ;
Sternly regarding, she asked him
 To parse the final clause.
- 9 The poor senior was pale with fright,
 For she gave him such a poke
That, gemans multa, he jumped up
 And with a start awoke.
- 10 Oh ye, who now are seniors,
 Burn not the midnight oil,
Else all these horrid, horrid dreams
 Will claim you for their spoil.
- 11 And ye, who prowling late at night
 Do at Smith's take a stew,
Had best take care or ye will find
 My tale to be too true.

A. G.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A. A., No. —, S—— H——, Nov. 6, '72.

THE building known as Smith Hall, the dwelling-place of the *élite* of Abbott Academy, was nearly reduced to ashes by an undue patriotism, on the evening of November 5th.

Alas for our devotion to the cause of Grant and Wilson! The only consolation we now have is, that we have made a suitable offering on the shrine of our country (to speak politically); and henceforth, whoever dares to say that we are not loyal "is a liar and a villain." But "what we know about fires" is as follows: In our wild excitement and enthusiasm, we illuminated. The occupants of No. 5 displayed their flags, placed a students' lamp in the window, and arranged the lace curtains gracefully over it.

Lamps being scarce, and light imperatively needed, one of the three occupants at the time parted the curtains, and seated herself by the window, when the lamp flared up, and instantly the curtains and wood-work were in flames. Wild excitement ensues. One courageous creature rushed from the room, and devoted her strength to holding up the wall and gazing at nothing; then, recovering herself, took a pitcher of water, and dashed it full in the Principal's face. Another ran and screamed, then calmly left the house, and seated herself upon the Academy steps; and still another pocketed her watch and earrings, and stood composedly gazing at the scene. An inconsiderate creature politely took a glass of water, and, handing it to a bystander, coolly remarked: "The house is on fire, and here's a glass." The lounge then took fire, and the room seemed full of flame; but, at the expense of several blankets, it was finally extinguished.

If, as seemed imminent at one time, the whole building had gone, we have no doubt that everything possible would have been done by our most obliging neighbors of Phillips for our relief; and, unless something is done to make it safer, they may have an opportunity to use their engine before very long.

We cannot refrain from asking a place in the MIRROR for ourselves, as we are destitute of an "organ" wherein to express our sentiments, and, beside this, humbly ask if we may not again, occasionally, be allowed a word or two as to the affairs of Andover in general, and the Fem Sem in particular. *Au revoir.*

EDITORS' CORNER.

Following the example of other members of the craft, we make our bow, and with a "few brief remarks," "say our little say," thus filling up the space allotted to us in recording the events and incidents of the Term.

The Phillips Base Ball Club is represented this Term by the nine dashing athletes, who might have been seen three times each week valiantly "muffing" in anticipation of the first blood from the Boston Juniors; but unfortunately this first blood did not come, and they were forced to content themselves with a sanguinary contest with the Theologues, whom the School Nine offered up, a sacrifice upon the altar of the far-throwing P. Apollo; and joyfully did they endure their sufferings, having lately read Fox's Book of Martyrs.

Besides offering up these harmless creatures they have done no other deeds of blood, therefore we consign them to the bourne to which all baseballists must return in winter — the "gym."

A thrill of joy ran through the hearts of the Phillipians, and especially through those of the Juniors, who had yelled their throats dry (thus increasing to a vast extent the business of the cider-mill) for a whole week, in anticipation of the glorious time when the "Phillips," that hero of a dozen fires, should be led forth to — squirt.

The following lines were inspired in the breast of a peaceful Theologue:

"Stupendooous hand-pump. You suck. You
Draw up and you squirt water on the raging
And devouring element commonly known as
Fire. And you sucksead in kwenching the aforesede.
Stupendooous pump!"

The patriotism of the school was given a vent in a so-called torch-light procession in the village of Lowell, by a delegation from Phillips to the amount of sixty candle power. As no mention of them appeared in the press it is not to be supposed that their light was overpowering, or that their marching and uniform struck admiration in the hearts of the spectators. On the morrow their history of all the splendors of the procession, except their own part — to bring up the rear of a big bill, their care-worn countenances and their many "flunks" and "cuts" were witnesses of the joyous festivities of the night, and the hearts of the disciples of Horace

were filled with envy. As none of the members were allowed to go to Lawrence or Boston, we learn that they have hung their torches on the willows and sat down by the Shawshine and wept.

Parvula processio requiscat in pace.

The Librarian has kindly furnished the following statistics concerning the library. They speak for themselves.

Librarian, E. B. Case ; Assistant Librarian, R. B. Tobey. The Library is owned by the Philomathean Society and Society of Inquiry and is solely under their charge. It consists of nearly one thousand volumes of History, Travel, Biography, Poetry, etc., beside a set of Cyclopaedias down to a late issue. Having recently been thoroughly overhauled and a number of valuable books added, it is now in a more flourishing condition than it has been for a number of years. Members of both societies are privileged to receive books from the library. Library open on Wednesday of each week, from 3 to 4 P.M.

The following vote was taken in the classical department of the school ; and the effect must have been very severe upon the reverend Horace, and even excited comment in the Boston papers : Senior Class, Grant 31, Greeley 4 ; Middle, Grant 28, Greeley 12 ; Junior, Grant 30, Greeley 11 ; total, Grant 89, Greeley 27.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisements which appear in both the front and back of the MIRROR, and can assure every one who contemplates purchasing anything, from an oyster-stew to a good bedstead or a suit of clothes, that he can get the best that is to be had, if he will but call on the gentlemen who have herein advertised.

No theme can be more fit for the close of our efforts than a slight mention of the noble and self-denying exertions of the City Fathers, who have expended time, strength, and money in rejuvenating this ancient town. Our tongue and pen fail us when we would speak of the hundred and fifty feet of new side-walk, and the posts upon which it is confidently hoped that the next generation will put the lamps, which now only serve as symbols of the enterprise and forethought of the *Mayor* for his descendants.

We, like many other shining lights of our profession, wearied by our exertions, and begging the favor of our readers, and hoping better fortune to our successors, herewith present the result of the Term's efforts.

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The Boston Globe; The Boston Post; The New York Times: The World.

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MONTHLIES.

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Members. J—ust H—elped A—n, E—mpty J—s, R—avenous J—s,
 F—oraging K—h, W—ildly H—owling R—a.

Motto — “Fames ad finem.”

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Mustache,		6
Siders, .		4
Goatee,		1
Complete Set,		1
Imburbes,		40
Doubtful,		26
		—
Grand Total,		78

Vol. XVIII.

No. 2.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

PHILO MIRROR.

MARCH, 1873.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παδεῖα.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

THE MIRROR.

CHARLES H. KINGMAN,	} EDITORS.
WILLIAM S. HALE,	
FREDERIC GILBERT,	

Vol. XVIII.

MARCH, 1873.

No. 2.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THERE is not an American citizen who does not daily feel the influence of the American Revolution, as he reads his newspaper and sees how the rights and wishes of the United States are respected by every land; as he sees the emigrants flocking by thousands and thousands to our shores, he cannot but feel that the true principle of controlling a nation was for the first time brought forth and established in the war of '76. As he reads of the immense preparations that are being made for the centennial anniversary of our independence, and recollects the noble men who suffered and died in its cause, of the half-clad army marching over ice and snow, leaving it sprinkled by blood drawn from their bare feet; as he thinks how bravely they fought with their pitchforks and flails, at Bunker Hill and Lexington, against the well-disciplined army of the British, his mind is pervaded by a lofty and patriotic desire for his country. He is brought into communion with the characters of Washington, Warren, Putnam, Hancock and others whose names are immortal, and it cheers him on. He takes a new start, more firmly determined to carry out the principles of truth and liberty than ever before. So, again, an audience is raised to the highest point of excitement and patriotism by hearing the eloquent speaker relate with vivid imagination the battles of Concord and Trenton, how Paul Revere stood, bridle in hand, watching the North Church steeple, and then, as the signal appeared, sped away through the darkness, warning the whole country to rise and defend their fire-

sides ; or how Washington with his handful of men crossed the Delaware in a raging storm and amid floating ice, fearing nothing but defeat, and accomplished a victory over the Hessians, and scattered the gloom which was spreading its pall over his hopes, and brought courage to the faint and weary hearts. It is such instances as these that make the Revolutionary War dear to us, and that exert the greatest influence. Our blood boils within us as we read how the soldiers suffered at Valley Forge ; and I'm afraid we form harsh plans of what we would do should England again attempt to control us. But those days of suffering are past ; we now hold a high rank among the nations of the world, earned by bravely contesting every inch. We now can send forth our claims upon England, and she is glad to accept terms of peace. The principles which were planted in that war have sprung up into this noble Republic, the only example where the people have had common sense enough to govern themselves. This Republic sends its ministers and consuls to every part of the globe, and, more than all, wherever the name of the United States is mentioned, there praises are raised for the heroes of '76. Washington lives in every heart, and his influence and the influence of the war will continue to increase until the name of the United States shall be a thing of the past.

C. H. K.



COLLEGE REGATTAS.

ALMOST as far back as history extends, we read that the youth of the old world annually met to engage in sports and contests, all eager to bear off the coveted laurel wreath, the emblem of victory. The Greeks and Roman each had their different games ; much time being expended in training themselves and their steeds for the races in the amphitheatre and the bloody scenes of the colosseum. Perhaps the games most celebrated in the classics, are those which annually took place on the Olympian plains, and, if the reader feel inclined, let us retrace the footsteps of time two thousand years, and imagine ourselves treading the banks of the far-famed Alpheus on our way to the scene of the contests. As we approach the plain, here and there are to be seen the booths of the merchants and the tents of the wealthy, while crowds of Greeks collected from Thessaly

to Laconia press on. The morning on which the games are to take place dawns, and the rising sun shows thousand of eager, expectant faces, each confident that the champion sent from his province will be sure to win. The hours drag slowly on, until the appearance of a herald announces to the assembled multitude that the judges are approaching and the games are about to begin. All is hushed; the herald calls up those who are to engage in the foot-race; they, promptly responding to the summons, appear, and, stripped of all superfluous clothing, leisurely approach the judges; as soon as the signal is given they speed away, amid the cheers of the vast throng, each is confident of success, and for a time they run abreast, but gradually separate, until it is easy to see who will win. He who leads presses on with redoubled energy, and, with panting chest and flashing eye, perseveres until the laurel crown is placed upon his head, and he is declared conquerer. So all through history, up to the present time, some mode of entertainment has been practised for the benefit of the youth of different countries.

College races are of comparatively recent date, and within the past few years have risen to an importance second to no other amusement. We all remember how a few years ago, the students of Harvard crossed the Atlantic to measure strength with Old England. Almost every American was anxious that our representatives should win, though few were so foolish as to be sanguine upon the result of the race, when they considered that our men were as novices in the art of rowing compared with the English oarsmen. When the report was flashed across the Atlantic, that the Harvards had been beaten but half a boats length, we all congratulated ourselves that the defeat was no worse. A few daring spirits ventured to predict that in the return match we could beat them, but the majority seemed to accept the result as final, and concluded to let well enough alone.

The annual race between Oxford and Cambridge excites almost as much enthusiasm in our mother country as does her far-famed Derby, while in our own country the annual regatta of the colleges is the theme of conversation months before the struggle takes place. Every one concedes that boating in itself is a harmless and beneficial exercise, as it tends both to develop the muscles and to establish a better feeling among the colleges than has hitherto existed: but, like all our American sports, it seems to be fast sinking into the hands of

gamblers. It is greatly to be regretted that we cannot sustain a single amusement for the amusement's sake alone. Base ball, which was for some time universally played throughout our land, is now confined to a few professional clubs, every man of whom receives a fixed salary, and their backers make their fortunes out of the money they win from their victories.

We are happy to say that college regattas have not yet sunk so low as our national game; may those who have these races in charge strive to make them what they ought to be, trials of strength and endurance, not a harvest for gamblers and their associates. F. G.



HASTE.

THERE is almost a universal tendency in this age to do everything in a hurry. Men are everywhere in everything impatient to get at the end of a thing. Scholars are in a hurry to get to college, in college in haste to get into profession; young men are in a hurry to get a trade. Once it took seven years to learn a trade; now they attempt to get a trade in one year. Once men were willing to work patiently to gain an object; now they desire to obtain it without work. Once men were willing to work hopefully and patiently for long years to attain a desired object; now they despair and give up if they reach not the goal in a few months. Many men are ruined by so doing; yes, fairly ruined, I say. Look at many of our college graduates, they have studied hard, endeavoring to stand foremost in their studies, to graduate with high honors. But look at them; what are they? They have been in such haste to obtain their education that they are nothing more than good substitutes for the hospitable, with a body racked with pain, their minds distracted, even a little exertion will throw them into a fever. There they sit, congratulating themselves that they have been able to obtain a good education, have graduated from college with high honors. But alas, what good has it done them? They are crippled for life.

It makes men impatient, it makes them superficial, they cannot do hardly anything in a thorough manner, if they do it in haste. The carpenter, the blacksmith, and the mechanist, cannot be a good workman unless he gives time to the learning of his trade. The

man who rushes into business without proper discipline, must fail. The present tendency to do everything in a hurry seems to threaten the nation with bankruptcy. Men are in haste to be rich; they lay no enduring foundation for riches. Thousands of men gather fortunes, as large buildings are reached, an unstable production, that tumbles down, crushing men and women in the ruins. The principles of business, which are the foundation rock, are lost sight of. Moral principles are often as utterly ignored as the foundation of the honest truth upon the sand, and the ruin and overthrow comes. Men are in haste to be great, they utterly ignore the way to greatness, and fall disappointed at last.

Men desire to be good, but are in such haste they will not patiently use the means. It makes men thoughtless to hurry; there is no proper time for deliberation and judgment. Students who get their lessons in haste forget them in a hurry. There is no time given to digest mental food, and as certain as eating in haste produces dyspepsia, even so will haste in learning produce mental disease. There is no time for reflection upon anything; no time to enjoy anything, where all is hurry; there is no desire for discipline where there is haste. There can be no well-balanced mind, no worthy character formed, where men care so much more for the result than the means to accomplish the result.

This haste makes a man thoughtless and indifferent. How much annoyance it causes others, by the want of kindness and courtesy. How selfish men become who are thoughtless; how much time they waste. They start off without knowing what they are after. They do not value the object to be gained. If they stopped to think it would make them valiant and persevering.

The evil of superficiality, the superficial machine, makes others suffer; he who makes a poor chair cheats the buyer, and causes the one who uses it to complain; he who builds a house superficially may cause a number of evils to those employed. The superficial machine teaches others to be superficial; the superficial scholar becomes a superficial teacher, and causes others in an endless chain to think wrong and do wrong. The person who hurries is always making mistakes, always troubling others.

W. S. H.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN's life is a noble illustration of the adage, "Honesty is the best policy." When history is making up her list, where the good and great are arranged in a glorious company, whose name will shine brighter than his? Living in a period that required men, true and noble men, he has shown us a mind indeed great, and himself a friend to all mankind. At the head of one of the first nations of the earth, and that during a civil war as great as it has been the misfortune of men to pass through, he so conducted himself in the eyes of the world that he died lamented by all loyal to the United States of America.

It is noticeable in his career that the office sought the man, and not the man the office. How many men with the finest mental powers and a reputation second to none have sought to be President of these United States. "How many have looked at the shining goal with longing but unsatisfied eyes." Henry Clay, the silver-tongued, whose eloquence has stirred the minds of his countrymen from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf, strove, but in vain. Daniel Webster, the greatest statesmen America ever produced, whose massive mind "guided the thoughts and shaped the opinions of millions of thinking freemen, pursued through a long and honored life the same glittering phantom; and when, after leading him through bogs and quagmires of political chicanery, it finally and forever eluded him, he sought his secluded home at Marshfield, and died of a broken heart; and the Atlantic waves, rolling almost at his bedside, seemed, in a sad and majestic dirge, to wail the crushing of hope."

Abraham Lincoln had no such eloquence as Clay's, no such ponderous intellect as Webster's; yet, with desires and aspirations more moderate, he reached a position second to none in this world. "Costly apparatus and splendid cabinet have no magical power to make a scholar." The work is yours. Just so it was his work to make himself what he did. He was one of the most persistent workers of the nineteenth century; and what a success crowned his efforts! War did not give him his reputation, but to many it gave all the reputation they ever had. The movements of no man were ever watched as his; and when he was struck down by the hand of

an assassin, the nation mourned. You all remember how funeral processions in his honor slowly wended their way along the streets of nearly all of our cities and towns. Then indeed were the hearts of all this people touched as never before, and we hope never again shall be.

Land of the free,
Thou hadst the man
Who, by his unaided will,
Rose from the depths of poverty
A nation's chair to fill.

Many of our most noted statesmen, men who have the best opportunity of judging public men, proclaim him to be one of the best and purest men this nation ever had at its head. During the severest struggles of our late civil war, when this land was drenched in fraternal blood, when the wives and mothers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, weeping at the graves of husbands and sons, cried for peace, when destruction seemed to sit on the very dome of the capitol, he strove, by every means in his power, to bring about peace. He struck the corner-stone of rebellion a blow, by his proclamation of emancipation, that humbled that proud structure in the dust. Then did this people praise Abraham Lincoln as no other man since Washington. But his days were numbered: and just as he was about to enjoy the fruits of his labors he was struck down by the hand of an assassin.

Just when four million liberated slaves were crying, God bless Abraham Lincoln, he died. Before that sorrowful day the nation had been raised to the highest pinnacle of earthly joy by the declaration of peace, but when the wires flashed the sad intelligence that he had been killed across this land, the nation as one man wept.

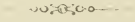
In the future he will receive the praise he so well deserves. His name will be sung by the good and great throughout all time. Would that others might be raised up who should so well deserve honor and renown. In the words of another, he bound the nation and unbound the slave.

His most prominent characteristic was his sympathy for the down-trodden and the oppressed. He ever sought to elevate the lowly, and in so doing he elevated himself both in position and in the hearts of his fellow men. He, like Washington, lives not only in history,

but also in the hearts of his countrymen ; and how noble is that life !

Then rest thou noble patriot,
Thy life's great work is done ;
Thy lamp of life has ceased to burn,
And set thy brilliant sun.

D. S. A.



DREAMERS.

WITH how much scorn are we accustomed to look upon that class of men called dreamers. With what a tone of contempt do we speak of a person as a visionary, little thinking that some of the most beautiful poetry which we have, as well as some of our finest prose, was the work of the very men of whom we so disdainfully speak. Undoubted proof has been afforded that our intellect is often more energetic during sleep than at other times, and example upon example may be produced proving that great good has been the result of giving a free rein to fancy.

In the Bible we read of prophecies coming by night in the form of dreams, and how they were followed with implicit confidence. Can we call those, from whose mouths come the glorious promises that were fulfilled thousands of years afterwards by the coming of our Saviour mere dreamers and visionaries ? Certainly not. And yet those prophecies must have sounded as strange then, and must have been as incomprehensible as were those words that Field uttered a few years ago, when, referring to the Atlantic cable, he said : " I'll put a girdle around the world in forty minutes." But we called Field an enthusiast during those thirteen years of unsuccessful labor.

We read the " Ancient Mariner," and are struck by its beauty and exquisite versification. We cannot but admire the splendid dream that fills the ear with such rich melody, and paints for the eye such a series of radiant and gloomy pictures, one following close upon another in such rapid succession. The strange, weird, wild poem produces an impression that can never be erased ; and there often comes into our mind the picture of the " Ancient Mariner " as " he stoppeth one of three." The wild beauty of the half-completed poem by the same author, entitled " Kubla Khan," also

excites our wonder and admiration, for this was acknowledged to have been composed in a dream. Still the author of both of these was a dreamer, and coupled with the name of Coleridge — one of the deepest and most intense thinkers that ever existed, as well as one of the most gifted poets—we will always find the terms castle-builder and enthusiast. De Quincy, who was acknowledged by very many to have been the greatest master of prose, not excepting even Macaulay, of his times, was second only to Coleridge as a dreamer. In describing one of his opium dreams he paints his sensations in truly eloquent words, while his genius in another line is displayed in his brilliant criticisms on both English and German writings. La Fontaine and Voltaire both composed poetry in their sleep that could be remembered on awakening. Condillac himself states that while engaged in writing his “Course of Studies” he frequently found that his dreams enabled him to complete what he was compelled to leave unfinished on retiring; and Condorcet frequently worked complicated calculations in his sleep, whose result could not be obtained in his waking hours. Sir Thomas Browne has gone so far as to declare that, were it possible, he would prefer to study, and even perform his devotions, in his dreams, thinking that the faculties of his mind could be better employed when those of the body were at rest. It is said that the music of the Marseillaise, the French national hymn, came to a young officer in sleep, and that he arose in the night and wrote it out.

But the good effects of dreams and dreamers do not all belong to poetry and music. Benjamin Franklin acknowledged dreaming his way out of many difficulties. Napoleon the Third dreamed of ascending the high throne of France while he was plodding the rainy streets of London; and his visions fired his sinking soul with the hope that he one day realized. Without these wild dreams, as they were then called, France would never have seen him as her ruler, for they acted as a buoy, and brought him out of his fits of despondency in safety.

There have been times in the lives of the majority of our great inventors when their projects were laughed at, and they themselves called day dreamers. With what derision was Fulton greeted when he spoke of a vessel that should be propelled by steam. What dubious head-shakings there were when the “mad dream” of Ericsson, in the shape of the little monitor, from its revolving turret

poured forth that iron hail that caused the "Yankee cheese-box" to be regarded as the preserver of our navy.

It is true that there are other classes of dreamers, and classes whose air-castles crumble at their foundation before the roof is reached. And doubtless much harm comes as the result of such dreams. But while this is true, still the world owes much more to these men than it is willing to acknowledge; for the corners of our mouths resume their proper positions, our noses descend from their upward slant, and we are quite unwilling to acknowledge our former laughs and sneers when the object of our ridicule proves of decided advantage to mankind.

Let us, then, pause and search to see if we are misjudging a man when we call him a dreamer because he happens to have a pet theory. Let us stop to consider whether we are not incapable of judging this theory; and, above all, let us give those due credit whose dreams have been a benefit to the world, either by their inventions or their beneficial effect upon its literature and science.

C. M.



CANDY PULLING.

BY A THEOLOGUE.

DID you hear the song of molasses,
The sweetest of all my lays?
To the muse whom no other surpasses
Our tongues and our lips give praise.

Chorus.—Molasses, *me*-lasses, *MY*-lasses—
The sweetest of all my songs;
To the name whom no other surpasses,
Our heartiest praise belongs.

'Tis sweet to be pulling together;
But pulling in opposite ways—
Sometimes I've a querying whether
Such pulling so surely pays.

'Tis well to be candid and pliant,
And not to be rigid and cold;
If you work over easy,—rely on't
Age never will make you old.

The sweetness that's boiled beyond reason
 Will only grow bitter and black;
 Pour out the heart's treasure in season:
 'Twill spoil by keeping it back.

If you wouldn't grow thinner and paler,
 One hand for one heart will do:
 Then your cheeks will be fresher and haler
 Than if you are pulled by two.

This world is not all molasses:
 Some bitterness comes I wot:
 Some briars 'mong flowers and grasses:
 Some sorrow in every lot.

But if doubled and twisted together,
 Or run to a single heart,
 You will stick through wind and weather,
 And never be pulled apart.

Or should you get hurt by the lasses.
 This song, in your lonely ways,
 Will fill up the heart's crevasses
 With the sweetening of other days.

Final Chorus.—Molasses, me-lasses, MY-lasses.

The sweetest of all my lays,
 To the muse whom no other surpasses
 Our tongues and our lips give praise.
 Molasses, melasses, my-lasses,
 The sweetest of all my songs:
 To the name whom no other surpasses.
 Our heartiest praise belongs.



THE NEW YEAR.

As we stand on the threshold of 1873 awaiting the developments that the new year must open to us, it is well that we should turn backward a moment, and peruse the pages which contain the records of the year just passed.

Again the people's voice has named Grant as the ruler to fill, for four more years, the "chair of state." The San Juan boundary decision has given us one more point of advantage over the mother

country; while the Geneva Tribunal, justly deciding our claims against England to be based on equity, has taught the haughty Briton that the wiser course, when America has trouble in the family, is to keep aloof and mind her own business.

France, ever restless, never satisfied, to-day a republic, next week a monarchy, is striving hard to bring order out of chaos, and establish a permanent government. We wish her all the prosperity possible; but can scarcely hope for better order of affairs until she learns the great truth that "God rules." She stands to-day in her deplorable condition of chronic dissatisfaction; a nation waning; a miserable spectacle of the results of that influence arising from the worship of reason; the enthroning of fashion and pleasure above the worship of the true God.

At home we enjoy a healthier tone of government; a wave of reform that is effectually purifying our high places must more firmly base our principles of national creation. Who does not remember those words of Clark?

"God never ceases to strike for the right;
And the ring of his anvil is heard through the night;
Though the world was asleep and the nation seemed dead,
A truth into bondage by error was led."

Already we have seen the blessing from our new administration; the power stripped from shoulders of judges who trampled upon its purity, has secured the rights of the weak, and bids us hope that even hanging is not "played out."

Livingstone has been found; and the Arizona hoax sealed with a condemnation that puts a quietus on all other frauds. The Boston fire, the fires in New York, the destruction of the steamship Beinville by the same element, the wreck of the Metis, has brought sorrow to many hearts, and awakened the commiseration of Christian spirits; and while we have occasion for much joy for many experiences of the old year, we have also much cause for sorrow. Stern winter treads above the graves of the nation's honored dead. For on the roll of deaths is engraved Seward's loved and honored name; and through many a future age will the histories record the death of General Mead as a sorrowful event of '72. The keen hand of death has been felt by the Press, making a wound so deep, that the nation bowed under the stroke. Full well has the Press, and full well has the public, cause to mourn the loss of humanity's champion,

Horace Greely; and also of James Gordon Bennett, who, though less endeared to the hearts of Americans, was none the less a pillar of journalism. We have all had our little sorrows; and some of us great and overwhelming afflictions. Some of us have watched the snow silently weave a spotless shroud over the graves of one who, a year ago, made home the happiest spot on earth, who was the bright sun of our fireside; and though we would remember that every cloud has a silver lining, and though we would remember that our departed friends have exchanged the cares and trials of earth for a crown of eternal life, yet we mourn for them; and our new year's greeting is subdued, and our new year's pleasures are darkened. But we must turn from the past, and look forward with hope and anticipation of a glorious future. Let us

“Bid good-bye to old Seventy-two,
 With a welcome heart for the year that's new.
 Columbia dear, our home and our pride,
 May peace within your borders abide;
 May the griefs of the past forgotten be,
 And joy, with wreaths, crown Seventy-three.” G. B. F.

HOW WILL IT END?

WHEN in the council of the gods the creation of man had been resolved upon, the gods in turn placed in a balance various offerings, each of which was to form one of his characteristics; those which were beneficial being cast in the one side of the balance, the injurious in the other; when enough had been contributed, all was moulded into form. Upon examination it was discovered that prudence from Minerva had been awarded equal in quantity to rashness from Alecto. A debate arose whether the former or the latter gift should have the mastery. While in the midst of the dispute, Jove decided that as Minerva had cast her tribute into the scales before her opponent, so it should have the power to caution man before rashness was in authority.

This prudence he thus received is a curious quality. Prudence, the art of securing a present well-being. We are too much inclined to apply the yard-stick of our own limited foresight to matters of

the present — a mental lineal measure, and not that one which comprehends breadth and depth as well as length.

Babel's tower, long before its shadow ceased to fall, was an asylum for those who had not counted their own resources or thought how it might end.

It is a skilful master-hand which has hung a curtain over our to-morrow. It is a thoughtless one that would raise it far enough to gaze upon the entire prospect. In generations past a doubtful scheme was laid before the oracle. In succeeding ages a yearning for a peep at the future is sated through the "medium" and "astrologer." Probably both have afforded some satisfaction; but whether on this account we are at liberty to summon up visions for our enlightenment, even if possible, seems to have an answer in the intelligence implanted in each breast, an intelligence sufficient to show our way clearly as far our Maker intended, and place us in present security. He who asks himself the question at the head of this paper whenever entering upon an undertaking must be a thoughtful man; for he lives not merely for the present, but also has a forethought, as much as in him lies, for the future.

The opposite quality is punished with as many different penalties as there exist causes for inflicting them. We need not recall the pleasure-seeker, who seizes hold of delight before he judges of the cause and effect, nor of the many other votaries to this character of rashness. Their name is legion. All show that Nature punishes any neglect of prudence. None of them ever gaze farther than the present; and whenever a time of reflection does come, like the Irishman, they can only say, "Our forethought has come afterward."

It is related of Hercules that, when at that age when youth begin to be their own masters, that he was perplexed as to which path he should pursue, virtue or vice, and wandered into a wood to meditate. While there, he was greeted by two maidens, one in white, the other in gaudy attire, and was addressed by them; the one offering pleasure without toil, the other exalted happiness, but by a long and tedious path. What happened to him is before us every day; and certain it is that the fashioning of our own paths is given each one of us. Whether it be done daintily, and with golden tools, or by sturdy hands and baser craft, whether we be favored with Alladin's lamp, or one fed with less exalted oil, or whatever be our harness, certain it is that its course is in our power, and the portal where it shall end.

TICKLING.

THE world is one great tickle. We all are ticklish. We all tickle. Some jump by the art from poverty to riches; others from obscurity to fame; a few from love to hate. Perhaps we think the ancients rather cracked because they usually took an emetic before their feasts. Yet we do the same thing and "whale the Jonah," *a la* the ancients, banishing from our natures honesty, nobleness, and purity, to make room for daintier morsels. Our emetic? *Tickling*. An honest day-laborer chances across a lottery advertisement. Dreams of sudden riches begin to haunt him night and day. Ah gold! you have tickled the poor fellow's brain a little too much. You have signed him a free pass to the lunatic asylum, and there the maniac will die. Yet his clanking chains sound very like the chink of the banker's golden eagles. Better far the iron fetters that bind so cruelly wrist and ankle, than the gilded ones that will destroy both soul and body.

Yes, we find the ignorant and poor have not a monopoly. The article is dispensed by wholesale, and we all buy. Sometimes it is a good investment, often a poor one. It seems to bless a *few* from their cradle to their coffin. What a dawn of paradise when appears "that great unknown," the first whisker! No wonder the fortunate youth responds a hearty amen to Shakespeare's prayer: "Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!" And then what a crown of glory that shiny beaver! Kaiser William joys less in Germany's royal crown. The man represents a class that ought to be second Brigham Youngs, that they might multiply exceedingly and replenish the earth. Their greatest sorrows make them happier a week later; and if they shed one wee tear to-day they bottle it straightway, and laugh a thousand times to-morrow. The world would be better, we happier, Darwin's theory be maintained by the original baboons only, if we oftener were, with them, simply tickled.

But there is another verse of this song that doesn't sound quite so pleasantly. Too much bass. Occasionally pitched way up in the high notes; and then squeak, squeak, squeak, what an infernal squeaking! It is sung to the tune of the shin-plaster, and ground out by the miser's hand-organ: "You tickle me and I'll tickle you." It is a nursery lullaby, and a funeral dirge; sung over the cradle,

and chanted at the grave; the baby's wrapper, and the patriarch's shroud. Boss Tweed has sung it to all sorts of tunes, and Jay Gould is closing with the doxology—building Theological Seminaries with Erie Stock. Truly "charity" covers a multitude of sins! But perhaps it will be "too thin" up there, you know! Perhaps theology is one thing, gambling another, up there!

But brokers are not the only rascals who practise this knavish flattery, this detestable tickling. Many others are, like Gould, trying to flatter even Heaven by giving it other men's money. Every profession, trade, and occupation trumpets it as their motto. But the politicians, the bland, smiling, courteous politicians, seem the most proficient in the art. "M. A. T." is branded on their foreheads. The one who tickles men all his life is either exposed as a knave or honored as a senator. He goes down very low, or up very high. They know how true, "A man finds no sweeter voice in all the world than that which chants his praise." What wonder, that when the campaign is based on this, knaves and swindlers defeat honest men at the polls? No Credit Mobilier would ever have disgraced our nation but for this. Our Vice President would have no shadow of calumny cast upon his honor, hitherto undimmed, amid a life of party strife and conquest. Colfax went unscathed through the political furnace seven times heated. What a pity a match should scar him! His predecessor would not have been impeached, and the modern Moses have "swung round the circle" in better style. Jeff Davis would never have agonized about a "sour apple-tree," nor run away in his wife's clothes.

It is evident that political rings, great and small, act under the impression that "when flatterers meet the Devil goes to dinner." Possibly they were told so at head-quarters—the maxim certainly smacks of brimstone. What have been the fate of all professional ticklers? They have failed; miserably, wretchedly, disgracefully failed of even what *they* would call success. Take those of the last year. "Prince Erie" may well rank first among these great cheats,—every one of whom Horace Greely would have fearlessly branded as "a liar, scoundrel, and villain,"—and three bullets closed up *his* bank account forever. Judge Barnard of N. Y. Supreme Court, a fit representative of the corruption of the bar, was only last summer impeached and disqualified from ever again holding office. Tammany is almost a thing of the past, and its president now on trial

for public fraud. Stokes condemned to death on the scaffold; and a son of royalty closes the dastardly list — Napoleon III., “an ambitious egotist, totally devoid of principle and conscience.” It may be true that occasionally “knaves will thrive where honest plainness knows not how to live”; but they will finally be, as the great dramatist says, “Sick in the world’s regard, wretched and low.” It is political cant that undermines empires, and even threatens republics; this verbal tickling that works the mischief.

“*Pol.* What do you read, my lord?

“*Ham.* Words, words, words.

W. W. F.



CREDIT MOBILIER.

WHEN a few month ago, during our presidential contest, some of our most eminent statesmen were accused of having been connected with the Credit Mobilier Company, and when it was claimed that their legislation had been thereby affected, but very little credence was given to the report. The persons circulating the charges were stigmatized as vilifiers, and the charges themselves were regarded as trumped up to defeat the re-election of General Grant. Opinions were freely expressed that as soon as the campaign was over the charges would fall to the ground. The settlement of the presidential question did not, however, remove the causes of complaint. On the contrary, they were urged with even greater persistency than before, the only difference being that now republican and democrat with equal zeal cried for investigation. Causes of suspicion were pointed out so palpable in their nature as to impress all alike with the necessity of rooting out the evil. Accordingly a Committee, with Judge Poland as chairman, was appointed to make such investigation.

After several weeks of hard labor and patient investigation the Committee have made their report, recommending the expulsion of two of the members of the House of Representatives. The Hon. Oakes Ames of Mass., and the Hon. James Brooks of N. Y.

To obtain a full understanding of this question, and of the grounds on which the Committee recommend the expulsion of these members of the Representative body, it is necessary to look back to the for-

mation of the Credit Mobilier of America. This company was founded on the principles of a similar institution in Paris. It received its charter from the legislature of Pennsylvania, and was established for the purpose of doing a general banking business. It had for its professed objects, to aid in the construction of public works, to promote the national industry, and to consolidate into a complete stock the shares and bonds of trading companies. It first became connected with the Pacific Railroad in 1864. In that year, at a time when the building of the road was regarded by capitalists in general as a wild and chimerical scheme, the contract for building one hundred miles of the road west from Omaha, was given to one H. M. Hoxie. By him, according to previous agreement, it was immediately assigned to the Credit Mobilier Company. This contract was afterward extended, and several hundred miles of the road were built by the company.

At first, however, owing to the distrust of public men, small profits resulted. Subsequently, however, the stock rose not only above par, but in some cases to even three or four times its par value. This rise in the value of the stock was owing partly to the efforts of Oakes Ames to increase the public confidence, but more especially to what is known as the Oakes Ames' contract. By the terms of this contract, which was executed in 1867, Oakes Ames was to build six hundred and sixty-seven miles of the road, at prices varying from forty-two thousand to ninety-six thousand dollars per mile. This enormous price had been fixed for the purpose of making use of the permission granted by Congress to the Union Pacific, to issue bonds of their own, in case the gift and loan of the government should not prove sufficient for the construction of the road. Whether they would have proved sufficient, at reasonable figures, is a matter of doubt. At all events, they did not prove sufficient at these rates. Accordingly bonds were issued by the Pacific Company having a claim prior to that of the government. These bonds were distributed as profits among the stockholders of the Credit Mobilier Company, and thus the stock of that company was much enhanced in value. Up to the time of this increase in the value of the stock no charges are brought forward against either Oakes Ames or any other congressman. But it is asserted that, after this time, Oakes Ames sold to members of Congress these shares, which were worth two, three, and even four times their par value at par value, thus giving an

immense surplus to the purchasers. That this was done for any other purpose than to extend the influence of the company in Congress, seems utterly incomprehensible. And this the more when we consider that to congressmen alone was stock thus sold, and, further, when we look at the avowal of Oakes Ames himself, "we want more friends in Congress." This seems to conclusively settle the question of the guilt of Oakes Ames. But the consideration of the other cases is quite a different matter. Not only must we know that the members have received stock in the company; not only must we be convinced that they received it at less than its real value; but we must also know that they in receiving it knew, or at least suspected, that it was offered for the purpose of influencing their legislation. The Committee have thought that against only one member has this been proved. The Hon. James Brooks of New York is charged, and in the opinion of the Committee convicted, of having received some of the stock of the company, knowing that it was on account of his official position, and the support expected from him, that such stock was procured. That any congressman should be so dull of comprehension as not to suspect that stock offered him at one third, or even one fourth, its real value, was offered to secure his support, seems impossible. That some congressmen did have such suspicions, is conclusively proved by the refusal of some to take any of the stock, and by the hasty efforts of others to dispense with it after they had obtained it. While then there seems abundant grounds for expulsion of these members we cannot but ask, has the investigation been complete? Have not the sins of many fallen upon the shoulders of a few? Should not some punishment be meted out to some other congressmen, if not for their connection with the Credit Mobilier, at least, for the prevarication and falsehood of which they have been guilty, in trying to cover up their transactions with this company? The end is not yet. One great step has been taken in the grand work of reforming our government. One blow has been struck at the mass of corruption which has been hanging over our nation. But the people are not yet satisfied. Reform is their watchword; and they will not rest until corruption and fraud are rooted out, and the purity of the government is once more restored.

C. M. B.

HOW HE ESCAPED A FLUNK.

A Senior of Old Phillips
Was wrapt in deep despair;
A look of gloom was on his face,
His hands were in his hair.

But a classmate stood beside him,
As his patience ebb'd away,
And listened, "bland and childlike,"
To hear what he might say.

The sad Phillipian faltered,
As a tear stole down his cheek:
With haste he brushed the tear away,
And thus began to speak:

Last night I studied late and long,
And when study hours were done,
There was 'bout as much for me to do
As when study hours begun.

With head and eye-lids aching,
I crawled at last to bed.
For my lessons I had hatred;
For the morrow quite a dread.

And I thought of the ordeal
Through which I, alas, must pass,
When called up to say my lesson,
And "flunk" before the class.

Then that well-remembered adage,
"With a will there is a way,"
Presented itself to me,
And thus it seemed to say:

Arise quite early in the morning,
And thus advantage take
Of the few, but precious hours,
Before others are awake.

But I put the idea from me,
The very thought I spurned;
I h'd rather sleep those few short hours,
If my lessons are unlearned.

But soon I was in dreamland,
And every now and then
I heard the boys make rushes,
And every one got "ten."

And I dreamed that I was with them,
And what surprised *me* even,
When I had said my lesson
I didn't get but "seven."

When the morning came at last,
It brought fresh knowledge of my doom;
And the only way to 'scape it
Was to stay within my room.

And now my sad request of you,
The classmate I adore,
Is, to stick this piece of paper
Through the hole in Tilly's door.

And then he read the paper,
And this is what it said:
"Please pardon me for absence;
I had trouble with my head."

But Saturday a notice brought,
And on it it did state,
The Faculty have given you
Demerits, thirty-eight.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE monastic traditions of the earliest site of Westminster Abbey are varied and conflicting. But it is generally conceded by those who, of later years, have investigated a few scant reports and charts, that it was the place on which a temple was erected to Apollo, and which was shaken down by an earthquake in the year of our Lord 154. Yet the clouds which veiled the origin of an abbey, whose renown is world-wide were never entirely dispelled until the time of Sebert and Edward the Confessor, of whom the latter is regarded to have been the founder. Indeed, after being used as a monastery of Sebert, having been overrun by the Danes, it would have had

no further history, but for the combination of circumstances which directed hither the notice of Edward. And it is in its origin the monument not only of personal piety, but of the personal character and circumstances of its founder. Magnificent, yet plain, in its construction, it stands as a lasting remembrance of the piety of one man. Its christening was, in fact the body of its founder, placed in the midst of its holy cloisters. There it has lain, gathering to its side the last remains of mortal kings and prelates. Indeed it has sometimes been said, with a cynical sneer, or with scruples arising from fear, that Westminster Abbey has admitted within its walls many who have been great without being good; noble with a nobleness of this earth alone; and worldly with the wisdom of the world. But it is a counterbalancing reflection that the central tomb, around which all these famous names have clustered, contains the ashes of one who, weak and erring as he was, sought not this place for distinction of power or fame, but by his simple goodness and artless piety. The first coronation within its holy precincts was one which has cost England thousand of lives. I speak of William of Normandy. The reforms which this haughty monarch introduced after his victorious struggle with the hardy and freedom-loving Saxons, was utterly destructive to national feelings and sympathies. The vast political pageants of which this abbey has been the theatre; the dust of the most worldly laid side by side of the most saintly; the wrangles of divines or statesmen which have disturbed its sacred peace; the clash of arms which have pursued fugitive warriors and princes into the shades of its sanctuary; the coronations of England's kings and potentates, belong no less to the history of the abbey than to its venerable beauty, its solemn services and lofty aspirations. And yet the union of worldly with religious grandeur constitutes that which has endeared it to the English nation.

This is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked; from ceiled roofs to arched coffins; from living like gods to die like men. Here the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes go down to their long home, and tell us that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings; that the rich and the poor, the potentate and the beggar, the scholar and statesman and the unlearned, shall wrap about them their final winding-sheet, and sleep together in one common tomb.

F. C. H.

DIALECT POETRY.

POETRY is the mirror of the age that produces it. It was when the Greeks were known as a race unconquerable that the *Iliad* of Homer was composed; it was when Rome had gathered within her walls all the learning of the world that Virgil sang in the smooth, classic lines of the *Aeneid*; and *Paradise Lost* was written by Milton, when the enthusiasm of the Puritans had turned the thoughts of all Englishmen more directly towards the truths of the Bible. Therefore it does not seem strange that in this practical nineteenth century, in this age of colliding locomotives and exploding steam-boats, when to go ahead at the risk of comfort and safety is the motto of every one, that old ideas of poetry should explode, and that the Dialect School should rise from its fragments.

First among the poets of this new era ranks Mr. Bret Harte. His poetry evinced great humor and satiric power; and even the worst doggerel, in which the laws of verse are entirely disregarded, often draws tears to our eyes by the rude pathos of some rough, untaught, blasphemous miner. His "Truthful James" and his "Heathen Chinee" are characters which, if they do not prove immortal, will at least live to a ripe old age.

Bret Harte is a man of genius. Some of his prose stories have hardly been equalled, and are worthy to stand on the same shelf with the works of Dickens and Thackeray. But it is a subject of debate among literary men, whether the pathetic or the profane will eventually triumph in his poetry; and this, together with the question whether in leaving the Pacific slope Mr. Harte struck twelve, can only be decided by his future writings. John Hay has tried his hand at dialect poetry, and has attained to the greatest success, especially in that delightful and truly religious poem entitled "Little Breeches," in which he speaks with such true poetic delicacy of the occupations of those angels who "loaf around the throne."

But, leaving Mr. Hay to the admiration of those who consider "Jim Bludso" an uncanonized saint, let us turn to the poetry of Joaquin Miller, "the Byron of America," as his friends and admirers of England style him. If he in any way resembles Byron, it is in the rather unpleasant voluptuousness of his plots, and in nothing else. Mr. Miller is chiefly noted for his gorgeous descrip-

tions of impossibilities in nature, and greater impossibilities in life ; also for the pleasing little eccentric way he has of viewing great Western characters. For instance, he represents Kit Carson as escaping from a prairie fire on the back of his Indian girl's horse, while she is allowed to perish. Every one knows that this is a base libel upon the character of a great and truly brave man — every one except the English, who, with their usual charming simplicity, believe every word of it, and pat him on the back, applauding his great candor and poetic genius ; while he, at Niagara, turning towards the Canadian shore, humbly assures Great Britain that he will protect her. Yet this resurrected Byron still continues to write long poems ; now an Amazon maiden is his heroine, and now a romantic blackguard his hero. As he is still young in his poetical career, he has not a settled position in literature ; but we predict that if he continues his Byronic strains he will soon occupy a prominent position in the ranks of those popular poets whose effusions will be found in the columns of any flash illustrated weekly.

Notwithstanding the many admirers of the Dialect School of poetry, we are of the candid opinion that its influence is a very bad one. Besides showing us the worst side of human nature, which it would persuade us is nearly as good as the best, it raises the gambler and the common ruffian unconsciously in our opinion ; showing all their good qualities in the clearest light, while their wickedness is glossed over.

But we are persuaded that the popularity of these dialect rhymes will be effervescent, with their vulgarity of phrase and Walt Whitmanish sensuality of plot. They have justly been styled by a recent writer, "of the flesh, fleshly." True poetry has always been ennobling in its tendencies, guarding and cultivating the purest and highest qualities of the soul, and ever attended by truth, purity, and beauty. Let those champions of crime and sacrilegious gayety seek for themselves some other name than the immortal one of poet.

A. G.

FIRST SESSION OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

THIS great affair, the one event of our unusually quiet Term, has at length taken place. Nightly heralded from the sanctum of the chapel by our respected Principal, in words so oft repeated that, like "Mother Goose Melodies" they have become household sayings: "the senators of the Philomathean Society are requested to meet in Society Hall." At length the night appointed for the great event arrived; and the one who had received the honor of being reporter of the important proceedings, like an under clerk in a retail dry goods store, fully appreciating his newly-fledged honors, went, duly fortified with fourteen bottles of ink, a bundle of quills, and Lindsley's method of short-hand (which, by the way, he had purloined from Draper's "by ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,") to write a full and accurate account of the debates, the like of which have not been heard since the time of Demosthenes. Eagerly did he grasp his pen as a youthful senator arose; said youth was advertised to speak on the all-absorbing theme of interest: "Are we, or are we not." Having heard that this orator resembled Cicero in his style, he had prepared himself with a copy of that gentleman's orations (Yonge's, by the way), fully prepared to write a glowing criticism on his speech; when, to his intense disgust, instead of the fluent sentences flowing from the clear-toned orator, like the early dew from the flowers, he arose merely to propose an adjournment, in order that the senator might attend a concert given by the Theologues. How ridiculous! As if the affairs of state were to be set aside to hear a concert! The reporter jumped to his feet, and was kindly invited by the president, ably seconded by his muscular executives, to leave the room. Throwing a withering glance around the assembled audience, he walked majestically out, vowing, as he passed the door, never again to go to such a reckless expense, to write up the doings of a "mock senate."

During the ensuing week the reporter had time to cool his ardent passions, as the thermometer was below zero, and he several times measured his length on the slippery firmament; and was at length induced by the many pressing invitations of his friends, and by the not so gentle arguments of the aforesaid executives, to once more assume the reporter's quill. "Old probabilities" favored us with

such a night as the pen of a dime-novel writer alone could depict. The wind roared, and the snow fell, soon to be snatched and flurried hither and thither by the relentless elements. Occasionally a lonely senator was seen to wend his way to Philo's Hall.

At length all were assembled, and the reporter was in a fair way to be present at a *bona fide* senate. The president's vigorous stroke with his gavel removed any lingering fears he had previously entertained, and, manning his quill, was ready to commence operations. Our limited space forbids a full account of each senator's remarks. Suffice it to say, that all covered themselves with glory; and any youth or Fem Sem of an inquiring turn of mind can easily recognize the honorable senators by their noble forms and frowning brows, as they walk the streets *en route* to the metropolis.

The first object of interest that arrested our admiring gaze was a pile of books carrying a diminutive page. We turned to the gentleman from Kentucky, and, in our blandest accents, inquired what his occupation was. On being informed, we turned our attention to weightier matters. The first debate was on that subject ever dear to Miss Anthony and her friends, "Woman Suffrage." From the first, the debaters passed beyond our comprehension; so we will not attempt to criticise. The next speaker was the senator from California. We cannot refrain from congratulating the public in general on the good it must ultimately attain from his deep researches in natural history, botany, physiology psychology. Words fail us to express the variety of subjects he touched upon during his address. We leave it as one which we are unworthy to report. Next rose the gentleman from Massachusetts. Vain would it be to offer criticism upon his speech. Many a surprising truth was uttered, the mere mention of which would have made Galileo turn pale, and Socrates again exclaim: "How much there is to learn!" Senator followed senator in rapid succession, until, glancing at our watch, we found the small hours of the night had approached. Fearing that our notes on the senate should be too late for publication, we hasten to offer our comments to the ear of an indulgent public.

DISTINGUISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

SKATING.

A. A., No. —, S. H., March 8th.

BEFORE beginning to say our little say, we wish first to take this opportunity to offer most gratefully our humble and hearty thanks, for the permission of a past, and the request of a present, editor to air our sentiments in this most eminent periodical.

The variety of small topics of interest which fairly dazzles our unaccustomed eyes, makes us pause for a moment as we take up our pen; but before all else we can but speak of one lying very near our hearts: namely, the charm of skating thus far this winter, and our sad experiences resulting therefrom.

After a rain and subsequent frost, we journeyed up to that once familiar spot, the skating park, with gay anticipations and newly sharpened skates. We returned with aching hearts; for the ice, which should have gladdened a skater's eyes, had been roughened by the too inquisitive explorations of some villainous small boys, and was altogether too diversified for easy motion.

Be it here interpolated, that before starting on said expedition, we interrogated two theologians (heretofore supposed to be sane) as to the skating, and were informed that it was good! Comment is unnecessary.

Corollary 1. Theologians are mortal, and therefore liable to err. Cor. 2. Womans truthfulness will shortly be a myth. Query. Is it morally right to imprecate theologians? (In case of an affirmative answer it may be needful to extend this advice.)

Only once, however, be it recorded, was our sorrow and sighing lapsed into righteous anger, and that when a thoughtless Phillipian inquired with most insulting coolness, "Why don't you go down to Poms"? We fixed a reproachful glance upon him—while we were musing the fire burned—then spake we with our tongue: "Are we to freeze our feet walking two miles, and then, perhaps, to fall into an air-hole and be drowned, and walk back too"?

Here the misguided youth meekly suggested that, in case we were drowned, we should not probably be necessitated to walk home. But the grasshopper was a burden then, and we cast a withering frown upon him; but, like all the rest of his kind, he somehow wouldn't be withered.

"Now, however," we continued, "we have two plans, matured by deep thought, which we desire to lay before you, expecting unqualified approval and immediate action upon:

"1st. Construct a dam on the Shawshine, below the bridge, and let us skate on that.

"2d. Induce the general public to vacate School Street between Phillips and Love Lane, water it freely, and skate on that. There!"

"I'm afraid it would be hardly practicable; and suppose, too, that the general public wouldn't be induced, you know," replied this modern Faint Heart.

"We didn't say it was practicable, did we? And as for the public, how can you, in the name of common sense, suppose that it wouldn't prefer having a party of peaceable feminines skating, than a crowd of boys making night hideous with their yells, and 'bobbing' night and day?" O foolish Phillipian, what hath bewitched you?

But words fail us; and, merely remarking, with a scornful smile, "How about the town authorities, as it is?" we abandoned the useless strife.

"Men cease to interest us, when we find their limitation," says Emerson; but, though we see the limit of our space, we leave much unsaid, though we fear a lack of interest in you. But time forbids us to enlarge further; and all that remains for me (I beg pardon; pronouns will get confused), for *us*, to say, is, — and we say it sadly, —

Vale, vale!

EDITORS' SNUGGERY.

REVIEW.

It is with deep sadness that we take up our pen to chronicle the events, both small and great, that have occurred during the Term just passed. With sadness did we say? It is but just to state that one of our number has searched in vain through Webster's unabridged to find a word suited to convey some adequate idea of our disgust at the way in which the once glorious students of Phillips have degenerated. Two small fires and a mock senate are the sole events of importance during the Term. Having thus relieved our overburdened minds, we proceed without further apology.

The most interesting feature of Philo for this Term has been its debates; which, contrary to custom, have been well supported. Instead of a grand rush for the door at the announcement of the debate, there is only here and there a straggler, whose absence is not regretted in the least; and we cannot but feel that this is due to our new mode of conducting it.

On Christmas eve nearly forty Phillipsians were highly entertained at the Town Hall by a sleight-of-hand performance, interspersed with comic songs from the "Serio-comic Watson." The words "Who stole the Donkey," ringing through the air for the few succeeding weeks, are a sufficient proof of its highly instructive character.

Although our skates have done little service this winter, our "bobs" have been compelled to do double duty. Old residents tell us that the sliding is the best known for years. We are sure that the youthful Phillipsians have enjoyed the sport to its fullest extent, if the cry of "road, road," nightly heard, are any criterion.

A few weeks ago our town was thrown into the greatest confusion at the report that Daniel Pratt, the great American Traveller, had arrived. People flocked from their dwellings; mothers were unable to keep their little ones within doors, they were so overjoyed and excited at the thought that their old friend had come to see them once more; but especially was this spirit manifested among the Phillipsians; they resolved to select a time and place where they might hear this orator pour forth his eloquence. They all assembled at the place assigned long before the appointed time. As the minutes rolled slowly away we began to grow impatient, fearing that our friend had deserted us, but at length his beautiful countenance

was seen coming up Zion's hill. He was received with great applause. During his address some of the Theologues came running up from their dens ; they were so highly interested that when the time of his departure came, it was with sad expression and slow tread that they took their leave, while they could not help saying, "that never man spake like this man."

The mock senate, which is described in a few preceding pages, was well attended, and a great success. The lectures and concerts have been very good, though, we are sorry to state, few and far between.

We cannot close, without speaking in a few words, of him who was the friend of Junior and Senior alike. It is needless to mention his many noble qualities ; they are too well known to need any eulogism. Let it suffice to say, that all who knew Albert F. Gardner loved him. The disease that cut short his career, just blooming forth into manhood, ought to remind us that our lease of life is short ; and perhaps our name will next be called by that dreaded messenger, Death.

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Rochester Democrat and Chronicle; Springfield Republican; Independent;
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COLLEGE PAPERS.

Amherst Student; Harvard Advocate

MONTHLIES.

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No. 3.

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JUNE, 1873.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παδεῖα.

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FRANK C. HATCH, }
W. WALCOTT FAY, } EDITORS.
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JUNE, 1873.

No. 3.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

JOHN PAUL was born July 6, 1747, in Kirkbean, Leith, Scotland, and was the son of a poor gardener. The name Jones was entirely assumed, probably to render him unknown to his friends after he had entered the service of the United States, and was fighting against his country. He early evinced a decided predilection for the sea; and, in 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. On board the *Alfred* he unfurled the national flag the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. He advanced rapidly in command; and for that recklessness and daring which ever after characterized him, we find Jones, on the 14th of August, 1779, sailing from the roads of St. Croix to annoy the English shipping and ports. During this cruise he had taken few prizes, the sole fruit of a long voyage, with a formidable maritime armament, when fortune threw in his way the most brilliant achievement of his public life. It was a beautiful day; the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the surface of the sea, and all was tranquil on land. The piers of Scarborough were crowded with spectators; while the old promontory of Flamborough Head, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement between fleets under the command of Captain Pearson and John Paul Jones. At length the sun sank, and the full harvest-moon shed a flood of light over the tranquil deep. Paul Jones,

now in his element, paced the deck, impatiently awaiting the struggle. Shortly the "Seraphis" and the "Bon Homme Richard" closed in fight, and now the broad-sides became rapid. The flashes of the guns, amid the cloud of smoke that hung around the vessels, were followed by a roar that shook the coast. Thus fighting they kept onward until the Richard got foul of the Seraphis, when Jones gave the order to board the English frigate. They were repulsed. Never had an English commander met such a foe or fought such a battle. The guns touched muzzles; the timbers rent at every explosion. With his heaviest guns bursted and part of his deck blown off, Jones yet fought with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. Blackened with powder and smoke at last he arranged his men, and with that stern expression "never to yield" written upon his brow, he led them on the deck of the "Seraphis." The spectacle at this moment was awful. Both vessels looked like wrecks, while flames shot heavenward around the masts. The carnage was terrible; and the English frigate, unable longer to sustain a war on deck, struck her colors. This famous battle probably made more noise in the world than any engagement between single ships in ancient or modern times. The whole European world was astonished at seeing an English man-of-war strike to an American with fewer men and a much poorer ship. Jones became the hero of the day, and his name rung in the old and new worlds. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was received with distinction wherever he went. Years had now passed away, and Paul Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds had been spread throughout the world. Honors had been conferred upon him by France; and now Russia engaged his services. Jones fought gallantly under the haughty prince of Nassau in the Black Sea; but finally, being disgusted with the petty annoyances to which he was subjected, he came to an open quarrel, and finally was dismissed and pensioned by the Empress. On the 18th of July he made his will, and his friends, after witnessing it, bade him good-night for the last time; and on the next morning he was found dead. Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five, leaving a name that shall live as long as the American navy rides the sea. As the man who first hoisted the American flag at sea, and received the first salute offered it by a foreign nation, and the first who carried it victoriously through the fight on the

waves, he deserves our highest praise and most grateful remembrance. With such a man to lead the American navy, and stand before it as the model of a brave man, no wonder it has covered itself with glory.

F. C. H.

THE AMERICAN HAREM.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

WE are apt to regard the great polygamist, Brigham Young, as the incarnation of all bad. He is called indecent, shocking, sensual, intolerable; and with reason. He defiantly breaks the laws of heaven and earth. He climbs the tallest pine of licentiousness that ever sprung from Utah's desecrated soil, that all the world may see and turn sick at the sight. He calls himself a latter-day saint, forsooth; and bids humanity cuddle a latter-day scoundrel, rascal, knave, villain. He challenges inspection. He sends his agents beyond the seas into the honest homes of the poor, and with his golden promises lures them away. Yes, the poor fish bite, and the cruel hook, stripped of its licentious bait, pierces the flesh all too soon. Between the loving husband and the bride, pure as the wedding-rose still fresh upon her bosom, comes this foul whisperer, — and the honey-moon ends in Salt Lake City. Day after day come emigrant ships loaded with wretched creatures, to whom Brigham Young gives freely — but 'tis the Devil's hire — farms, wives, and the cursed thralldom of unbounded licentiousness.

A few years ago foreign cynics derided our country as false in its pretensions: with one hand offering liberty to all, with the other gripping the chains of four million slaves. Justly sneered they. The stripes of the bondman, and of the banner proudly floating above lacerated backs, flatly contradicted each other. But there is as great a disgrace even now among us. The plague-spot breeds pestilence all over our country. Our republic permits what monarchies would not.

Many hold up their hands in terror as hundreds upon hundreds of Chinamen crowd the shores of California. On they come. Their temples rise in San Francisco, their pigtailed flutter in Broadway, they make shoes in North Adams. All right. You who piously quake lest there be heard the rumble of Juggernaut's Car;

listen for a moment to the agonized cry from the American Harem. Never mind the heathen; but look out for the saints! That their whole system is rotten, no one can deny; that it is a curse, all must believe.

But then they *profess* a creed. They pretend to be as conscientious as the rest of the world. They make some show of right. Theirs is a great evil, some may say, but will probably die with its founder, Brigham Young. Thank Heaven, we can soon bid good-bye to bad rubbish! Don't be so sure, friend. There may be a faith that can remove mountains, but a mountain of granite is a feather to the mountain of iniquity in the city of Mormondom. When the weak old man lays down the burden, his faithful supporter, Orson Pratt, will take it up. On his strong young shoulders will be lifted and borne aloft in triumph the whole dastardly system of polygamy.

After Hamilcar came Hannibal; and the son burned with hatred to the Romans even as his valiant sire. Just so after Brigham Young will come Orson Pratt, full of party and sect, and fanatical hatred towards those he contemptuously styles Gentiles. But, it may be urged, polygamy will perish in the fire its own hands have kindled. Would it were so. It may be. But look at the probabilities. It has grown as the oak from the acorn, and its strong branches, bravely daring all storms of public opinion, have spread over the uttermost parts of the earth. Utah is but the head-quarters of the great army whose hundreds of brigades are beyond the far waters of the Atlantic, and in the isles of the Pacific. The little, weak, struggling, insignificant band, that, almost in despair, erected the first log-cabin, where now proudly rise the spires of the great Mormon Tabernacle, has wielded a power for bad that may be just commencing its fell career. Brigham Young is almost the master of Salt Lake City; Orson Pratt may be the despot. The little stone sent rolling at the summit of the mountain may get in motion hundreds others, and all come crushing down the precipice, carrying destruction to whatever chances in the way. Hark to the rumbling on Utah's mountain, and take care! The pebble is rolling; swift come more: Look out for the avalanche!

It is stated that during the election last fall, in Pennsylvania alone, fifteen thousand voters were bribed. Well, they probably began with less than fifteen. Even so Brigham Young's vast host are daily increasing; the thousands may become the millions.

O Republic, fair and beautiful, take care, take care ! Poison is in thy midst. The viper in thy bosom may sting. Destroy before thou be destroyed. And on the great tomb of Mormondom let there be inscribed :

“ You lived like a king of the palm land,
You died like a queen of the South,
You lifted the cup with your own hand
To your proud and passionate mouth.”

W. W. F.

THE CONTEST IN THE GREAT HARBOR OF SYRACUSE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Nicias, the Athenian general, had pressed the Syracusans hard. The walls of circumvallation were rapidly closing around the city, and they appeared to be sealing the doom of Syracuse. Just then Gylippus was sent from Sparta. Passing through the walls on the northern side, at the only place left unfinished, he lent aid to the city, and turned the tide of destruction which was advancing upon it. In this extremity Nicias called for re-enforcements. They were granted; and Demosthenes and Eurymedon came from Athens with an armament of seventy-five triremes. Courage rose in the breasts of the Athenian soldiers; but alas, it died away as, during a nocturnal attack upon the heights of Epipolæ, they were worsted and scattered. Demosthenes immediately proposed to return home: but Nicias, having no recall, said they must remain. But owing to the discontent of the army, the inactivity of the fleet, a day was set for marching. The warriors lay down to rest, leaving the soothsayers to take the auspices. It was the last of the month of August, and the moon was at its full. The night was clear, and the moon shed its beams over the slumbering host. Suddenly the night grew gloomy, and darkness came on apace. What could it be? Was it a cloud passing over the moon's disc that caused the obscurity? But no; it continued for an hour. It was an eclipse. The augurs forbade their marching till the moon had made another revolution. Nicias foresaw that the provisions would not last. Still he acquiesced, and the expedition was ruined by listening to the superstitious predictions. Upon the following day they had an engagement in the

harbor ; also on the next day. During the last contest the Athenians lost eighteen ships of war. Eurymedon, their naval commander, was also killed. Nicias now knew that the final struggle was drawing near. The exultation of the Syracusans knew no bounds. They would not merely repulse and drive them from Sicily, but they would capture them, fleet and army. In three days Gylippus had blockaded the mouth of the harbor with galleys and triremes chained together. Provisions and supplies failed them then. On the morrow, both parties felt that the battle must ensue. Nicias spake to his men with energy and spirit : “ Remember that you are the *all* of Athens. She will become the slave of Sparta should you desert her. Fight, then, and conquer, in this one last conflict ; for now or never is the opportunity for saving yourselves and her.” On the other side Gylippus was uttering burning and scathing words against the Athenians. He bids his followers to recollect the reasons that brought Nicias and Demosthenes to Syracuse. All is now ready ; the final commands are given. The Athenian fleet of one hundred and ten triremes moved slowly from its anchorage, and headed directly for the opening through which the merchantmen made their entrance and egress. Demosthenes felt could this be forced the day was theirs, and their escape was effected ; if the attempt failed, their doom was inevitable. Fancy to yourselves the picture of the battle that day. No smoke from cannon or from rifles, no dust raised by the combatants ; but a fight upon the sea, witnessed by the multitudes who have come from within the city walls to the sides of the harbor. The shore was lined with spectators from one side to the other. There was no standing-room in that whole ampitheatre. The Syracusan fleet guarding the passage intercepted them. As the Athenians approached they encountered a shower of stones and other missiles. Then beak met beak, and grappling irons were thrown out. The battle became general, and armed vessels poured in upon them from all sides. Now they strike each other with blind madness. Such was the confusion arising from the shouts of the contestants, and the echoing returns of the cheering or despairing spectators, that the officers commands were not distinctly heard. Terrible were the cries of the excited multitudes when an Athenian galley, pierced by the brazen prow of its opponent, went down, carrying with it its freight of human lives. Such heroism was manifested by both

parties that the result seemed doubtful, and none knew to whom victory would fall. But step by step the Syracusans won. Breast-work and wall alike sent forth shouts that overpowered those of the camp. At last the Athenian armament wearied, sinking, fleeing, pressed upon the shore, and the sailors, leaping overboard, abandoned their vessels on the strand to be dashed to pieces by the waves. From harbor and from the city walls pealed forth the cry: "Woe to the vanquished, woe!" So ended the battle.

G. T. E.

WILLIE'S PRIZE.

"WHAT shadow is this that glooms your brow?
Come, Willie, tell me the sorrow;
Come to my side; I will show you how
It will all be well to-morrow."

"Dear mother, your voice is always good,
With honeyed words distilling;
If any could soothe, I know you would;
But my wound is too deep for healing."

"Too deep for healing? Too sore to cure?
A pain with no relieving?
The lamb that bleats to the shepherd's ear
Has never failed receiving."

"Oh yes, you have always told me so;
But I cannot help my feeling."
And under the tender lids a flow
Of humid grief came stealing.

"Oh mother. I am too old to cry!—
I thought I had won the merit;
But another has taken the prize, and I—
Dear mother, I cannot bear it.

I cannot hate him at all,—oh no;
It is not that I'm saying;
But it hurts to fail when I struggle so;
And I see no use in praying.

Harry had just as good a right
 As I to have the winning;
 And now that I cannot share his delight
 I'm afraid my grief is sinning.

And I was faithful; I did not spare
 For sleep, or play, or pleasure;
 To obtain the prize was all my care, —
 'Twould be such a brilliant treasure.

To have my name announced, you know,
 With all the students cheering;
 And into the papers then I'd go,
 With such a grand appearing.

I wish I never had had a care
 For any kind of merit;
 But just to do the passing fair —
 I hate my wicked spirit.

Why should my Maker care about
 So many kinds of feelings?
 I wish he'd left some of them out, —
 But I would'nt blame his dealings.

I only wish I was more meek —
 Content with my condition.
 If you can help me, mother, speak: —
 Do women have ambition?"

"All hearts are much the same, my boy;
 The difference is our making;
 We pay with pain the price of joy;
 Loss blesses more than taking.

'Tis hard to feel the sharp annoy
 When hope surrenders pleasure;
 'Tis hard to make another's joy
 Fill our cup with its measure.

But hardness is the way to bliss;
 All goodness owes to sadness;
 But virtue will return the price —
 A harvesting of gladness.

These ills are all from heaven sent
 For polishing our treasures;
When love has conquered pride's lament,
You'll have the richer pleasures.

Relief is always on the wing
 When most we feel forsaken.
 Ambition is a golden thing,
 When all the dross is taken.

To love is better than to wear
 The glory of our praises.
 Our honors are but sorry care;
 They slave to the world that gazes.

If all the honors of the earth
 It were your lot to carry,
 It were a prize of greater worth
 To bear no ill to Harry."

O'er the troubled face, on the mother's hand
 An angel peace came stealing,
 And sleep that touched with a gentle wand,
 Another scene revealing.

In through a glorious portal passed
 The child to wonder waking;
 And lo! an angel throng, so vast,
 A heavenly music making.

A light from alabaster throne
 Full glory beams did render;
 And all the angel faces shone
 With such a radiant splendor;

He felt his timid spirit spring
 To try its pinions, budding,
 And meet the welcome beckoning
 Of eyes with love-light flooding.

And lightly as the bubble sphere
 Floats up on airy bearing,
 So lightly floats his spirit where
 Heaven's centre is appearing.

Now angel looks fade in the sight
 Of one face all entrancing—
 A centre sun-sea of delight—
 Joy-flood—all joy enhancing.

Oh holy face! loves fountain full!
 Oh rapture-filling vision!
 Lips—eyes—so sweet and sorrowful!
 Day-spring of heaven's elysian!

"O joy to see! but could I hear
 One word—I'd ask no other,
 Would he but say, 'My Willie dear,'
 I'd bear the news to mother.

And I would try to bear the face,
 The eyes, the lips,—forever,
 I'd wear that look in every place,
 In honor of the giver.

Such love should beam from out my eyes,—
 I'd speak it full and tender,—
 I'd love dear Harry for his prize;
 I'd be his heart's defender."

.
 A strange, sweet power of motion then,
 Drew on the child, enchanted,
 And angel throngs grew hush as when
 The awards of Heaven are granted.

One hand divine lay on his head,
 Around him pressed another:—
 "My Willie, thine's the prize" He said—

.
 I woke—It was my mother."

SILENT CITIES.

AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY AT
 ITS FORTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

THE tendency of everything is toward decay. All man's works, and man himself, are hastening to dissolution. The proudest monuments, the loftiest temples, the most enduring productions of the hand of man, all must yield to the destroying influence of time. As we look back upon the history of the world, upon the vast monuments of human skill, and upon the works of art and sculpture which have gradually crumbled to dust under the workings of nature, as we look upon the cities, statues, and edifices of to-day, and consider that, as the years roll on, they too must fall to ruins, our minds are filled with wonder and awe. Creations of man's genius which would seem to be as enduring as earth itself, finally

give way before the slow but sure ravages of the elements. To-day we see, rising toward heaven, great cities, with their lofty spires, imposing monuments, and royal palaces; to-morrow, ruin and desolation reign supreme, and all the proud conceptions of man are humbled in the dust. Sometimes they fall before the continued beatings of wind and storm, and again are overwhelmed in some terrible convulsion of nature, and are suddenly buried in the earth. Some have become covered with the accumulated rubbish of years, and upon others a just punishment for their wickedness has been visited. Great Babylon, city of a hundred gates, has fallen. Its massive walls and magnificent palaces, once trodden by the feet of kings and princes, the most renowned of the Chaldean nation, are now silent and deserted by all save the traveller whom curiosity has led to behold these remains of former power. Its wonderful hanging gardens, the admiration of the civilized world, rising to the height of three hundred feet, and continually clothed in verdure, have sunk to decay; and now even their site cannot with certainty be pointed out. This, the proudest of the cities of the East, "sits as a widow on the ground"; her power and glory forever departed. With what faithfulness has been fulfilled the prophet's warning. "And Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah.

Nineveh, for more than five centuries one of the most flourishing cities of the East, exists only in the records of the past. Her splendidly-built and magnificent temples and dwellings lie buried under the earth, except such as the researches of the antiquarian have brought to light. Wonderful, indeed, have been the results of these investigations, and valuable have been some of these discoveries. Grand palaces have been found, surpassed in magnificence only by those of Babylon. Their walls adorned with statues and paintings representing the wars, sieges, festivals, and religious celebrations in which the city was a participant, and throwing a flood of light on Oriental history. But powerful as was the city, gorgeous as were its palaces and dwellings, and beautiful as were the paintings and statuary with which they were adorned, wickedness had its home within the walls, causing the prophet to cry out: "Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery"; and at the same time to prophecy its speedy destruction. Nor was the vengeance of God long withheld. Being besieged by the Medes and Babylo-

nians, a part of its walls were washed away by a flood of the Tigris, and the city was taken and destroyed. Thus did the city pay the penalty of its wickedness. Of the great temples, palaces, and fortifications which once adorned and protected the city, all that now remain are huge mounds of earth; penetrating into which, the diligence of the antiquarian still continues to bring forth relics of the ancient grandeur of the city. But the manner of the destruction of these cities, and the long ages which have elapsed since their fall, have necessarily left their relics few, and in a comparatively poor state of preservation. How different in this respect from those cities whose history we must next consider. So sudden was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum that everything was left in its natural state; and so perfectly have their remains been preserved, that, as one walks among their streets, he may well imagine himself in an ancient Roman town. We seem to be transported back one thousand years, and to behold all the Roman customs in their full vigor. On this side we see the altars where the priests were wont to sacrifice to Jupiter Ceres and the spirits of the departed dead, the temples which were erected in honor of the gods, the theatres where crowds were wont to assemble to hear the productions of Plautus and Terence, and just outside the city the barracks where were quartered the Roman soldiers, such as Caesar and Pompey were wont to lead from victory to victory, and with which the world was conquered.

But no more does the priest burn the sacrificial fire upon the altars, no more do

“Spectators meet
In the full theatre’s capacious seat,”

to listen to the works of poets and dramatists; no more are the barracks filled with Roman soldiery. No! these have passed away; and the silence is unbroken save by the sound of the solitary workman’s pick, as he diligently searches for yet further relics of the past.

Endless, indeed, would be the catalogue of man’s works to which the unyielding laws of nature have brought ruin and desolation. Palmyra and Antioch, Athens and Sparta, Carthage and Thebes, and a countless host of others, might be added to the list; but time fails, and we come lastly to the consideration of those silent cities to which we are all rapidly hastening, *the Silent Cities of the dead!* Even as man’s works, so man himself, finally yields to the influence of time.

“ This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost — a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good, easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls.”

Yes, such is the fate of all men. All alike must yield to death, and take their places in those silent cities where all are equal, and where may rest side by side, the humble mechanic, who is known only to his few companions, and the illustrious hero, who has filled the world with his renown. Let us then learn, as we see how short is the period of life allotted to each of us, to strive earnestly in order that the world may be the better for our having lived in it. Let us faithfully improve every advantage cast before us, that we may do something, be it ever so little, to advance the condition of our fellow-men.

In conclusion, Members of Philo, in resigning the position of President of your society, to which your kindness has called me, I cannot let this opportunity pass, of urging you to be yet more faithful to your duties in the future than you have been in the past. You have many difficulties with which to contend ; boldly meet and overcome them. You are oppressed by debt ; an exhibition is the unfailing means of filling an exhausted treasury. Only have the confidence to prepare one, and we feel sure your many friends living in Andover, the members of the Theological Seminary, and last, but not least, the members of Abbott Academy, will not prove unfeeling to your necessities.

C. M. B.

LETTERS.

To a boy at school, or anywhere away from home, there are probably no words so sweet as those well-known ones : “ There’s a letter for you.” They recall to him thoughts of home and its dear ones, thoughts of companions to whom he is attached ; and, as he reads, his mind goes out hundreds of miles, — yes, thousands, sometimes, — and again he is with them, and is sharing in their joys or sorrows.

With feelings so varied and numerous as to be indescribable, he reaches out his hand to take that little packet of paper from

“The penny post; that Genius indifferent and stern,
Who shakes out, even-handed to all, from his urn
Those lots which so often decide if our day
Shall be fretful and anxious, or joyous and gay.”

And yet what is there in a letter which has all this power? Take it apart, and you have a small piece of paper, so cut and pasted that it forms but a wrapper to another piece of the same material. But this inclosed piece — what of that? At its head is the name of the place in which it was written, together with the date. After that comes the keystone to the whole affair; for by a glance at the few words that follow we learn who and what the writer is.

If he should chance to be a lawyer or business man, we find the meaningless “dear sir”; if a person seeking a favor, this is increased to “my dear sir.” A school or college chum puts it “old boy,” “my dear fellow,” or substitutes for “boy” or “fellow” the nickname that was used in the days when they were together. A father or mother will begin with “my dear son,” and a sister will have “my darling brother,” as a heading to her letter. With a young lady friend, we find various expressions, from “my friend” to the more expressive “my *dear* George,” or whatever the person’s first name may be; while a sweetheart — but here our knowledge ceases, and, as guess-work is out of order, we will have to leave you to your own experience, or that of some person better posted on this particular branch of the subject than the one who is trying to write for you.

We see a boy go up to the penny-post, and, after taking the three or four letters for him, and having asked the regular question, if those were all, go to a quiet corner and proceed to read them. Let us peep over his shoulder. He is a good fellow, and for the MIRROR’s benefit would allow even peeping into his correspondence. “Well, she’s prompt, for it’s but two days since I last wrote her,” is his exclamation, as he breaks the seal of the first one. The letter is commenced in a cousinly manner; but its perusal shows conclusively that the cousinship must be of the kind that boarding-school girls call “Irish.” It goes on to describe the last little “spread” after “taps,” the difficulty she had with her teachers in order that they should not know of his last meeting with her. She wishes he had *only* met her before she had entered school, so that

he could call. She tells of the last serenade, and speaks of recognizing his voice — a pretty compliment. How it pleases him can be guessed by the words uttered, as he thrusts it into his pocket: “A glorious flirtation, any way!” His next is from an old school-mate. They had parted but a year ago, the other having *graduated prematurely*; and this was the last letter of a correspondence that they had promised each other would never cease. A hasty glance gives us the following expressive sentences: “Hazed another Fresh last night. . . . Teachers have got wind of it. . . . *Some one* set fire to another building. . . . Of course I knew nothing of it. . . . Am running a Fem Sem pretty lively now. That makes me think, could you lend me five dollars?” Here we have to stop; for, with something sounding unlike a Godspeed, the letter is thrust into the boy’s pocket. Take warning, boys, and never *write* to a friend for money.

His last letter is from his mother. A ten-dollar bill drops out. “Good for sore eyes,” and away it goes into his vest-pocket. Then he slowly reads that letter — the one saved until the last, that he might be able to give it better attention, and be less disturbed as he drinks in every word of its precious contents. Who can write like a mother? who clothe stubborn facts with such a sugar-coating of love that they will seem anything other than “bitter pills”? who sympathize in misfortunes, and share in pleasures? who administer reproof, or bestow praise, like a mother? Having such a letter in his pocket, no wonder the boy went into recitation and made a rush. Who could help it? But the sweetness (or the bitterness) of most letters is not drawn out by one reading; and there are many that, like wine, are rendered better by age.

Again, no two persons write alike; and yet two letters may be equally good, while at the same time entirely different. Never destroy a letter from a friend. Tie it up with others, and put it out of sight, if you will, but never destroy it; for there come times in the lives of most of us when to read old letters calls up the pleasantest memories of former times and things, and is a source of the greatest joy.

C. M.

A POPULAR CULTURE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

EVERY age has had a popular object, which has been held up as the one interesting end for culture. This object always has been, and, if I mistake not, still is, self. Self-culture is popular culture, since self is cultivated more or less by everybody. Thus foot-ball is a popular game, because many participate in it.

The various stages of society have necessarily followed different branches of culture as the most fitting adornments for self. In the heroic age self was great in his muscle. At Athens, at Rome, he rejoiced in weighty intellect. But to-day this remarkable genius demands for himself number one in everything, no matter how humble his own lot may be.

In ancient times he was allowed to glory only in certain perfections; now, unrestrained, he boasts alike in excellences and deficiencies, great and small; but is particularly conspicuous in the *fashions* of the day, which figure prominently in the popular culture under discussion, because to worship self, to measure self by self, to know so much of self as to know nothing at all, to impress upon others the smallness of self by egotistical displays, to stand when he would naturally sit, to deceive that he may maintain outward appearance, in short to act ridiculously because somebody else acts in like manner, is to entertain fashion; hence fashion becomes a branch of this culture. Before you, then, is a pattern, which is copied more closely than any other. This the mould wherein many characters are formed! Here the master who is readily obeyed! Yes, the tyrant who enslaves us all! For do we more frequently govern self; or is it the reverse? Moreover, to serve self the law is defied; peace and justice overturned; since to commit burglary and to murder is becoming quite a stylish accomplishment; whereas to arrest, to convict, to hang, is of late growing rather unpopular. Mark again its force: Shakespeare says, "conscience makes cowards of us all"; but often self, armed only with fashion, will make conscience cower. Let us illustrate. A youthful Miss, accomplished in the art of sporting with the happy keys of the piano, will, when an opportunity offers, readily make the reply, "I never play without my notes," simply because such an answer is fashionable. A responsible being dares to deceive, merely to imitate some other person, rather than act the truth, and add to the innocent pleasure

of friends. The influence from this culture is truly wonderful. Unconsciously it shapes thought, then action. For often is the extra dollar spent with greater willingness for a little more stylish goods, than the same amount is dropped into the contribution-box; and few leaders of society will fare on plain food that the needy may be fed.

Powerful as this character is, yet, not unlike other deceivers, he will undergo any trial which will result in his own advantage — yes, will even readily submit to the paying of tribute to the work of his own hands. For instance, self labors for gold, not because it is gold, but because to be rich is fashionable. Hence, also, labor becomes popular. Again, a man will adopt a vocation in which his better judgment tells him he cannot succeed, simply that he may keep in fashion. Thus fashion defies the judgment of self in which the latter, i.e. self, is so confident. As you see, with him “circumstances alter cases”; and if it is his policy to be a coward, at once he becomes the worst sneak imaginable. For how many a boy would never think of digging out his Greek or committing his History, if self was not prompted by fear of making a flunk.

The most apparent result which follows this education of self is to make self *self-ish*, which evil can be detected in all actions of this inglorious being, and which is one of the severest evils imposed upon the living creation.

Difficult as it is to accept the foregoing repulsive facts, still, such are the results rising from a popular evil which multitudes daily nourish and venerate in their thoughts, words, and actions. Truth and harmony are disregarded, love and charity trampled under foot to serve this ideal self. Practical illustrations of this culture may be seen in the careers of such men as Judge Barnard, Boss Tweed, Com. Vanderbilt, and others, who have selfishly lived to this end, — namely, the promotion of self, — whose names are identical with all fraud and corruption. Theirs, certainly, is a popular culture. If not, what mean the crowds of young men who to-day, with blind zeal, press onward to fill the very places being made vacant by these men.

The truth is, popular self-culture is an evil which, being participated in more or less by everybody, appears incredible when shown to be the very embodiment of cheek, avarice, deception, and cowardice; all of which are continually at war against the best interests of modern society.

Sooner or later, a check must be placed upon this stylish teaching. And how? By nipping it in the bud, where now it is thoughtlessly cherished and nurtured. For not a few fathers and mothers are guilty of fondling and caressing this dangerous viper, in that they ridiculously foster pride, and nurse, rather than govern, childish whims. Should more parents employ Spartan spirit in training their children, then, no doubt, their sons and daughters would entertain less exalted opinions of themselves, and would condemn, rather than uphold, fashion and many other popular evils. G. W.

“IF THE COAT FITS,” ETC.

BY PERMISSION.

Three Fem Sems, on a Sunday night,
Sat cosily chatting with all their might.
Laughing and talking, sat they there,
Two on the lounge and one in a chair.
But when from outside, on the window-pane,
Came a gentle rap again and again,
The gay talk ceased; and through one brain
Shot a thought that was not in vain.
But a thought with heavy meaning blent;
And, smiling a sweet “good-night,” she went:
And the gentle two, whom she left behind,
Went on talking, just for a blind.
Up from the lawn’s smooth, level slope
Had come three figures buoyant with hope.
“Ha, ha!” said they, “we’re in luck to-night;
Now open the window and have a sight.”
Little they think that just up stairs
The third of the trio at them glares!
They thought of the story next day they’d tell;
But never imagined t’would be a sell!
Nearer and nearer two gently crawl,
And the third meanwhile holds up the wall.
“Discretion, etc., you know the way;
I’ll stay here, and see what’s to pay.”

Meantime, up stairs, ont goes the light,
And the window is raised with a sound so slight;

And the maid above feels a sudden thrill
As she poises the pitcher on the sill.

And just as the *gentlemen* down below
Stand revealed in the light's pale glow,

A gentle cascade comes gushing down,
And they sadly feel that they're "done up brown."

Over the collars, glossy and white,
Over the neckties' sheen, so bright,

Over the nobby round-crowned hats,
Making them dripping as drowned rats.

And first a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a chill!

And —— and —— and —— too,
Hasten off in a fearful stew.

"By jingo! sold!" is the shuddering cry
That rings its way to the starlit sky.

Alas for Phillips! Alas for the boy
Whose aim in life is to prowl and annoy.

Would that he could be brought to groan,
"Hereafter I'd better stay at home."

Yes, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "What a fool I've been!"

Ah well! there are gentlemen yet alive,
Though in this vicinity they don't thrive.

But, in the hereafter, others may
Take the stain from the name away! A HYDROPATH.

"JUDGE NOT," ETC.

Two students, on a pleasant day,
All thoughts of study sent away;
For 't was the beginning of June,
"When brooks and birds are all in tune,"
When working on an afternoon
Did not suit such cuttists as they.

So in their rooms they then sat down,
 And from the window viewed the town
 And the Fem Sem, all painted brown
 To prove that show had passed away.
 And, as they listless sat and talked,
 Two Fem Sems past their window walked,
 And with sweet smiles their leisure mocked
 And vanished thoughts of work or play.
 Of course these youths then followed suit,
 For beauty speaks, even when mute,
 And all Phillipians are cute,
 Whatever Theologues may say.
 One Fem Sem her handkerchief drew
 From out her dress, stylish and new ;
 Her delicate nose she then blew,
 And cast a killing glance their way ;
 Then t'other said, in accents clear :
 " Would that some gentleman were here
 To walk with us, the ducky dear,
 Upon this very pleasant day.
 But then, if this wished-for dandy
 Were here, — Oh, 't would be so handy
 For him to buy us some candy,
 Cream-drops, or caromels, I say."
 As the Phillipians heard her speak,
 " Well, now," says one, " Oh, is n't that cheek !
 For her thus boldly now to seek
 To make for us so fine a lay ?
 But let's go, quicker than we came ;
 For I've not a cent to my name,
 And charging it is getting tame,
 There will be the devil to pay."
 The Fem Sems thought 't was done up brown,
 And that they would meet in the town ;
 But a faint cry, " That don't go down,"
 Showed that their smiles were thrown away.
 Alas for the Fem Sems ! Alas for the lass
 Whom flirting has brought to this very sad pass'
 Alas for the poetess who vainly lit
 The midnight lamp ; " the coat " did n't fit.
 Your poem, though writ, confidently, with guile,
 Missed the mark ; and " a miss is as good as a mile."
 For of all sad words, of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these : " What a flirt I've been !"

Ah well, there are ladies, and plenty of them,
Who perhaps don't thrive in the Abbot Fem Sem ;
But in the hereafter others may
Succeed in taking our hearts away.

Oh Fem Sems, if you think that we
Have shown not much of chivalry
In writing, pray forgive us, since
We wrote to protect innocence.
The gents whom you thought in vain
Had disturbed the poor window-pane,
And had endured that shower of *rain*,
Were not the ones ; and hereafter,
First know ; then write ; and the laughter
Will all upon your side remain.
But what of flirting we wrote here
We did not mean ; so never fear,
But forget all that is before,
And, fair Fem Sems, do so some more.

AN ALLOPATH.

EDITORS' SCRAP-BAG.

REVIEW.

READER, another Mirror is before you. The Editors have concluded to lay aside the old mode of expression, viz. We have taken our pen in hand with much trepidation, etc., and to start out with such general news obtained from Fems Sems, "Cads," and last, but not least, Theologues, as shall be conducive to the health and well-being of all concerned. This term has been laden with incidents and experiences new and striking; and while we endeavor to portray some of these, we would claim your indulgence in omitting others. The first event worthy of notice was the party given by Mrs. Eaton to the Senior Class. Although the evening was disagreeable, a lively company was present, and the affair passed off pleasantly. On May 2d the speaking of declamations for "Draper Prizes" occurred. The speaking was unusually good, and the attendance large, considering the state of the weather. The silent shades of Andover were disturbed on May 6th, at about two o'clock in the morning by the repeated cries of "Fire," and the ringing of the engine-house bell. Immediately the shop at the corner of Love Lane and School Street was seen completely enveloped in flames. In less than fifteen minutes the roof had fallen in, and the building was burned to the ground. The steam-engine came slowly up the lane, followed by a crowd, whose hearty laughter and shouts seemed to indicate their appreciation of the services of the Andover S. F. E. Co. No. 1. Forthwith, in the distance, was heard Phillips No. 2 coming down the hill at a fearful rate. Round the corner it came, and drew up to the brook. Immediately the suction and leading hose was fitted, the brakes loosed, and a stream of water levelled (at) "AT" the building in less time than it takes to write about it. A \$100 reward was offered for the conviction of the perpetrators of this heinous crime, but as yet the mystery remains unsolved. Mr. Taylor on May 7th gave a party to the Middlers, and, contrary to custom, invited the Bradford "Fem Sems" to entertain the class. We learn they had a fine time, not only owing to the cordiality and good management of their host and hostess, but also to the permission granted the young ladies to promenade without doors. For all we have said of "trepidation and etc.," we feel rather at a loss how to

express our approval of such an entertaining Reading as we listened to at Abbott Academy on Tuesday evening, May 13th. We should like to declare the excellences of each participant, but "space and, etc." forbid. We were however glad to notice that "Bob Cratchit's dinner" was not interrupted by the bombs, which — but Mr. T. has spoken of that. The reading was very creditable, and the frequent applause of the audience proved their hearty approval.

"Oh, where is the man so lean or fat,
Who has not heard of Daniel Pratt,
Who gathers and etc."

Yes, Daniel Pratt came on Friday afternoon, May 16th. Some of the L. C's. furnished him with a trunk, — and such eloquence! He mounted on the rostrum of time and looked down the aisles of to-morrow, politely told us to make "wings out of eagle's feathers," and to take some sentences in our note-books which fell from the lips of so great a man. The fellows carried around his hat, soliciting the "wherewith" to send him back to Boston. And after having escorted him to the depot, they bade him good-night, and "left him alone in his glory." This year base-ball certainly did not open well; and surely its close is not as good as the beginning. In the first place, there was disappointment in the choosing of the Nine; and though we do not pretend to be well versed in base-ball matters, we think there are two or three men who are in the wrong place. The only match that has been played was between the Harvards and Phillips. The Philipians were somewhat excited in the beginning, and allowed the Harvards to make a large score. But, seeing it would never do to play in this manner, they "buckled to," and played finely the rest of the game. We have heard some rather harsh remarks in regard to the First base-man. We think, and we know that the majority will re-iterate our statement, that he is *the* man for that place. He has practised to fill it, and now, although his batting is not so very heavy, he is the best First base-man we have in school.

Some of the Seniors, Classical, are in the habit of writing bits of poetry; and, as an example, we present to you

A TOURIST'S ADVENTURES IN ANDOVER.

To those who journey for health or pleasure,
With plenty of cash and lots of leisure,
I recommend, in this humble ditty,
That, leaving the hub, old Boston city,
They should visit Andover; a great place
For fun, or study, or obtaining grace;
For many crimes from the Theologues bold,
Who inhabit this spot from times quite old.

The ride is pleasant, and but for a while,
Yet costing three and a half cents a mile.
You pass through towns of Puritan unction,
Stoneham, Melrose, and Wilmington Junction.
Descending from the cars, you see a hill,
Where John stands waiting his coach to o'erfill.
He will take you to every place in town
Before at the hotel he puts you down.
The Academy stands on the hill's brow,
With the Abbott Fem Sem half way below ;
While in the brick prisons off on the right
The Theologues howl both day and night.
But now to the tourists let us return,
Who at the Mansion House makes his sojourn.
Tired and weary, he calls for some gin,
But learns that no liquors are sold within.
Obtaining a guide, he looks o'er the town ;
Visits the Gym., and walks the Main street down.
In great astonishment he cries, " Oh Lud,
How grand a sight it is to see such mud !"
Looks at the Old South, wondering " how in ——,"
Or some other place, the boys reached the bell ;
For he has heard of the immense reward
For those who took the clapper of the Lord ;
Visits William H. Smith's, and takes a stew,
But with the first mouthful his meal is through.
He walks the town over, and wonders most
At the exquisite shape of the lamp-post.
Our friend is a strong and great believer
In hash ; so he calls on " Mother " Cheaver,
Marm Ellis, and in a godly frenzy
He visits the town constable, Benjy.
His craving for food has now all left him,
His love for economy quite bereft him.
A sadder, but a wiser, man is he
Since of cheap food he's learned the mystery.
Yet, as he gazes on the side-walks broad,
He soon forgets his thoughts on lodge and board ;
And his admiring mood returned again,
As he beheld the stoop and weather-vane,
The outlines and the architecture fine
Of Commons and Academy divine.
These exhaust his mind, and send him away,
Wond'ring, but pleased, at the sights of the day.

And he sees last, with amazement and fear,
Billie, Tillie, and old Grif in the rear,
All going to the post office in state,
Striding, trotting, wiggling, as if late.
With this sight—the grandest and best of all—
Our hero withdraws, and the curtain must fall.

O Dii Immortales! Ubinam gentium sumus? Truly the nineteenth century is an age of progression. Just think! the Fem Sems have published the "Abbott Courant." We knew there was an abundance of latent talent there. The editorial board is just such as we expected to find it, and such as "would venture upon this hitherto untrodden road." We welcome with open arms to editorial life our sisters of the pen, and wish them hearty success in their noble undertaking. They may well feel proud of their work; and when in after years as they look over the "Courant," as it comes forth under new editors, and strange names fill out the columns which now look so familiar, they will then have the satisfaction of knowing that they were the first to give to the well-wishers of Abbott Academy this light in literature. Young ladies, you have done well!

It is with regret that we approach the end of our Editorial, because, in so doing, we must speak of the departure of our well-beloved Principal and some of his able assistants. We all know that when he came here he had many, many difficulties to surpass. He went to work like a man, and with that determination and fortitude which have characterized him since, he has succeeded in raising this Academy to its former standard, which would hardly have been thought possible by an ordinary man. He has labored long and faithfully for our interests. And as he goes forth, let him know that, although there is no outward manifestation of thankfulness, there are manly hearts which thank him more sincerely than words can express, and who ever will look back to the pleasant and profitable times which they have passed with him and his able first assistant, Mr. Eaton.

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CLASS NINES.

'73.

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Captain, O. D. THOMPSON.

Nine. O. D. Thompson, c. ; A. S. Thompson, p. ; Jacobs, 1st b. ; Bumstead, 2d b. ; Katzenbach, 3d b. ; Kargé, s. s. ; Ayer, l. f. ; Parker, c. f. ; Donaldson, r. f.

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	{ B. F. MILLS, <i>Sec. and Treas.</i>
	{ F. W. WARREN,
	{ H. C. HOWARD.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

DAILIES. — The Boston Evening Journal ; The Boston Daily Globe.

WEEKLIES. — Springfield Republican ; New York Tribune ; Harper's Weekly ; Christian Union ; Appleton's Journal.

COLLEGE PAPERS. — Yale Record ; Amherst Student ; The Anvil.

MONTHLIES. — Harper's ; Scribner's ; Atlantic ; Overland.

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No. 1.

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THE

PHILO MIRROR.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παδεῖα.

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THE MIRROR.

CHARLES B. TRAIL, FRANK L. GERRISH, WILLIAM H. PARMENTER,	} EDITORS.
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Vol. XIX.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

No. 1.

STUDENTS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

THERE is no class of individuals, either in the preparatory stages of existence, or in the more advanced periods of life, who deserve or attract more attention than Students. The term "Student," as understood at present, is quite comprehensive, and includes both that one who applies himself diligently to his books, and the one who only makes the slightest pretensions to study.

Students can, with great nicety, be divided into four classes; first, the hard student, whose only companions are his books, whose aim to all intents and purposes is to become a walking encyclopaedia; and who, after carrying off the highest honors our institutions of learning can confer, generally, in after life, sinks into comparative insignificance. The second class are the men of muscle, who compose the boat crews, the ball and cricket clubs, and as the hard scholar, their exact opposite, goes through college on his brain, so do they go through on their muscle. The third class are those who occupy an intermediate position between the hard scholar and the man of muscle, who apply themselves neither too closely to brain-work, nor on the other hand give themselves up entirely to the cultivation of their physique; who take a lively interest in their class and are active society men; and it is these we hear most of in after life. The fourth class are the regular flunkers — life-members of the Junior Class — the less we say of them the better.

What object shall the student have in view? Is it to become a

scholar? We say, most assuredly, no. A mere scholar is one who, very often, possesses a knowledge of words and an ignorance of things. He is generally known by his unacquaintance with everything but languages, which have so filled his head that they have left room for nothing else. He mistakes the steps for the temple of Minerva; the shrine for the goddess herself; and is as proud of his mind's empty purse as if there were money in it!

If not a scholar, what then? a man of muscle; one who has a good constitution, a magnificent form, and an empty brain? Again, we say, no. Our ideal is not a Hercules; that ancient deity has not inspired us with sufficient veneration that we would be like him.

We see, then, that our object should be to become men who are able to apply to practical purposes what they know. What advantage would it be to us if we knew how to do a thing, and yet in case of emergency would not know how to put that same knowledge to practical purposes. To become such an individual, we must not apply ourselves too diligently to mental occupations, nor on the other hand to physical culture, but must seek to strike a happy medium between these two extremes, remembering that the bow which is oftenest unbent, will the longest retain its elasticity and strength.

We are like lamps; if we wind up the intellectual or physical burner too high, the glass becomes thickened or discolored with smoke, or it breaks, and the unregulated flame, blown about by every puff of wind, if not extinguished altogether, throws a fitful glare and distorted shadows over the objects it was intended to illuminate.

C. B. T.

AMBITION.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

PROMINENT among the many passions which nature has afforded us, is a desire of influence, a longing after distinction, and to be more elevated than our associates. Born in us, it germinates and forms a prominent feature throughout life.

Ambition may be turned to good or bad account, and treated according to the character of the person. When rightly directed

and trained it forms habits of usefulness, while negligence must result from bad treatment.

When ambition exists in the minds of those whose motives are noble and virtuous, and whose character is honest and justifiable, such — and they are few comparatively — are capable of the highest intrustment, and tend to help the welfare of a country.

But many there are who make the wrong use of this passion ; whose chief aim in life is to acquire worldly fame by base and ignoble means ; who make money a profession, and mammon their god ; who think prominence mingled with ignorance an accomplishment, and loud talking in society favoring their case.

In every newspaper we take up we read accounts of men, who were formerly cashiers of some bank or manufactory, or perhaps, overseer of some large establishment, whose quickly accumulated fortune requires their absence from home suddenly, and we can only think of their ambition. Unlike any other passion, ambition is never satisfied, and never can be.

If any man could at once accomplish his desire he would be a miserable creature, for the chief end of this life is to will and desire. Our inquiring mind is always acting, always searching, good or bad, into the future, and when any object has been obtained, only excites our passions ; little by little do we add to our store of knowledge which we are laying up for future use.

If we search into the kingdom of man for him who has the least comfort in life, he will invariably be found in the palace, wishing for something better, and after something impossible. Take him upon the public stage, how closely he is eyed by his hearers ; see his enemies criticize every flaw and awkward gesture, and fill columns in newspapers. He is besieged on all sides, and life seems to him a drudgery, when if his courage gives way, his dearest friends will leave him, like the leaves of autumn, and he feels like one on which the sentence of excommunication has been passed. To be truly ambitious, the brain must work as well as the hand. Who would have controlled America if Washington's ambitious courage had given way ? — though perhaps, he did not sweat much in the winters of the Revolution, his active brain was always working. There is no royal road to knowledge or influence but by diligent, ambitious work.

The Nineteenth Century is an age of progression : improvements

in arts, progress in civilization, and scientific discoveries, are leading to perfection faster than ever before, though it never can be reached. Pages of American history will be given to the Revolution, its cause, its result ; the number of lost lives may be calculated, but how shall the good which resulted be estimated? We are apt not to train aright those principles by which the future is to be governed ; we cannot conceal this passion if we try, so firmly is it fixed in our nature. The world can never be without those ambitious, energetic men, whose aim is justice and honor ; and it can also never be without those who are ruled by this innate passion through their longing for higher office than that which they now hold. The follies of the past are in part corrected by us of the present, and we sincerely hope the future will correct them all. F. L. G.

THE BEAUTY OF CONTENTMENT.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

“HE needs strong arms, who is to swim against the stream,” writes an old author of the seventeenth century ; and deeper words of truth, methinks, were never uttered by mortal. Picture a man to the mind, tried in the furnace, and refined in the school of adversity ; learn of him, and search deep for those hidden treasures which he has discovered from the bitter cup of experience, and we shall find his life has been no mere mockery.

He has been dashed against the breakers of despondency, lifted high by the waves of care, only to be hurled upon the shoals of a sad misfortune. He has sat on the margin of the grave, and looked deep into the bottomless pit ; a tyrant has pressed hard upon his fortune, and dwelt heavily upon his wrongs. He has ridden in the storm, has experienced the hurricane, and his frail bark has been tossed until the cordage has cracked, and all he hoped for had slipped from his grasp, like the beautiful dream we endeavor to recall as we open our eyes on the early sunbeams of the morning.

We are satisfied while we revel in the sunlight, and heaven breathes upon us the gentle zephyrs that waft us to our own purposes ; but place us in a persecution ; let us experience the tempest ; let our bones quake with sorrow, and our reason loosen in sickness ;

let our food be dipped in the bitter outgushings of our heart, and let all we cherish in the loved faces around us go down with the setting sun ; and even then, we can thank a mysterious Providence for so light a dispensation in his dealings.

Circumstances verily makes for us a bed of roses, or a couch of thorns. Through their influence we either ascend to an earthly paradise, or sink to the depths of a mortal hell. But circumstance is only the messenger of Providence. We play the fool to complain, because we are less favored than our neighbor. And, notwithstanding our apparent jealousy, the rule, and not the exception, is that no inducement would lead a man to lose self, and be as another.

Contentment is the greatest boon we have within our reach this side of the grave. Why then are we ever grumbling against a mightier power ; a higher influence than mortals. We have seen men crowded, crushed, stepped upon, just to catch a glimpse of a political stump-orator ; and when the wish has been gained, not a complaint issues from their lips, though the perspiration stands out on their foreheads like the dew of evening, and their limbs tremble with their abuse. Why is it, that a man will fall down and worship his superior in station, and in the next breath curse Him from whom that privilege comes, for being less favored than this *man-god*. Never contented until our own self-esteem has been appeased ; no matter what others think or say, in our humble (?) opinion, we feel competent to rule, when in reality we know not the secret of true obedience.

It is refreshing, in contemplating this subject, to turn the pages of history, and catch some of that inspiration which can be found in many of those vivid pictures. Think of Milton ; "dark, dark, dark, in the blaze of noon," compelled to be concealed from his enemies, hunted for his life, yet never uttering a desponding word, but accepting life as it came, and thanking God it *was* so. Think of that noble picture, the man so like his God, couched in the narrow, stifling prison-cell ; half-starved, abused, forsaken by friends, with only the sunlight creeping through a small aperture in the walls, and this, year out and in, till twelve suns had rolled around in their great cycles, engaged in composing a work that is to stand until the sun sinks over the western hills for the last time, and in which from its Alpha to Omega, shines forth the very image of contentment. Bunyan,

" Whose pilgrim marks the road,
And guides the progress of the soul to God,"

and through whose eyes the weary one obtains a glimpse of the hereafter. Yet forced from all the pleasures of home, not for a moment did he complain of his fortune ; but leaving his wife and little blind boy in the hands of his God, he suffered no adversity to supplant his cheerfulness. What a beautiful picture of contentment ! How sublime ! How God-like !

The martyrs could perish at the stake, with the blazing faggots piled around them ; their blood boiling, and their flesh peeling from their naked limbs in shreds with the intense heat, and yet with joy on their countenances, and praise upon their lips. But in this nineteenth century, how few are those who can even bear the torture of a slander, but must brood over it until it becomes a second nature. We have been styled by an English author "a nation of discontent." But among all people, there can be found the two conditions represented in the old fable of the two buckets. While coming up the well, one exclaimed to his companion, "Alas ! alas ! no matter how full I come, I always go away empty." The other in cheerful tones replied, "Nay ! not so neighbor ; I always think, no matter how empty I go, I always return full."

Discontent is the pure result of heedlessness of thought. How few stop to think when they complain to another or themselves, of what is left to them of real happiness. Though deprived of our all in earthly goods, we still have left for our enjoyment and contentment, sun, moon, fire, and water, a pleasant home, kind parents and friends. A merry countenance, a cheerful spirit, can still be ours ; and these, with a clear conscience, form that beauty of contentment which should be prized as life itself. Then, it is a pleasant duty to smile upon adversity. Let stern fortune drive us where e'er it will ; let heaven and earth appear to rise up against us, but never, *never* let us yield to that discontent, that once enthroned in our natures, is not easily obliterated.

How many homes that might have given their inmates a foretaste of heaven are ruled by this demon. Petty strifes, contentions, quarrels, and a conscious groaning against Providence, drive more human souls to the gallows than aught else. Oh ! for that era of good will, when man will see much to praise, but naught to condemn, in this world of ours ; when all is dark to our minds, that we can say to our souls, with Bishop Taylor, "It may be, thou art entered into the cloud, which will bring a gentle shower to refresh thy sorrows."

ROAR OR BRAY?

ALWAYS look evil squarely in the face; you may possibly stare him out of countenance, at least intimidate him. He is bold: you must be. He is subtle: you must be. He is mighty: you must be. He comes right to the point: you can gain nothing by beating about the bush. "Your money or your brains!" is his gentle cry: your reply must be as resolute. This dodging disclosure is nonsense; it is madness; it is ruin; it is death! Are we all buzzards, that we butt our heads into the sand every time an enemy appears? Out of sight is *not* out of danger. Why, how ridiculous it was, when honest folks began to whisper about the Credit Mobilier for politicians to try to shut them up. "The people cannot bear certain disclosures," said the crafty demagogues. Stuff! we can bear them much better than thieves in Congress; much better than bribery; much better than turn-coats; much better than wire-pulling, log-rolling, ballot-stuffing.

Let us not be afraid of peeping behind the scenes. No doubt we may catch a horrid glimpse of tinsel and paint and sham. Never mind; we *need* to know whether the elephant is only four boys covered with a cloth. We hear much noise now-a-days. Suppose we find out whether the beast is a lion, or an ass in a lion's skin. If we hear a roaring, let us roar back; but if only a bray, — why, we need n't be quite so scared. At any rate, an evil once exposed will not destroy us unawares; not silently shoot us down, like the air-gun. Away, then, with the weak sentimentalism that would bandage the eyes of the doomed! Let us look firmly at our dread scaffold, and, as the fog lifts, perhaps, we will find it a harmless bean-pole!

If you drill deep enough, you will discover water under a granite ledge. If you penetrate far enough the hollow mockery of friendship, you will find the South hates the North. The jolly "Hail, good fellow, well met!" is all on our side; so is kindly feeling; so is consideration; so is friendship. The spirit of the Rebellion is still alive in the Southern States. You can hardly see it. True. It is smouldering. True. It is almost out. True; but the live spark is there. Under all the ashes of ruined hopes glows the red-hot coal. Why, the slow fuse, which Guy Fawkes was going to light would have burned half an hour before it hurled into eternity

those English lords. Not a flash; not a blaze; not a flame; hardly a light; but a steady little gleam, would have told the tale of severed limbs and mangled bodies. It is a very small fire kindled in the Southern bosom. It burns very slowly; but there is powder at the other end! And the explosion may blow this country up so high that it will never come down again; or only in little pieces; you look for them here, there, everywhere; and find them nowhere.

Now, is it not magnanimous in conquerors to say nothing about victory? Ours is a grand silence. Why must the whipped cur forever whine? "But, my dear sir, do you mean to say that the South will again attack us?" With bullets; no. With bitter words; yes. And some men would rather be shot than forever pricked with a pin. Why under the sun can't we let bygones be bygones. The South thought she had a right to rebel. Very well; can't every one think as he likes? The South took up arms in defense of her opinion. Very well; may not we all fight for our hobbies? And the South was conquered. Very well, indeed! certainly every one has a splendid right to be beaten. But no one has a right to eternally cry over spilt milk. No one has a right to forever whimper over defeat. No one has a right to eternally ki-yi because a bigger dog bit off his nose.

Yet the evil resulting from all this dissatisfaction may not be open strife or dead bodies or Ku-Klux outrages. Simply a family quarrel. Although no blows are struck, many rankling wounds may be inflicted. No swords unsheathed, but many hearts laid cruelly bare. No death-dealing shot, but death-dealing words. Indeed, our country could better afford a war with China than this ceaseless growl, growl, growl from the mouths we help feed. Why, there are thousands who left their limbs at Gettysburgh and Bull Run and Pittsburgh Landing who would flee before their wife's tongues. These heroes declare it is perfect misery to hear a continual snarling and snapping and snivelling from their own family table. Now the North and South are husband and wife. They can't get divorce in Chicago. What the Constitution hath joined together, let no man put asunder. So had n't we better make the best of what we can't help? Forgive, forget, embrace! After all, we are only in our honeymoon as a nation. And lover's quarrels are soon made up. As no doubt these will be, if Northern politicians will mind their own business and Southern ones tend to home affairs. But suppose

they don't? Assuredly they are not doing it now. Each has a finger in the other's pie; and too many cooks spoil the broth. My friends, there is danger that our national broth may turn out weak as water, or curdle into bloody carnage. Here's a horrible fact: there are a few men in the highest offices, who would gladly exchange immense fortunes for war. Why, it would be their ticket to a governorship, or chief-justiceship, or generalship. To their greedy ambition they would sacrifice national pride, national prosperity, national existence. With their country's blood would they wash out their own disgraceful record—with the crimson stream sweep away all barriers to the Presidential chair.

You tell me that every American has learned to curse the name of Benedict Arnold. What a pity! Yet was n't he a wretch? Yes. Scoundrel? Yes. Traitor? Yes; but he was dying by inches; he was in debt; he was in misery; he was in purgatory; and gold would set him free! So he sold his honor. But the baseness of the Revolutionary traitor fades into virtue when side by side with the double-dyed villany of a few living demagogues. Why they have no pressing need. No creditors threaten them with the bars and bolts and manacles of a gaping prison.

Only a little more honor; a little more wealth; a little more fame: for this would they trade the life of a nation. But never fear; these villains are too few, too mean, too weak. They may have a little temporary power. But before the next election the people will pull off the lion's skin—and the ass will take his proper place. Roar or Bray?

W. W. F.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE GREAT FIRE.

WHAT hideous sounds now break upon my ear,
 Disturb my rest, and fill my soul with fear?
 What yelling demons, from the realms of woe,
 Have burst their bonds, to torture mortals so?
 This to myself confusedly I said,
 As, rudely wakened, I jumped up in bed.
 No human beings can emit such cries,
 I said with terror, as I rubbed my eyes.
 From bed I hurried; and a glare of flame
 Full through my window from the Campus came.

The yells, increasing as the flames rose higher,
Rang through the air, "the Joe, the Joe's on fire!"
The timid Latins see it with affright;
The bolder spirits view it with delight.
Some are excited; any number shout;
All would do anything — but put it out.
One said, with well-dissembled look indeed,
Some Englishman, I guess, has done the deed.
No, no; great Griffin, deep in science versed,
Has often told them, and has oft rehearsed,
The laws of science and the laws of man
Must be obeyed, boys; that's my plan.
If one you learn, both may be understood;
And, taught by me, you'll be both wise and good.
In spite of what the classic students say,
No Englishman these laws would disobey.
But they who study Greek and Latin page,
Learn nought but war, rebellion, and outrage.
Deluded youths, a scientific course
Would train them right; classics but make them worse.
Oppressed by study, they are driven to find
In pipes and fires a tonic for the mind.
The one to soothe, the other to excite;
Study by day, and riot through the night.
Let townsmen talk, refined Cecilia jaw,
And Poor enforce the rigor of the law;
We heed not Griffin's nor the Trustees' ire;
In spite of all, we'll have our "liddle fire."
'Tis strange such men should now deem as a crime
What was diversion in old Nero's time.
They think we ought (how long will folly last)
To live the present while we read the past.
The daring act, or the heroic deed,
We're told to emulate of those we read.
But why o'erlook the fact, is it not true?
We learn their virtues and their vices too.
Besides, we claim, as did the kings of old,
A right divine; and we have never sold
That birthright dear, so easily defined:
Students may do whatever they've a mind.

NEMO.

ECCE ASTRA.

FROM time immemorial those luminous bodies visible in the sky, which we call stars, have been objects of more or less interest to all. The little child gazes upon the twinkling orbs with almost as much astonishment as is awakened in the breast of the old astronomer, whose knowledge of them is perhaps greater by a hundred fold. The ancients had their astrologers, who pretended to see in the stars the fates of nations and of great men; and even at the present day we have a few persons equally gifted who actually make a calling of astrology, and are handsomely supported upon the dollars of the credulous. And it is by no means unnatural that the heavenly bodies should be looked up to with such veneration as to inspire prophetic emotions, for there is a mystery connected with them; and, be it ever so far beyond its ability, the human mind is always ready to seize upon the mysterious, and endeavor to account for it.

Still, it cannot be denied that a strange feeling of awe steals over one gazing at the heavens on a clear night. The consciousness of one's own ignorance and nothingness, which is forcibly presented to the mind, gives way to a deeper feeling of wonder and admiration at the whole grand scheme of the universe, and astonishment at the profound wisdom of Him from whose hand it came. These appealings of nature to the better feelings of man are said to prove the most effective demonstrations to him of the existence of a Supreme Being, who, if he can control the movements of the countless myriads of stars, is certainly a worthy object of worship.

Man is advancing steadily in knowledge of the heavens; discoveries of new stars are made from year to year; strange facts are continually being brought to light regarding those nearest us. Our satellite, the moon, a matter of about two hundred and forty thousand miles from us, has been thoroughly scrutinized, as far as our limited means have allowed, and not only has it been stared at by thousands, but the nature of its surface has been revealed, its mountains have received names, and it has even been obliged to sit for its likeness before the photographer's camera. However, its good-natured inhabitant, in return for these indignities contents himself in showing us but one side of his face.

It is still more difficult to ascertain the qualities of the planets,

even of those nearest to us. In spite of difficulties the character of Mars, in respect to which perhaps greater investigations have been pursued than in the case of any other planet, has become quite familiar to our astronomers. We have learned that, like our earth, its surface is composed of continents and seas. Clouds, too, have been descried floating about in its sky, and from this we know that it has an atmosphere. In short, its resemblance to our globe is very striking.

But the great, and we fear insurmountable, obstacle to our arrival at a thorough acquaintance with the heavenly bodies is their enormous distance from us, and this will probably never be overcome. It is true that the successes which have hitherto crowned man's efforts in this direction, are marvellous, but when we compare man's present knowledge with what remains to be learned, into what utter insignificance does it shrink! Truly "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." We know not what wonders may be revealed in the future, but we do know that there is a limit to human powers, and we are inclined to believe that this limit has been reached, and that the Almighty intended the remainder to be to us a "sealed book."

Yet who has not at times felt a desire to know what lies beyond the faintest points of light seen in the sky, to penetrate the vast realms of the Infinite, and learn the boundaries of this glorious universe of ours? Ours? We would recall the word; for who can say that we are the only inhabitants of the universe? Other planets have been found to possess the requisites for sustaining life, and it hardly seems probable that they would have been created to be of no more use than they are to us. However, as no telescope has been made of sufficient power to detect life upon them, it is only left for us to conjecture as to the existence of living beings there. But be that as it may, the contemplation of the heavens will ever be sought with pleasure, and not without profit. They will still continue to afford chances for the wildest flights of the imagination, and for fancies of the most unlimited character. How grand, how immeasurably sublime, are the regions of the stars! The words of the Psalmist involuntarily flow from our lips: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork."

G. W. S.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

So it's "only a newspaper" which you, having declared worthless, and "just like all of them," have thrown into the waste-paper basket as kindling for your to-morrow morning's fire. Now suppose we pick this paper up again, and using it to direct our thoughts, see if we cannot find out something about that very large branch of our literature known as the American newspaper.

In the first place, do the sentiments of all accord with yours on this subject? Do all men think the newspaper a worthless thing? No: Napoleon has said that four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a hundred thousand bayonets: and Wendell Phillips declared that "could he make the newspapers he would not care who made the laws, or even the religion, of a country."

American journalism, we find, had its rise in Boston in the year 1690, two centuries and a half after the discovery of the art of printing, and two hundred and thirty-three years from the date of the first newspaper ever published. To Benjamin Harris belongs the honor of having been the first American journalist; for it was he who was the editor and proprietor of the "Publick Occurrences," the first paper ever published on this side of the Atlantic, and the tenth newspaper of the world.

Fourteen years later, and holding the rank of thirteenth, appeared the "Boston News Letter," until lately thought to have been the first American newspaper; and it is with this sheet that our journalism has its proper origin, for the "Publick Occurrences," having lived but a day, died, overwhelmed, perhaps, by its own honor.

As now, after nearly two hundred years of progression, we look over the field, how changed do we find it. No longer do the post-masters in the largest of our cities struggle hard to publish the few bits of news that may come to them, as was the case at first; but to-day the American people gather their information from nearly six thousand newspapers and periodicals whose circulation is one and a half billions of copies yearly, exceeding the circulation of either England or France by over a billion of copies. In fact, all the other countries of the world put together do not publish two thousand newspapers more than do the United States alone. What wonder is there, then, that Germany caricatures Uncle Sam as a newspaper scribbler?

Having recalled these general facts, let us come back to the paper lying before us. The name is what we first notice; but as it is of small consequence whether we have the "Herald" or "Coon Skinner," the "Journal" or the "Corn-stalk Fiddle," all of which names have adorned papers, let us see what comes next.

By Telegraph meets the eye, as it glances at the first page. Under this heading in this one paper we find reports varying in length from a few lines to a column, from twenty-two States of the Union and from six foreign countries; and to-day we learn not only what was going on in our own country, but also what the whole world was doing yesterday; thus putting us in sympathy with our fellow-men, as well as enlightening us as could be done in no other way. Do you ask how all this is accomplished? No paper can afford so many reporters, it is true; but the Associated Press has its local agents in every nook and corner of these United States, and correspondents scattered broadcast over the world. This company alone furnishes two hundred daily papers with news, while the American Press Association, a like organization, supplies eighty-four others.

As we turn to the next page, a little, but very important, paragraph furnished by the government meets our view. It is the weather report, which tells us with a great degree of certainty what will be the direction of the wind and the character of the weather for the next twenty-four hours.

In the paper at which we are looking, as well as in most others, on the second page are to be found the editorials, wherein lies the main strength of the newspaper. In these few columns are discussed the current affairs, both at home and abroad; and the influence exerted in this way cannot easily be estimated. When we speak of the freedom of the press we mean that which gives to every man the right to freely express his opinions, and to criticise through the press, whoever or whatever he may please, whether such criticism relates to government or individual; provided, however, that he does not trespass upon individual rights. This is one of the greatest of American liberties; one which has been bought by the imprisonment of many a fearless editor, and is now incorporated in our Constitution.

The first great act of our editorials was the war of the Revolution, brought about mainly by such men as Otis and Warren and Mayhew and Adams, through that determined sheet, the "Boston Gazette." Through the whole of this struggle did the colonial press keep alive

the flames which had been enkindled in the breasts of the colonists by brave editors. The last triumphs of journalism are the overthrow of the "Tammany Ring" and the "Credit Mobilier," both too well known to need comment.

Perhaps there is no other manner in which we show our peculiarities more than in our editorials. From those who have investigated the matter we learn that the editorials of European countries are long, with sentences carefully rounded and polished, while those of America are short, to the point, and decidedly more productive of intended results than those of our cousins across the water.

Next we come to a column of locals, most of them *founded* upon fact; but some, we fear, are merely what the fertile brain of the local editor furnished, when he found that he had not enough to fill up the space allotted to him. Scattered about in various parts of the paper are found book reviews, directing the purchaser to the good, warning him of the bad; also we find amusement criticisms, which tell us of the good and weak points of last night's singers and players. Then, too, we have the marine intelligence for the sailor, the financial reports for the broker, the commercial column for the merchant, and here and there little stories thrown in "to fill up."

But half, and sometimes more than half, of our daily papers consist of advertisements. Does a person want to buy or sell, enter into business or matrimony, find anything, from a dog to a lost relation, get a situation or a person to fill one, or almost anything else under the sun, all he has to do is to advertise.

Advertising in newspapers had its origin in London, in 1705, and it is a notable fact that the first advertisement extolled the virtues of that class of goods, the setting forth of whose advantages occupies so much space now-a-days, and will help so largely to fill out the fifty millions of advertisements that will appear in our papers this year, viz. "patent medicines."

And now, as we lay aside the paper, can we not truly say, with another:

"In this one sheet, how much for thought profound;
 How much for feeling deep doth meet the eye!
 Here man's decease, here empire's fate is found,
 And yet with careless glance we pass them by!
 Perchance upon one page enough we find
 On which through a long life we well might muse:
 But oft with husks we fill the hungry mind
 When men the gifts of thought and speech abuse"?

SOURCES OF CHEERFULNESS.

How is it that the joyousness of spirit prevalent in childhood is more rarely met with in advancing years? Has age chilled the blood? Has the sober experience of life saddened the heart, and corrected the more romantic visions of earlier years? or, is it because we rarely discover the principles on which absolute cheerfulness depends. Obvious as these principles are, the bitter experience of the consequence of their violation, reveals them to most of us. In this we somewhat resemble that astute Irish pilot, who, assured the captain that he knew all the rocks on the coast; "*and that,*" he said, as the ship struck and split, "*that is one of them.*" We understand the properties contained in our food, and the relative nutritious value of each; do we understand the daily bread of thought, which the mind eats, and converts into blood, bone, and sinew of character, and which determines, to a great extent, our cheerfulness or our gloom?

Let us analyze some of this mental food, and, if possible, gain some insight into the "sources of cheerfulness." Notice the mind's watering-place—nature, the inexhaustable fountain of cheer. Friend, how much do you drink per day from this spring? Ah, I fear the ancients were far ahead of most of us. They saw in gracious Mother Earth much to admire and adore. We, with the exception of a few poets, and here and there a scientist, are continually asking, how many bushels of potatoes she will produce per acre? Friend, cultivate a love for nature; begin here in Andover, where there are gorgeous sunsets, and all nature is inviting. Enter into communion with her sights and sounds, color and forms—the "hieroglyphics of God," as the poet calls them—and fail not, meanwhile, to draw lessons of light from their inner spirit, and you will add much to your store of knowledge, and increase your cheerfulness not a little.

Let us notice the mental food we derive from social life. We are a band of young men, mutually feeding and forming each other. What is the character of our intercourse, our conversation; in other words, is their food nutritious? Some carry into their conversation a strong flavor of catnip; others, a disagreeable smell of onions. Oh these egotistic, sulky, sour, frivolous, persons! Why will they not think that when they are parading their own aches and pains,

they are tampering with the happiness of others? Friend, remember then, that in thy social life thou art subserving the great interests of education, and the cheerfulness of thy race.

Another kind of mental food which is good for cheerfulness is literature. I mean, literature of an invigorating character. How much nutriment do we derive from this source? Do we not read books of a worthless character rather than those of sound wisdom; and, perchance, if we read one of the latter, do we not read it as the young lady did philosophy? She read and thought, and thought—what did she think? Why, she thought it was high time John and Sarah were married. Friend, be not forgetful of literature as a source of happiness. Channing says, “In the best books, great men talk to us, and give to us their most precious thoughts.”

Another kind of mental food, and better than all, is religion. By religion I mean, not communion with great men, but with the lowly child; communion when the heart is open, and Heaven pours in sentiments which makes existence éstasy. Friend, Heaven is always open. Is thy heart? if not, open it; or, as an Eastern proverb says: “Hold all thy skirts, when Heaven is raining gold.” C. E. F.

HALLOW-E'EN OF '73.

It was the last of October,
The rain fell in a drizzle,
So the boys of old Phillips feared
Their Hallow-e'en would be a fizzle.

Out rings the bell for Philo;
The boys start on a run,
Each thrusting in his pocket
A fish-horn, just for fun.

And as they sat in Philo,
While the last bell did ring,
Some commenced to toot,
While others began to sing.

Then in stepped George and Tyler—
Brave teachers both are they,—
And, with a sudden dive,
They take the screeching horns away.

The meeting was called to order;
The Affirmative had the floor,
When out upon the damp night air
An awful bomb did roar.

Soon the Philo door was opened,
And in, with stamp and noise,
Walked a crowd, soon recognized
As some old Phillips boys.

One came from good old Harvard,
One from the town of Keen;
Brown sent us two good freshmen,
One fat, but the other lean.

As 'twas in bygone times,
So the custom is to-day
For each returning member
To "say his little say."

Then the gentleman from Harvard
His smiling face did rear:
"'Tis Hallow-e'en," he proudly said,
"And you know why I am here."

The others rise in turn,
And with firm voice said they,
"O members of old Philo,
We're here to do, not say."

When Philo is adjourned,
For the steps a rush they make,
To see how many panes of glass
That fearful bomb did break.

One counted only twenty,
But another twenty-four;
We'll take the least, at any rate,
And call it but a score.

The chapel clock strikes ten,
The sport is at its height;
In front of English Commons
Burns a fire, small, yet bright.

A crowd hangs round the Fem. Sem.,
The air is filled with cries,
While blasts from awful fish-horns
Rend the damp and chilling skies.

Not till far past midnight
Is hushed the dreadful noise.
How much must this old town endure
From those wicked academy boys?

At length the tumult stopped,
The boys to bed did go;
Sleep reigned on Zion's Hill;
The Campus fire grew low.

Forth came the boys next morning,
When November's sun was high,
And each to tell the biggest story
With his neighbor hard did vie.

And these are some of the stories,
Now gathered from the heap,
Of deeds done in the darkness.
When honest folks should sleep.

How a Prof. dons his sou'wester,
Disguised in coat and boots,
Lurks slyly round the houses,
And on a tin horn toots.

How another in a woodshed dark
A blacked-up boy doth catch,
And forth from gloomy hiding-place
By the smutty cheek doth fetch.

"Who is this boy?" the teacher asked;
To know I'd give a dollar,
"I know," the chieftain proudly said;
"We'll call him Mr. W——r."

Another of our college friends—
He who gained fame at Yale—
Tried hard to get a Junior's horn,
Yet completely did he fail.

How 'twas a Middle Englishman
Whom they caught near the Fem. Sem. prowling,
And lodged o'er night in the Lawrence "jug,"
To put a stop to his howling.

And now about those fellows.
Whom old Phillips boys we've called:
Three left at nine next morning.—
When the sheriff came, they'd "crawled."

The fourth was one from Harvard;
Guess his story ye who can;
Forth from that Lawrence "jail"
He went, a sad but wiser man.

And now you all do know,
And from this is plainly seen,
How many a brave Phillipian
Here spends his Hallow-e'en.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

WHAT thoughts are not brought to the minds, of the least imaginative of us, as we stand in some dock-yard, looking at the worn-out hulk of a man of war, which, having been found useless, has been cast aside to gradually sink into decay. A mighty ship in all its strength rises before our eyes, and we almost see it braving the blasts of many a gale, and coming forth victorious from many a battle. It is so stately and so grand that we are inclined to disbelieve that time can have any effect upon such a structure, or that soon it must succumb to the demands of the tyrant; yet, when we turn our eyes again to the old hulk, settling there without one redeeming quality, except for firewood, our thoughts become more sober, and many an air-castle comes tumbling to the ground, while our minds are at work striving to imagine some better end for the vessel in which we have set sail, and which so long has had a prosperous voyage.

The antiquarian wanders over the plains of Troy, seeking some vestige of that ancient city, which has been brought down to posterity only by means of poetry, and digs and delves deep in the mounds which surround its former site, seeking to know more of that race of beings who proudly walked its streets or crowded its banquet halls. Time, the destroyer of all things, gives but little satisfaction to the seeker, and only by now and then discovering some vessel which has outlasted the general decay, or some inscription upon imperishable stone, is he rewarded for his toil. The rulers of Troy and its people, Priam and his descendants, are not wholly a myth, but only so far as time has placed them out of the reach of history.

That Tyre and Sidon have lived and flourished, have conquered

and have been conquered, have risen and fallen again, as the ages advanced, need not the researches of the antiquarian to prove; sacred and profane history have established this beyond a doubt, yet now only in the imagination of the poet do they exist.

Nineveh, once the pride of the East, and Babylon, with its hanging gardens, brazen gates, and mighty walls, have so crumbled before the march of time that even their ruins are hardly perceptible.

Egypt, which flourished centuries ago, and attained a higher degree of superiority in many of the arts than any nation of the world since, has left in the pyramids, mummies, and hieroglyphics all of its history. Time has not yet destroyed those immense monuments of the power of man, nor has it given to succeeding generations the secret by which they were constructed.

Carthage, once the mistress of the seas, and abounding in all that pleasure could ask, has only followed in the footsteps of her predecessors, and is lost to mankind, except through the medium of history.

What can we say of Athens? The home of art and science, the birthplace of philosophers and astronomers, of poets and of orators, the seat of poetry and song, and the fountain of all learning has left us naught but the ruins of her temples and a corrupting mythology; with all her wisdom she would not accept that understanding which was preached to her by Paul, but blindly worshipped gods, whose only value consisted in the art by which they were made.

Rome, too, once the monarch of the world, has literally disappeared, and even its ruins are fast vanishing. Its people, once so strong, so hardy, and so bold that they could not be conquered, have degenerated into a weak and imbecile race, who have no ability to govern themselves, and whose religion is nearly as bad as that of their forefathers. Although the Roman republic long since was crushed by usurpers, yet the seeds sown there have since sprung in our own country, and given us a republican government which is the wonder of the world. The oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero, the poetry of Homer and Virgil, will live; but the ruins of the Parthenon and the Coliseum will pass away.

All these scenes are enacted again in the life of every one of us. Some go down the river of life doing good to the end; counselling those who need counsel, helping those who need help, and respected by all who know them. Some, when they reach the end of a long

and useless life, are cast aside like the old hulk, not even worthy of the life they have lived; while many, young and ambitious, disregarding the counsels of wisdom and prudence, are wrecked on the shoals that lie hid, and pass the remainder of their life in misery, cursing the star under which they were born. Let us take a better chart and compass in our boat, so that when the end shall come our bodies may return to dust, but our souls shall live eternally. M.

WHAT AND HOW SHALL WE READ ?

THIS is a question which is continually demanding our attention. The present age is one of ideas. Man's inventive faculty is at work in a thousand ways. One result of this intense mental action is the number of books which are issued from the press. The literary world is flooded with the myriad publications. The subjects written upon are as varied as the thoughts of the mind. Every man and woman making any pretension to literary culture must write a book, such is the mania of the age. Mark Twain goes to Europe and gives us his adventures in his "Innocents Abroad." Murray spends his vacations in the Adirondacks, and in his book tell stories of the "North Woods," which make our sides split with laughter, and other yarns which might be believed in an age of mythology, but which we can hardly credit. Gough and Barnum write autobiographies; Dr. Hall a "Journal of Health," telling us just what to do if we would be handsome, healthy, and die at a green old age. Hosts of novels, secular, vulgar, semi-religious, come from the press in purple and gold, and, after an ephemeral existence, pass away, and are heard of no more. All must read something. The daily news none can afford to be without. The magazines which have obtained a reputation for literary and scientific merit should find more and more readers. Such are Harper's, Scribner's, Littell's. But much of modern production is worthless, and, though now and then a book is written of real worth and merit, yet by far the greater part have no supreme excellence which shall commend them to successive generations.

Then it is to the past we turn for those mines of intellectual wealth which civilized men seek. In this, indeed, we are "heirs of all the ages." The productions of the past have been tried, and

their excellences appreciated by many of the world's best thinkers. Why is it that Shakspeare is read with delight the world over ? It is because his writings appeal to man as man. The delineations of character he has drawn belong to men in every nation. To begin and specify what books should be read would be vain and useless. It is enough to state that they should be only standard works. Many men fill their libraries with old books, and take great delight in showing them to their friends. If a book simply bears the mark of age, it is a priceless treasure, and have it they will, though it have not a particle of literary merit. They are eccentric antiquarians, like the one we read of in Scott's novel, and are often led into great inconsistencies.

As the present age is one in which fiction is the prevailing form of literature, and so much is worthless, nay more, immoral and vicious, we would advise readers to use great care in selection. By no means should fiction be ignored, but, like gunpowder and nitroglycerine, be used with care. As condiments and spices do not form the substantial food of life, but give relish to that food, and make it more palatable, so fiction often furnishes a kind of light gymnastics to the mind, makes us relish hard, dry science and law better, makes our minds more susceptible to the finer feelings, and aids in developing a very important faculty of our being, — for the imagination was given to be exercised, like all our powers, and, if rightly trained, will furnish the greatest enjoyment.

If asked to give our opinion as to what novels might be read with great profit, we should say those of Scott and Dickens first. It is well to read these authors by way of contrast. Dickens deals with life among the lowly. The result of his minute observation in his midnight walks through the streets of London is clearly seen. The lowest classes of London, in their vice and misery, are presented to the mind of the reader in such a way as to leave no impression upon his mind which shall corrupt him. In some of his works there are sharp thrusts at prevailing evils in English society. The guardians of the paupers in the workhouses are frequently held up to ridicule, and stories of suffering and cruel neglect are told, which melt our hearts. No writer so well can describe the angel-like beauties of child nature. Here is where Dickens excels.

In the Waverly Novels, we go over a wider field : history, love, romance, descriptions of old castles and abbeys, and legends are

interwoven with great skill. The characters are often among the highest classes in society ; kings and queens, earls and nobles, are depicted with all their foibles. Historical facts are told in such a way as to make them exceedingly interesting. The manners and customs of people of former ages are shown, so as to form in the mind of the reader an insight which he might never otherwise obtain.

But reading only what is standard in ancient and modern thought, how shall we read? It may be laid down as a rule, that it is not best to read the whole of an author. There is so much that ought to be read, that were we to read the whole of every author of merit, we should find our short life much too brief. So it is better to taste the excellences of many than gorge ourselves with one whom we enjoy.

Again, we should read with discrimination and thought. If able, we should criticise freely. While some books may be read quite rapidly, others require time and thought, to find out what the author means. Such works should be studied. Many persons will read one of Shakspeare's plays, or *Paradise Lost*, and turn away in disgust. The fact is, they read in such a superficial way, that instead of seeing the beauties, and immense amount of knowledge contained, they found them only dry and insipid. So in the works of the grand masters in literature, read as you would study, and you will surely find the pearls which have made these works standards for the whole world. The study of the thoughts of others is one of the most valuable we can engage in. As scholars it is our work now, as literary men it will be our life-work. Then read :

“ Words are soul pictures, form and hue combined ;
To study language is to study mind.”

E. O. D.

TACT.

ONE of the essential differences between man and woman is tact. He often has it ; she, always. He generally acquires it through association with her ; she obtains it from nature. Tact is, according to its primitive meaning, touch, feeling. It is fitness, sudden and perfect understanding, instantaneous revelation of what is entirely fitting. Woman's tact includes her tactics. When we call her a tactician, we also call her a manager. She delights in management,

as man delights in power, and her desire is never satisfied. Her ideas of what she should do continually soar through the air, like the swallows, whirling and turning in their flight, but ever drawn back again to the earth.

With man it is different. Tact comes to him from outside sources, and it is very difficult to accustom him to it. A little acquaintance with it would relieve him of a great amount of trouble and fretting; yet when he sees other men prospering through its aid, he calls them lucky, and bewails his own sad fortune, never once dreaming that it is himself who is to blame for his poor success.

Tact is as much a characteristic to woman as cunning is to a fox. She uses it as a shield, and by its aid overthrows every slander. No foe can stand against it, for, like the armor of Achilles, it is impenetrable. Like the air, the strongest arm cannot move it, for it only gives way in one place to occupy another.

All women who are mentioned in history were possessed of tact to their fingers' ends. Cleopatra, who by her charms so captivated Caesar, the conqueror of the world, that he was ready to fall upon his knees and worship her, was not by any means without this. Of all the tacticians of ancient times she must be acknowledged the sovereign.

Before her time, we have Helen, the daughter of Tyndareos, who, after she had been given in marriage to Menelaos, elopes with Paris, thereby bringing on that war so disastrous to Troy and to the race of Priam. Then, by means of her peculiar charms and craftiness, her former lord is reconciled, and she is forgiven.

It may be generally said that all men are controlled by some woman—sometimes by many. Read almost any account of a murder, and you are nearly certain to find that some woman is at the bottom of it. What is the reason? Why, woman's tact and man's misfortune. For, although her original designs may have been good, they are sometimes misdirected and with ill results. Her tact descends to scheming, her management to vulgar intrigue—the result, perhaps, of masculine teaching and incitation. She may not be taught to lie, but she is taught to be very particular to say as little as possible in regard to the truth. For she soon learns that the great majority of men will not swallow truth that is not sugar-coated, as they deem it medicine, that should be neatly disguised and administered by prescription.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Whateer Phillippians say, think, or dream,
Our humble Mirror seizes for its theme.

The first term of the present scholastic year is almost gone, and with it depart many agreeable and lasting memories of the pleasant season enjoyed here. When we returned hither, in the last days of August, we were in doubt as to the advisability of the change in the Faculty, but, happily, such doubts linger no longer in our minds. We will not, insignificant as we are, compliment the Principal and his subordinates, but will rather let the renewed success of Phillip's, the prosperity of this Institution of antiquity, speak for itself. Under the present régime many new rules and regulations have been introduced; among them, that odious one of compulsory attendance at church twice each Sabbath, when it requires all the patience of a second "Job" to sit under even one of the usual dry variety. However, on almost all week-days, we have been so fortunate as to receive a series of lectures on morals, delivered extemporaneously, in the chapel to the students only. Among the pleasant episodes of the term have been addresses, delivered by Dr. Parker of London, also by Dr. Stoughton, Harrison, and Macmillan of the same city; and more recently, by Rev. Narayan Sheshadri of Bombay. The students have also had the pleasure of listening to Beecher, Gough, Parsons, and Holland, in the admirable lecture-course now in vogue. We almost neglected (how could we?) to state that the immutable Daniel Pratt visited us, and surpassed himself in an eloquent oration on "Self-Evident Truths, founded on self-evident evidences"; we found the argument broad and deep enough to puzzle our brains for many a day.

Base Ball was revived early in the term, and many fine games have been played, though our school nine failed to obtain all that its most ardent friends desired. There can be no true and permanent success without constant practice; this was lacking, and it speaks for itself in the results. Class nines have met in eager contest but very seldom; this is much to be regretted, since a healthy rivalry is better than fear. But the muscle of the arm has yielded to the foot, and in this, the "chosen twenty" were too much for our brother Theologues. Three innings were played, and each time Phillips was easily victorious.

The number of bonfires and midnight debaucheries have rather increased

than diminished this term. Of these, the celebration of "Hallow Eve," the 31st of October, will long be remembered by all. Language fails us to record the scenes of excitement during the night. But one, more gifted than ourselves, and endowed with the genius of a poet, has handed to us the following account of the event, and we relinquish to him our space, that it may be placed in the hands of all.

HALLOW EVE.

Hallow-eve night, what a glorious time,
Let me sing of its joys in Phillipian rhyme—
In "Phillipian rhyme," what do you mean?
Have patience, my boys, and 'twill plainly be seen.

When anything mean has been done by the boys,
Such as building a bonfire, or making a noise,
The Principal talks of the sin and the evil
In language so heated, that sometimes he's uncivil.

But then should the Faculty show themselves weak,
And copy the ways of the spy and the sneak;
To censure their meanness the boys are not slow,
'Tis a way that we have at old Phillips, you know.

Well, the boys had intended, on Hallow-eve night,
To blow their own horns; and, of course, they were right.
But the time-honored custom is doomed to expire
If we can't burst a bomb; if we can't have a fire.

Well, the Faculty met, and concocted a plan
Which was worthy of Cecil, but not of a man.
So the Taylors and Tylers, McCurdys and Coys,
Went forth in the night for a raid on the boys.

One dressed like a tramp, in old second-hand clothes,
With a newly-stolen horn, which he lustily blows;
Led the boys to believe he was one of themselves,
And so took down the names of some unlucky elves.

Oh, who was that hero, that knight of the horn,
Who stooped to deception a teacher should scorn;
Who, like a false pirate, false colors did show;
Whom you took for a friend, and discovered a foe?

Oh, know you not he who is slim as a cane,
Who whistles like bub, and who walks like a crane,
With his angular body like Balch the great ape,
A triangle almost of Isoscele's shape.

Oh, now I know who, though you mention no name,
And in that you were right, for 't would damage his fame;
As a teacher he's smart, and the Juniors will swear
He's a good-hearted fellow, and acts on the square.

Then, there's McSturdy, the Englishman grim,
Who instructs and delights all the boys in the "Jim";
O'er the high vaulting horse, how this athlete springs,
How our hair stands on end as he flies through the swings.

Well, he, even he, was abroad in the night;
Poor thing, he presented a sorrowful sight.
It grieved me to see his affectionate form
Bent under his coat like a twig in a storm.

And what about George? Oh, of course, he was there,
To guard the dear Fem. Sem's, was his special care;
From that beloved spot none could drive him away,
He watched it all night—and part of next day.

* To Coy, in this matter, no censure applies,
He did but his duty, and donned no disguise;
Too noble by nature to act like a fool—
The main stay of old Phillips, the hope of the school.

He collared his man without dodge or pretense;
Oh that the rest had a tithe of his sense,
Oh that, like him; they all had combined
The soul of a man with a scholarly mind.

The case-hardened sinners from Harvard and Brown,
Who came to "raise Cain" in this puritan town,
Only proved themselves bunglers; crest-fallen alas,
One returned by subscription next day to his class.

Who fired the bomb which destroyed so much glass?
Shall we call him a hero, or dub him an ass.
We hope in the future such tricks he will shun:
They add to the danger, but not to the fun.

All things have an end, boys, and so has my tale,
As the carpenter said when he drove the last nail.
This rhyme is a specimen, merely to show
The way that we have at "Old Phillips," you know.

Class caps have found a place on the heads of the two Senior and the two Middle classes this term, which circumstance calls forth the following from "our Joker": "That an epidemic, called the class-cap fever, has made its appearance in the school; that a large number of the students

are afflicted with it; that the *seat* of the disease is in the *head*; that "Snooks" flatters himself he looks handsome in his cap; that the other boys think differently," etc. etc. etc.

With the change of classes came also an alteration in the musical part of our school. After listening to the melodious (?) strains of the organ under the hands of a new player, "our Joker" relieved himself thus: "That if the poet who wrote 'Music hath charms,' wants to get some new ideas on the subject, let him attend prayers in the Academy chapel; that it is *not* true the discordant voices of the choir put the organ out of tune," etc. etc.

The "clubs" have been a constant source of complaint throughout the term, and, perhaps, there was reason in it, if "our Joker" tells the truth: "That the "Crescent Club" ought to hire a first-class barber to shave the biscuits before they come upon the table; and that a Crescent fellow said to a Unionist the other day, 'I wonder how your fellows can live on such grub'? the Unionist replied: 'that the trouble was, *too many* lived on *their* grub.'"

We founded our Editorial on the School, and let us place as the cap-stone in the structure, dear Old Philo, our greatest pride, and for which our hearts go out in gratitude and thankfulness that it has prospered so well, and accomplished so much, without a single cloud to mar its brilliancy. The order has been *par excellence*; and we look to no other than our admirable President for this much-desired change; and, if the interest lags not, if the present is but a foreshadowing of the hereafter, we will close the present year of Philo, in the forty-eight year of its existence, as it never has been done before.

Can we leave thee, dear Mirror, whom we have cherished so deeply in our hearts in the weeks just past; and be so unjust as to pass without mentioning thy sister, "The Abbott Courant," whose advance sheets lie before us? No! but with many greetings of esteem, we hail it, and will ever welcome it while its articles are so worthy as those contributed to the present number.

Our last word is one of gratitude, to all those by whose kindness we have prospered; and, as we bid a last farewell to the editorial chair, we bequeath to our successors our best wishes, and the trust that they may enjoy the support that has attended us, and the "good will" that has overlooked our many short-comings — vale! vale! vale!

THE PHILLIPS POT-POURRI.

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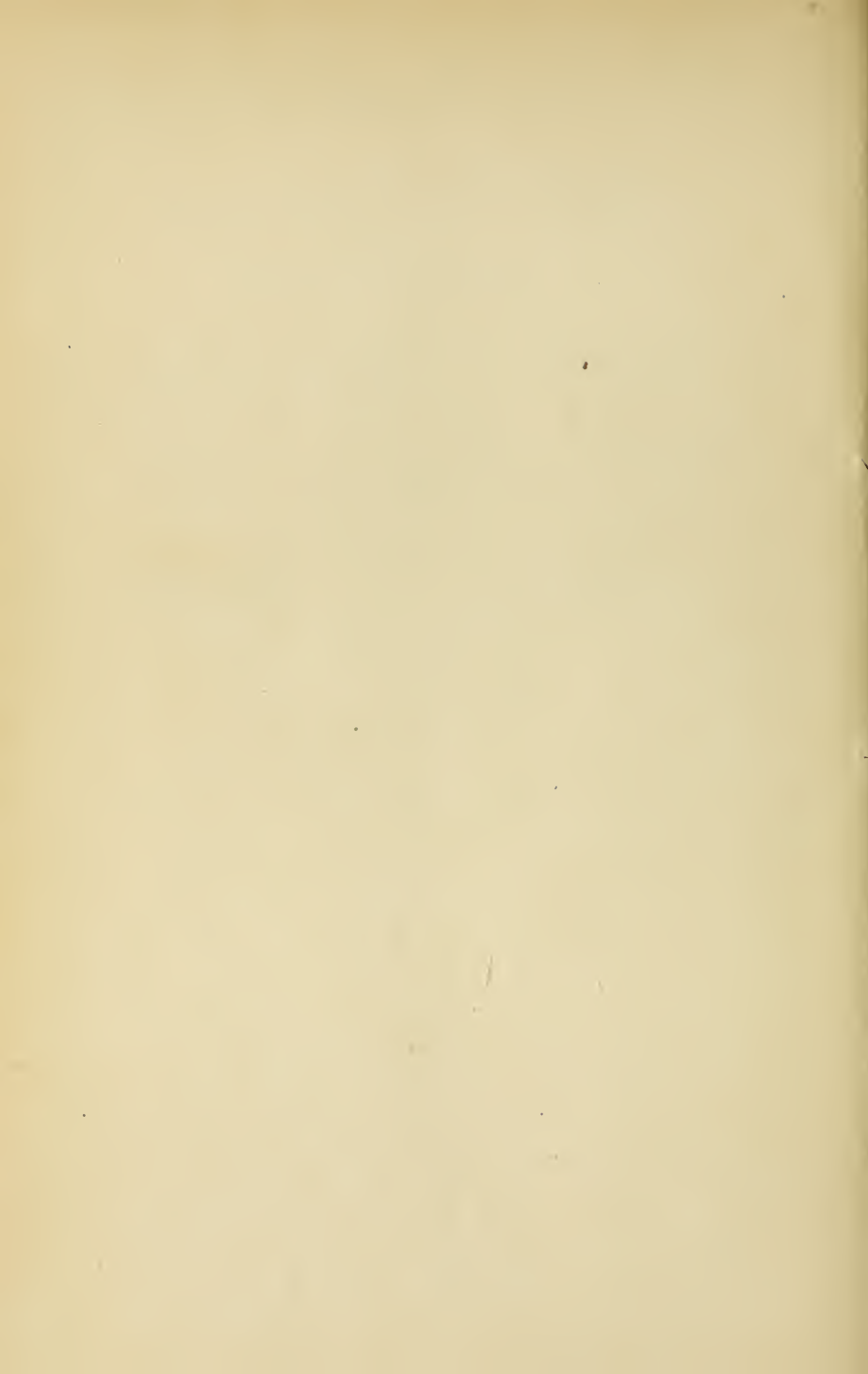
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“Sine auctoritate.”



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THE
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MARCH, 1874.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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Vol. XIX.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 2.

PECULIARITIES OF THE FAIR SEX.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

THIS peculiar, but interesting class of beings, is without doubt the most remarkable of all forms of animal life upon the globe. It is to be found in all parts of the earth where the *genus homo* exists, although as one would naturally suppose, the condition and manners of the individuals of whom it is composed, are to a certain extent influenced by their surroundings in life, but investigation has proved that the same emotions animate the whole species with only comparatively slight modifications. It would be difficult for us to imagine a blushing Esquimaux damsel standing before the glass adjusting her crimps, or admiring the set of her new Sunday dress; she has no fears that her back hair will come down, or that her small brother will go poking around her bureau straightening hair-pins, or upsetting powder on ribbons and rats and neckties, and of course it would be absurd for her to be agitated in such points, But she possesses certain whims and entertains certain feelings common to all her sex.

Refinement and education it might seem would serve to eradicate these singular traits, but, in defiance of all reasoning, facts show that such is not the case. It is in the young lady of the present age, at the summit of modern civilization, and surrounded with affluence, that we find exemplified to the greatest extent those peculiarities which contrast so plainly her sex with the opposite.

In this individual exists a development of character to a remarkable degree, such as one does not often detect elsewhere. In the first place the depth of her mind suggests itself. Some have asserted that her mental powers are not as expanded as those of the opposite sex. But the opinion of those who have had a more intimate acquaintance is the contrary. And this seems plausible enough, for the profundity of her thought is certainly evinced in her conversation, and although this is often, and perhaps generally turned upon frivolous subjects, if it can be taken as a criterion their view is certainly correct. For instance does any one pretend to affirm that a man of no more than ordinary capability could keep posted in information regarding the fashions for ladies? One poor fellow, an intelligent one, too, became so confused and bewildered in the multiplicity of details that in describing a lady's dress, he said "It was trimmed across the front with two double rows of bias gussets." The subject of dress is her favorite one, and forms the principal part of her conversation; and well indeed it may, for, as every one so fortunate as to possess a sister will testify, "fearfully and wonderfully made," certainly is the outward apparel of the modern young lady. It is composed of flounces, gores, bustles, puffs, bodices, skirts and over-skirts, tucks, basques, polonaises, redingotes, and numerous other unknown and nameless things of the kind. Probably these structures explain why it requires about twenty five yards of cloth to clothe an average sized female. Over two hundred feet! O, the extravagance of women!

In the works of ancient writers continually are found allusions to their peccadilloes. Virgil and Cicero abound in these allusions. We have read how Fulvia thrust a hair-pin through the tongue of the decapitated Cicero. How singular that that incident, the spiteful trick of a woman, should have survived nineteen hundred years. It was because a woman did it. Many wars have been ascribed to feminine authorship, and some have gone so far as to state that she is at the bottom of all terrestrial mischief. But although she has many faults still we must not be too hard with her, for she has some merits which should not be depreciated.

When she will, she will, you may depend on't;

When she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

According to these lines firmness of will, at least, is written in

the list of her good traits. Tenacity of purpose, and good management in some things is ascribed to her. It is useless for any one to affirm that there is no worthiness in woman, for all experienced persons know the contrary. Our object has been not to extol her virtues, but to expose her weak points.

All the records of past ages show that woman is now the same creature that lived centuries ago, that she is merely a repetition of Mrs. Eve Adam. Volumes upon volumes could be written upon this subject without exhausting it, and probably it never will be exhausted. Space forbids us to enlarge farther, and we must leave it here. Some one may, perhaps, doubt the truth of assertions herein expressed, and to him we would acknowledge that, in this affair as in many others, it is not best to take the authority of others. The resources for testing our statements are ample. Let the skeptic investigate.

G. W. S.

SELF-RELIANCE.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

There is nothing more likely to result in a successful business career than confident self-reliance. How much more practical advancement can a young man make who depends mostly or entirely upon his own exertions, compared to one who relies upon the support and aid of others.

Combined with perseverance and energy it becomes that quality which has so characterized America from its beginning—that has been the means by which it has been raised to its present rank among the nations, and is the only means by which it may be kept there.

Let a young man, having first ascertained the direction in, and the means by which his object is to be reached, put all his energies to work, and with unflagging industry press onward. There may be serious disappointments, he may meet with many trials, almost insurmountable obstacles; he will have to be thrown again and again upon his own resources, but let him not be discouraged, let

him trust in God and rely on the abilities He has given him, and ultimately he must succeed.

What is more interesting in a young man about to commence life, "that headlong race in the world," than the testing of his powers of self-reliance for the first time? And if he fails! Do we not pity him?

A young man beginning life with the brightest prospects, friends in abundance, wealth, honor, influence at his command, if he has not this essential quality of self-reliance must fail in the battle of life. He cannot always have friends to support and advise him, and keep him through the "slough of despond."

"Riches take unto themselves wings, and fly away" is as true now as in the days of Solomon, and in the present state of society influence and honor usually follow.

In a country like ours, where the avenues to wealth and power are open alike to all, there can be no reasonable excuse offered for a man's failure to achieve one or both. To be sure ill-health or great misfortune may keep him down or discourage him, but these are rare and almost the only exceptions.

What else could have been the means by which great men, both in our own country and the world over, both in the past and in the present, rose from poor friendless boys to positions of wealth, honor, and influence? To what else can be ascribed the secret of their wonderful success?

We all know how much good it will do a student to "crib," and how high he will rank in scholarship and in the estimation of both teacher and class-mates, and also about how much good it will do him in examinations if detected in the act. We might ask with Gough—"Does it pay?"

Self-reliance is a virtue that must be cultivated, and that perseveringly. You cannot expect a bow to become bent except you take special care to bend it.

Few men know of how much they are capable until they have first thoroughly tested their abilities, and in the case of a Student it is more so. The amount of labor, literary or mechanical, which a person in good health can perform is almost without limit if a systematic method is adopted.

A young man who, instead of applying his whole mind to his studies or business, or carefully preserving every minute of his

time, sleeps till seven or eight, and spends the evening in idle talk or worse than idle amusements, or in the companionship of those who are wanting in laudable ambition, rarely, if ever, wins a position or achieves a reputation above that enjoyed by the common masses, while on the other hand an hour of each evening spent with some good author, attending some entertaining and instructive lecture, or in the study of some branch of useful science, will, in the course of a few years, give to a young man an amount of information, both literary and scientific, which must be of the greatest benefit to him in later years, and may in a great degree, influence his future career.

J. H. S.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

EDGAR ALLAN POE is an American author of whom generally we know but little as compared with his worth. An author of whom we ought to know more; for he is not a clever author merely; he is something more. Surely he who has originality enough to be the founder of a school of fiction, who could produce tales unlike anything in the wide range of English literature, who could write poems which for subtlety of rhythm, beauty of language, and perfection of art, are unrivalled, is entitled to a place in that small circle from which many very clever writers must be excluded.

How painful is the story of his life, — the tale of his perverted genius! He reminds us of one of those unfortunates of old, who were possessed of an evil spirit, and we may say of him that oftentimes it teareth him, and he gnasheth with his teeth, and also that it threw him on the ground, where he wallowed foaming.

His life, it has been said, is an enigma. How are we to account for so many contradictions meeting in one man? His life was full of violent contrasts, — the keenest moral perceptions, and the grossest debauchery. Now a model of temperance, virtue and politeness, and now grovelling in the mire of indulgence and ingratitude. Loving his wife devotedly, yet leaving her to

starve. Gaining the good graces of men by the irresistible fascination of his manners, and outraging all his friends by his mean, dishonorable conduct.

What infirmities did he labor under? What mental or moral defects in his character led to those disorders, you will ask? I confess my inability to answer in a satisfactory way. But I think the only key that will unlock the mystery which shrouds his character is the fact that he loved, he worshiped the beautiful. He did not merely admire beauty; beauty was his god, and he had no other.

Beauty of form and color ever thrilled him with delight, while a false rhyme, confused metaphor, or even typographical error, threw him into an ecstasy of passion. Yet, although loving the beautiful in nature and art with a true loyal devotion, he was never led from nature up to nature's God. His intellect, with all its acuteness, failed to discover the profound truth that there is a great, living soul, which shines through all nature, and is reflected in art. He hated whatever was impure or unchaste, because it was unlovely, and for no other reason did he exclude such things from his page. He never scoffs at religion, nor sneers at Christianity; he simply lives and acts as if no such thing existed. Thus, without a helm, he is tossed upon the sea of life, and is driven hither and thither by his wayward fancy. Now living abstemiously, now plunging into wild dissipation, from which he recovers only to be tortured by remorse. His highly wrought and over-sensitive nature leads him to enjoy the most exquisite pleasure, or feel the keenest pain. At one time raised to the highest pinnacle of bliss, at another plunged into the depths of misery, forced by his ill-balanced mind from one extreme to another. Yet, happily for his own reputation and the good of society, he transfused none of his vice into his writings to eat like a canker into the minds of those who should peruse them. And in this respect, at least, he is a happy contrast to those who, besides being vicious men, were also licentious authors. In his tales, he dispenses with all the usual "*Dramatis personæ*." As a rule, he neither depicts character nor paints passion. He does not deal in love or scandal, but he delights in pure, subtle reasoning. By means of his wonderful analytical powers, from the most commonplace incidents he can produce a wonderful tale.

And if you take pleasure in seeing a keen, clear intellect grappling with a mysterious question, evolving a theory from the slenderest data, and carrying it out to a conclusion crowned with success, read the *Golden Beetle*, the *Mystery of Marie Roget*, *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, the *Purloined Letter*, and the *Fall of the House of Usher*. You will then find that he was a master who could penetrate into the recesses of the mind, where no other writer has ever ventured. As a poet, he is well known as the author of *The Raven*; and we have all heard that wild, weird poem read so often that we are familiar with it; but it is one of those pieces which we can never hear once too often. It is like one of the fine old masterpieces of art, which we can always look on with pleasure, — like one of the fine old songs, to which we can always turn an attentive ear when it is being sung. It can never grow stale, for it is a beautifully modeled, exquisitely chiseled, perfectly finished work of art, and so takes its place among the imperishable creations of genius. But this is only one of his poems. There are others which would make him immortal: *Annabel Lee*, *The City of the Dead*, *Ulalume*, *Lines to Annie*, *Dreamland*; that wonderful piece of word painting, *The Bells* and others, all showing the same master hand. And in all do we find the melancholy note of the raven. Despair is the key-note of all his music. Now it is a low moan of anguish, which calls forth all our sympathy; then a wild maniac shriek, which harrows our very soul. As in an opera, we hear a certain strain of music, occurring at intervals throughout the entire work. We hear it first in the overture, and last in the finale. We detect it in the soft breathing note of the flute; next in the shriller tones of the cornet; now it is sung as a solo; then again it is artfully woven into a chorus, taxing the utmost power of the human voice and the wider compass of the instrument. The composer takes advantage of all the varied changes of key and different arrangement of instruments to introduce this charming melody — which may be only a few bars — in every conceivable way, always appearing in a new dress, and always attractive, until we are fascinated with it, and it fixes itself firmly in our minds.

So in Poe's poetry we find this oft recurring strain, but it is a strain of sadness, a song of lost hope; and he says from out that sad condition his soul "shall be lifted never more."

In his poetry he indulges in the wildest flights of imagination. He dwells constantly in ideal realms of heaven and hell, and peoples them with the creations of his own grotesque fancy. In his love poems he exhibits an intensity of feeling which seems forced and unnatural; not the warmth of true affection, but the white heat of studied art. For an illustration of this, compare his *Annabel Lee* with Burns's *Mary in Heaven*. It is a comparison between art and nature. Both poets show themselves at their best, both are in the same state of mind each having been bereaved of the object of his affections, and each sorrowing for the lost one, they are overwhelmed with grief. Yet, while one feels that his love has gone the way of all the earth, and looks forward to a reunion in the future, the other sorrows as one having no hope, no balm in Gilead for him. Burns submits to his fate. Poe is frantic over his loss and wildly accuses Heaven and Hell of being leagued against him to rob him of his earthly treasure. Surely this is dreaming what no mortal ever dared to dream before. The one, having hope to sustain him, will recover from the blow; the other, in the very delirium of anguish, sinks under it, and in his last expiring agonies we seem to hear his old helpless, hopeless cry, "never, never more."

R. M. H.

THE HISTORY OF THREE GRAINS OF CORN.

"Throw, throw your tasks aside! the sovereign said." Thus Pitt translates the speech of Vulcan to his Cyclops, when he directs them to prepare arms for *Æneas*.

Thus Pliny commences his letter to Romanus, and adds, "Whether you are engaged in reading or writing, away with your books and papers, and take up my oration as those Cyclops did the arms of *Æneas*."

Thus, readers of the MIRROR, I have chosen to address you, not wishing to introduce my story with an air of importance, but desiring your careful attention, that you may see the truth of my narrative.

Hearken! Behold in a Western town a farmer went forth in the early morn to plant his corn. As he walked along, three grains fell by the wayside, and the fowls of the air came not, neither devoured them up. In about two weeks, three tiny spires sprang up by the side of the path. Now the farmer had three sons, — Liberalis, Parcissimus, and Loquax, — and, when they discovered the green blades, each claimed one as his own. This act may seem strange to you; but, when I tell you that the boys were young, and unable to be of any great service on the farm, you will call to mind how natural it is for children to choose this and choose that, and strive to do as father does, and this fact will explain their miniature farming. Liberalis reminded one strongly of the widow's son, so vividly described by Washington Irving. "A likely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents." It did one's heart good to look at him, he was so tall, so straight, so cheery; and I really believe it did the corn good, too, for the stalk became very straight and tall, and as he worked diligently about it, taking great care not to disturb the roots, yet keeping the soil open to the sunshine and the rain, it increased in size daily, and gave promise of yielding a thousand-fold. When there was a drought, he supplied it with water from the brook near by. With these draughts, it seemed to drink in his generous nature. The leaves became greener, and seemed more fragrant than the laurel, and one could not help thinking that this was indeed sweet corn, and so it proved to be. But now let me tell you about Parcissimus and his farming. Parcissimus, like Liberalis, reminds one of a certain widow's son, not the one described by Washington Irving, but another better known to Phillipians. Parcissimus caused his parents more anxious thought than all the rest of their children. From infancy, he had shown a great fondness for dress, united with extreme selfishness. On one occasion, when only six months old, he cried nearly all night because his night-gown was dark colored, and would not be pacified until he had put on a light-colored one. This fondness for light-colored clothes he retained in boyhood, and strange to say his corn possessed it, too, for the leaves were very pale. "Probably that was caused by the drought." I think not; for Parcissimus, on account of his selfishness, was constantly crying, and often sat down by his plant

in that condition ; so, of course, its roots imbibed his tears, and in that way I think the corn plant grew to resemble its owner, so far as its nature would allow. Its leaves were curled, and seemed to show forth the characteristic thought of Parcissimus that all good must be found in self. There were two other points of similarity in the two. The ears of Parcissimus' plant were without beards, and Parcissimus was minus the same article ; consequently the ears of Parcissimus' plant were open, and Parcissimus' own ears were always in that condition.

After looking carefully at the plant, one could not help thinking that this was genuine hog corn.

Do you ask what I have to say about Loquax ? Well, there is much that might be said, for the simple reason that he says so much. I will not, however, bore your ears with all of his pointed jokes, but will simply mention one of his peculiarities and tell you how the corn happened to possess the same trait. Loquax was always talking. The fact that he commenced this manly art a few days after his birth proves that his organs of speech must have developed very early in life. Now, of course, a corn plant cannot talk, but this one could crackle, and it did, too, whenever there was the slightest motion in the air. There seemed to be a sort of brittleness in the stalk and leaves which, of course, was inherited from Loquax, for it is well known that where there is a great deal of hasty talk there is usually a great deal of saliva, and as Loquax was talking everywhere, and under all circumstances, of course the corn plant, through its roots, obtained its share. I thought, as I looked at this plant, that it was the best specimen of pop-corn I had ever seen. In the course of time, the three grains of corn brought forth each an abundant harvest. But their history does not end here ; on the contrary, it just begins. As maturity gives to man a more extended influence, so the ripened kernels, each containing its own peculiar essence, now undergo a grand transformation which finally is to grace or mar the lives of certain men. It was the farmer's custom to raise a large number of turkeys for market, and of course each boy had his own turkey, which he was fattening for that destination, the proceeds to be used on the coming Christmas.

One day the boys gave the corn which they had raised to their respective turkeys, and such a change took place in the characters

of those fowls that one could not help exclaiming, "Oh, wondrous change!" Liberalis' turkey forthwith began to lay one egg per day sure, and sometimes two; at any rate, two eggs were found in the nest on Saturday whenever the bird wished to pass a peculiarly conscientious Sabbath. Not all the meal and pepper in creation could have effected this. Generosity entered not only its breast, but also its legs and wings, which became of immense size. When Christmas drew near, the bird seemed sensible of the fact, and even glad to give up its life for the good of humanity.

The appetite of Parcissimus' turkey could not have been greater had it taken a double dose of Rush's pills. Its pride and arrogance increased with its appetite. He strutted about the yard in grand style, and took great delight in walking majestically by the hen roost, at the western end of the yard, where two old hens and their broods were kept.

Loquax's turkey had been a quiet bird; but no sooner had it eaten the pop-corn than its throat was opened. Did a fellow turkey gobble, he gobbled louder, so as not to be outdone. If all the other turkeys kept silent, he gobbled to break the monotony. A week before Christmas, all the turkeys were killed and sent to market in different parts of the country. Two of those which I have described remained in Western markets, the other came farther East; but, strange to say, all three were purchased by loving parents and sent in Christmas boxes to an Eastern academy.

Notwithstanding all the culinary art which had been bestowed upon those fowls, they still retained that peculiar flavor caused by the grains of corn.

No sooner had the boys to whom the turkeys had been sent tasted them than they were affected as the turkeys themselves had been. One became very generous, another very selfish, and the third extremely loquacious, and these traits at present seem firmly fixed in their characters. I have little more to tell you, except about the bones, which seemed to retain their respective qualities to the last.

The bones of Liberalis' turkey were not picked very clean, and were devoured by the dogs in silent contentment. Those of Parcissimus' turkey were clean and dry. Not a beast of the field, not a fowl of the air would touch them. There they lie beneath

his window, one leg bone representing the letter I, the other with one of the wings forming P; the neck and other wing had so fallen that they looked like S, and the breast-bone resembled E, and together they form IPSE — self to the last.

The bones of Loquax's turkey seem to attract the crows wonderfully, for they still keep up a continuous cawing around them. And now my story is finished, except the moral.

In tracing the history of these three grains of corn, I have been persuaded that every particle of matter in the universe is a minute electrical battery, each connected with all the rest by invisible wires; that all mankind are operators; that both joyous and sorrowful messages are communicated, and that a telegram sent to the digestive organs affects the life of man quite as much as one to the intellectual faculties.

C. E. F.

PAINTING.

IMPOSSIBLE would it be to adequately describe the magical influence of pictures in exciting every emotion of the soul by their silent, yet powerful, appeals urged by the portrayal of passion.

The wife of Brutus is said to have borne her separation from him with great fortitude; but, shortly afterwards, on seeing the picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into tears. So, too, Alexander the Great was made to tremble at the sight of the betrayal of Palamedes by his friends, as the picture brought back to mind a like piece of perfidy on his own part.

The slightest sketch will often carry us back into the past, and to memories pleasant or otherwise as no journal could, and again long forgotten images and recollections are before us.

The art of picture making is known to have existed in Egypt at an earlier period than in any other country, yet not even the Hottentots of Africa, or the Indians of America were without it, and there is no country where traces of it cannot be found.

Egypt's most flourishing period in the art of painting commenced at about 1400 B. C.; but, owing to the enforced sameness

in their pictures, as regards both form and color, their progress during the thousand years until its decline was slight, as may be seen from those monotonous and unchanging types of form that everywhere meet the eye of the traveler of the Nile.

After the decline of art in Egypt, Greece became the leader, and starting with silhouettes rapidly advanced until Philip of Macedon overthrew the Grecian independence.

In the year 700 B. C., the first picture of which any reliable account is given was painted. It represented the battle of Magnes, and was sold to the King of Lydia for its weight in gold. One of the most celebrated pictures of Grecian art represented Iphigenia standing at an altar in Aulis, about to be the propitiatory sacrifice to the gods to favor the Grecian arms. Near by were Chalcas and Ulysses and Menelaus, her uncle. Agamemnon, the father, whose grief was beyond all power of description, was represented with his head wrapped in a mantle.

To portray the grief of dear friends was within the power of the great artist; but who shall accurately depict the grief of a loving father, at the death of his innocent daughter, offered up as a sacrifice for the sins of others?

Rome bore away many of the triumphs of Grecian art, but never was successful in art herself. Indeed so low did it sink in this great country that slaves were the artists, and quality was made secondary to quantity. Etruria, a country in which painting and kindred arts flourished, furnished many of the pictures with which the nobles adorned their villas, baths, and palaces.

During the dark ages, the arts and sciences were prostrated, nor was painting again revived in Europe until near the close of the thirteenth century, when Cimabue, the father of modern painters, raised it once again to its feet.

About the fifteenth century, oil was substituted for water in mixing colors, and thereby was gained force and brilliancy, and the necessity of varnishing afterwards done away with.

Lionardo da Vinci was the great painter of this time, and his masterpiece was the painting in fresco of the Last Supper, executed in the dining-hall of a Milan convent.

This most celebrated picture, whose copies flood the world, served as a target for the bullets and brick-bats of the French soldiery, who used it as a guard-house in the time of Napoleon;

and it is cited as a curious fact that no other work of the old masters was so quickly destroyed, and no other has the art of engraving so perpetuated.

Contemporary with da Vinci were Michael Angelo and Raphael, and these three have been called the triumvirate in art.

The distinguishing characteristics of Angelo, "the epic painter," are said to have been his magnificence of conception and execution, while the other two sought to please the beholder by the softness and beauty of their work. Michael Angelo is said to have been the unconscious cause of the Reformation, as it was to have a building magnificent enough to contain his sculpture that the church of St. Peter was built. In order to raise means for its erection, indulgences were sold, and Luther was in this way caused to set on foot that grand movement, whose fruits we are now so abundantly enjoying.

Venice now claims honor through Titian, succeeded by Corregio in 1494, one of whose paintings of the Madonna, not more than two feet square, was valued at twenty thousand dollars.

Out of rivalry grew the different schools of painting, and at the head of the Flemish was Reubens; of the Dutch, Rembrandt Van Rhyu; Poussin of the French, and Hogarth of the English. As a painter of life as he found it, Hogarth was certainly a master. As to whether his delineations should be criticised, on the ground of modesty, is a debated point. They are certainly powerful lessons, making deep impressions.

Of American artists and their productions, little will be said. Of them all, perhaps West has attained to the highest eminence, and yet his success was achieved in lands other than those of his birth. Copley was distinguished as a portrait painter.

Bierdstadt has gained glory by his "Rocky Mountains" and "Emerald Pool." Stanley, as a depicor of Indian ways and habits, and others have gained more or less renown; but until many generations have passed away American artists can never expect to have due credit.

Malbone, Stuart, and Allston vindicated America's claim to the highest order of genius; and, as the United States grows in every other respect, it is not likely that art will be left in the background.

TALENT VERSUS TACT.

WHEN we see a person endowed with talent, be it mental or otherwise, how profuse are our prophecies respecting his future? How readily do we endeavor to palliate any short-comings on his part? We know he is possessed of it, for talent makes itself known to us in a thousand different ways, — in every-day conversation, in trivial and insignificant acts. Be he remiss, as a student, we say: O, it makes no difference with A; he's talented, and whatever he may neglect now, at some future time, will be made up by him in half the time it takes the ordinary run of scholars; and so, since we know talent is a first-class quality, and as those of us who possess the least feel the want of it in a corresponding ratio, and consequently are most lavish in their praise, we willingly stand up for it, confidently believing we will have no cause to repent our actions in its behalf.

But let us consider tact. Tact is skill, generally acquired; talent, ability inborn. One having the former owes all his success to the proper management of his abilities; possessed of the latter, to his Maker, who gave him these abilities. The talented individual is recognized at a glance, or, at most, with very little effort; the tactician may pass no small portion of his career without intruding himself upon our notice; and hence the former causes the world to wonder that it gets on no faster; the latter excites astonishment that it gets on so fast.

The secret is, we expect everything from the former, and are blissfully ignorant in respect to the latter, who, freed from the public gaze, toils steadily and unobtrusively towards the object of his ambition, unencumbered by praise or disparagement, and all at once, in some critical state of affairs, the world is wonderfully astonished by the acuteness or executive ability of B, who heretofore had been considered but an iota among his fellow-men.

Let us take a short survey of these rivals in the varied stages of society; for instance, in the Senate. Talent has the floor, and is haranguing forcibly and logically; it makes its case as clear as daylight, utters oracles with all the weight of justice and reason, and seems to have the ear and approval of the house. Tact, in its turn, rises; without contradiction, it refutes the statements

of its opponent, puzzles the profound with profundity, and “without wit outwits the wise.” Take them to the bar, and let them shake their heads at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its course clearly, but tact is first at its journey’s end. The one receives many compliments from the bench; the other touches fees from attorneys and clients. Take them to the theater, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be damned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces.

There is no want of dramatic talent; there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom seen together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respected; tact is all that, and more too. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows a man his way through the world.

Talent is power, weight, wealth; tact is skill, momentum, ready money. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availableness of resources, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.

C. B. T.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

[These productions, by members of the Class of '74, were kindly selected and furnished for the MIRROR, by Mr. Coy, Teacher of the Senior Class.]

ECLOGUE III, LINES 55—80.

PALEMON.

Palemon. Come now, sing ye, as upon this
Couch of grass we may recline.
Lo, now every field is smiling,

Every tree doth now grow green ;
 Now the forests all are leafing,
 Now's the fairest month of all.
 Say, Damœtus, first commence thou ;
 Then, Menalcas, follow him.
 Sing the strains the Muses love best,
 Aye in strains alternate sing.

Damœtas. Let with Jove be my beginning,
 For all things remind of Jove ;
 Him, who watches o'er each country,
 Yes, my verses are his care.

Menalcas. Me Apollo loveth ever ;
 And his gifts are e'er with me,
 Laurels and the sweetly blushing
 Hyacinth, — memorial flower.

D. Galatea tossed an apple,
 Sportive girl, she tossed it me,
 Then she fled behind the willows
 Hoping yet that I might see.

M. My Amyntas ever willing,
 Unentreated comes to me ;
 Delia e'en is known no better
 To our watching dogs than she.

D. Presents have I ever ready,
 Ready for own sweet love :
 For the place I've seen and noted
 Where aloft's the brooding dove.

M. To the boy, ten golden apples
 Gathered from a forest tree,
 I did send as I was able,—
 Ten more I'll to-morrow send.

D. O, how often and what things has
 Galatea said to me !
 Bear some part on high, ye zephyrs,
 To the ears e'en of the gods !

M. Though at heart thou dost not spurn me,
O, Amyntas, where's the gain,
If while you pursue the wild boar
I must with the traps remain?

D. O, Iollas, send me Phyllis,
For it is my natal day ;
When with heifer I make offering
Thou thyself mays't come to me.

M. Phyllis I love 'fore all others
For she weeps when I depart,
And she lispeth ' Fair Iollas
O, farewell, a long farewell.'

W. D. P. B.

ECLOGUE IV, FROM LINE 23.

POLLIO.

Thy very cradle for thee, flowers of loveliest hue shall yield,
The serpent now shall hidden lie, and herb of treacherous cast
Be wanting all ; the Assyrian balsam everywhere shall bloom.
But quick the praises sung of heroes, deeds thy father wrought,
And what deserves the name of valor, thou shalt learn to read ;
And soon the lowland shall grow yellow, gay with ripened grain,
Nay, more, the blushing cluster on the unpruned brier shall hang,
And gnarled tough old oaks shall fruit of dewy honey yield.
But still of former guilt some lingering traces here and there
Will urge mankind to tempt the rolling deep with fragile crafts,
To gird our towns about with walls, with plough to cleave the
earth.

Another Tiphys then shall be, again an Argo bear
Its chosen heroes ; other wars shall even fiercely rage,
And, gain great Peleus' greater son afar to Troy be sent.
Then after this, when mature life has made of you a man,
The voyage, then will from the sea depart, nor nautic pine
Shall transport merchandise ; for every land shall all things bear.

F. G. B.

[LINE 40.]

The rakes shall not injure the ground, nor the pruning-knife
 trouble the vine ;
 The ploughman, now sturdy in strength, his cattle shall free from
 the yoke ;
 The wool, too, shall now cease to feign possession of various hues,
 But the ram in the pastures, himself, at first for a beautiful red
 Tinged with purple, and then for a saffron-like yellow shall alter
 his fleece ;
 Vermilion naturally shall clothe the young lambs as they feed.
 " Run on, such ages, run on," these words to their spindles have
 said
 The Fates, submissive forever to Destiny's firmly fixed will.
 O, enter on great renown, for now the time is at hand,
 Dear offspring of parents divine, thou proud, mighty scion of Jove !
 Behold with its convex mass the trembling, tottering earth,
 The lands, the expanse of the sea, and the realms of the heavens
 profound ;
 Behold, how all things rejoice in the age about to arrive !
 O may there remain to me the last part of so long a life,
 And breath, as shall surely suffice thy glorious deeds to relate ;
 Neither Orpheus of Thrace shall succeed in vanquishing me in
 song,
 Nor Linus, although for each one his parent shall stand by with aid,
 For Orpheus, Calliopea, for Linus, Apollo the fair.
 If Pan with Arcadia judge shall also contend with me,
 Let Pan with Arcadia judge declare that I merit the palm.
 Begin, little boy, to observe thy mother's approach with a smile :
 Ten months to thy mother have borne little else than trouble and
 pain.
 Begin, little boy, for the one who his parent's smile never has seen,
 Is not worthy the food of a god, is not worthy of goddess's bed.
G. W. S.

ECLOGUE VIII, TO LINE 25.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

Alphisiboeus and Damon,—the song of these shepherds we'll
 sing you,
 Heedless of grass, the heifer admired them as they contended,

And to their song the lynxes stood still and listened astonished ;
 Even the rivers their courses changed and found entertainment,
 Damon and Alpheisiboeus,—their sorrowful Muse we will sing you,
 Whether you now sail along by the rocks of Timavus,
 Or coast swiftly by the shore of Illyrian waters,
 May you favor me. Lo ! will that day ever happen,
 When to sing of thy deeds shall be my highest fruition ?
 When it shall be allowed to bear to the end of the wide world
 Thy tragic verses, alone worthy of Sophocles' buskin ?
 Thinewas my earliest lay ; with thee shall my work end. Receive
 these

Lines undertaken at thy command, and grant that this ivy
 May creep around thy brow amidst thy victorious laurels.

Scarce had the chilly shade of night from the heavens departed,
 Still on the tender grass was the dew, most pleasing to cattle,
 When leaning on his smooth olive staff thus Damon commences :

“ Lucifer, herald of day, bring up the morning refreshing,
 While I lament deceived by the love of my faithless spouse Nisa,
 And although hitherto the witness of gods has availed naught,
 Yet in my dying hour I now call boldly upon them.
 Now begin my pipe with me the Mænalian verses,
 Mænalus always has harmonious groves and pine trees,
 Always lists to the sweet love songs of Arcadian shepherds,
 And to Pan who first forbade the reeds to be useless.
 Now begin with me, my pipe, the Mænalian verses.

C. E. F.

ECLOGUE IX, TO LINE 20.

MÆRIS.

Lycidas. Where art thou going, O Mæris ?
 Not by the road to the city ?

Mæris. O, Lycidas, we have, living,
 Arrived at such a condition
 (Something we ne'er supposed
 In our inmost thoughts would happen,)
 As to see how a stranger possessing
 Our homestead should say,
 “ These are now my fields and pastures ;

Old settlers, you must be going."
Now we, oppressed and sad,
Since all things are turned by blind Fortune,
Send to him these tiny goats, —
Little good may the present afford him.

L. Surely, indeed, I had heard
Where the hills begin their declining ;
Also where the ridge to slope
By gently descending,
Down to the water's edge,
And the now top-broken old beech trees, —
All by his songs and verses
Menalcas, your friend, had preserved.

M. You heard ; thus the report
Had been borne to the ears of most people.
But so much do our songs avail,
Lycidas, mid War's weapons,
As they say the Chaonian doves,
When the eagle approaches.
For unless the ill-boding crow,
From the hollow holm-oak had admonished
Us to cut short the new contention
In any way whatever, — by any possible method, —
Neither would Mœris be here,
Nor Menalcas himself be now living.

L. How could — alas ! — such a crime
The mind of any one enter ?
Almost, Menalcas, alas ! has thy joy
With thyself been torn from us.
Who, then, would sing of the Nymphs
Who dwell in the swift flowing waters ?
Who clothe the ground with bright flowers,
Or deck in green shadows the fountains ?

HABITS.

"LET all your ways be established," said a certain wise man. Nothing is of more importance for young men to consider than this. When you have come to manhood, your ways will gradually become firmly established, and will become habits. How important it is, then, to see that the habits are good. The most loathsome deed, the most revolting thoughts, by familiarity become not only endurable, but positively pleasurable. What is very difficult at first becomes easy through habit. We see an example of this in the pianist. When he first learns to play, his hands will not obey him, but follow each other all over the keys till he thinks that he will have arrived at the highest degree of perfection, when he can make his right hand go up the key-board, and the left down; but, after two or three months' practice, his hands are obedient to the slightest whisper of his will. Thus, habit makes all things easy.

The power of habit is hard to be realized. Augustine said that "habit, long unrestrained, becomes a necessity." Bad habits are much like the story we read of the Arab who let a camel put his nose inside of his tent; then it put its head in; then its neck; then part of its body; and finally it came in entirely, and crowded the man out. We might as well play with tigers as with bad habits. It seems to me that there is something feline about them. They play with fur mittens on with a man, and he professes not to believe in claws. Sometimes they let him run for a short distance; but then they pounce upon him, and bring him back; and finally, when the fascination leaves him, and he perceives the claws, it is too late to escape. If you drop a stone from a precipice to the ground, it will not merely fall twice as far in two seconds as in one, but four times as far; and in three, nine times. This is the law of falling bodies, and the law of falling souls is very similar.

The avoidance of bad habits does not necessitate the growth of good ones. You may keep the weeds in check by hard work, but that will not cause any corn to grow. Virtue of the negative sort is very questionable. If it were the true kind, sticks and stones would be better Christians than either you or I could be.

To obtain good habits, we must work as hard as we would to avoid bad ones ; but, once obtained, they hold one strongly to the right path, and help him along powerfully. Self-denial, at first painful, by habit grows easy. Deeds of love, at first foreign to our natures, at last flow spontaneously from them. Punctuality is more of a habit than one would suppose. There are some persons who are always punctual, no matter what hinderances they may encounter ; while others will be tardy, no matter what inducements there may be for being punctual. The habit of observation is a good one. Nature is full of curious and instructive phenomena, which are entirely lost on one not having this habit. It is of them that the Bible says : “ Eyes they have, but they see not.” The habit of benevolence should be acquired in youth. If we wait till we become old, we will never acquire it. Many a young man has set out with plans of great benevolence, which he will carry out when he becomes a man ; but those schemes are never accomplished. When he becomes a man, he will either be as poor as he is now, and therefore cannot give, or else he will be so wedded to his money that he will not give.

The most important of all is the habit of prayer, — we need not be ashamed of that. John Quincy Adams said, just before he died, that during the whole course of his life he had never closed his eyes in slumber without repeating that prayer he learned on his mother’s knee : “ Now I lay me down to sleep.” Then let us all try to cultivate this habit, which will aid us most in the hour of trouble and danger. \

H. W. H.

INDIANS.

ANY person travelling over our country at the present day, unacquainted with history, could scarcely conceive of the time when the area now covered with our large cities and busy mills, was once a wilderness inhabited by these uneducated men. Yet such was the case when our ancestors landed on this continent, amid the winds of December. The Indians as a class were large in stature and well formed, with a high forehead and prominent eyes,

and well made to endure the hardships which were brought upon them.

The Indians of America were divided into seven tribes, each owning a certain section and choosing their own ruler. They were geniuses, and if they only could have been educated, might have sent forth some great men. Uneducated as a natural result, their chief pleasure was in war, and each tribe was continually encroaching on the others' grounds, causing a great deal of jealousy. As far as living was concerned they left the care of the cultivated crops to the squaws, of whom each was supplied with a clumsy log of wood whittled into the shape of a hoe, which she used in cultivating the corn and wheat, the only articles known at that age.

As hunters and fishermen, no nation could show more success. In obtaining their fish, they used for hooks, bones, and for lines the bark of a certain tree; but the brooks contained more than at present, and they grew to a larger size. In hunting they used the bow and arrow, and with such success, that game was always sure to fall before the string. It is supposed their food consisted chiefly of animals and fish, and they used the skins of most furred animals for clothing during the winter.

Their wigwams were of the rudest construction; they were made by driving two crotched sticks into the ground, laying on these a pole, and leaning against this pole, sticks covered with bark. They usually covered the ground with hay or straw, and did their cooking outside.

Their government was of the rudest kind. Their laws were few, and very poorly kept. In court, the judge, after reading a portion, passed a stick to one of the members, and he was expected to remember that part. The stick was not given till after a portion had been read, in order that the strictest attention might be given.

Their notion of manhood was peculiar. At eighteen, if one could not go without food seven days, he was not considered fit for the army. Their straight carriage was occasioned by their parent, when young, tying a board to their backs, which they were obliged to wear a certain time.

On the death of one of their number, instead of burying him, as we do, he was laid on some tree, and covered with bark; and

beside him was placed all his earthly treasures, which consisted of his bows and arrows, fishing tackle, and war club, thinking that they might be used in the next world.

For money, they made shells, which they hung around their necks, strung on strips of bark. They were exceedingly fond of toys and small trinkets, and one could buy quite a lot of land by giving them a few dollar's worth of such articles. They were also very fond of painting, and, when a victory over their enemies had been gained, they had a war dance, on which occasions they tried to make themselves look as inviting as possible, while dancing around the burning stake, yelling in the most hideous tones.

A man was not obliged to keep the same wife through life, but, as soon as he got tired of one he put her away for another; seldom keeping one more than two or three years. As for character, they always stood by their word, as may be seen by the way they treated the Quakers.

At the present day very few of their race can be seen, and the time is not far distant when they will be among things of the past.

F. L. G.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

THE Nineteenth century is an age of discoveries and explorations. The scientific mind is forever in motion and "wants to know you know" in regard to everything. Now while England is busying herself in trying to find the sources of the Nile, while half a dozen different nations are striving for the honor of hoisting their flags to the top of the north pole, why should not we, following the ruling fashion of the world, also go on a voyage of discovery?

WHO FIRST STRUCK ON PORK AND BEANS?

Profound question! How shall we answer it? Let not ye philosophers think the inquiry bean-eath ye, for the man that will set it at rest will confer a lasting benefit on every American citizen, and be regarded as a public bean-elector.

Let us begin and trace back this stupendous question.

Hogs are a very ancient institution, as they have been in existence ever since man was first created. But whence cometh he who tells us poor bean-ighted Yankees from what source first sprung the festive bean? How was it first cooked? Was it strung with the hair of some red-headed maiden, and then boiled, according to the Andover custom? Who first was inspired with the happy thought of combining it in one dish with the dyspeptic flesh of the swine? We pause for a reply. American men of science, explorers, historians, come forth and investigate this thing, and establish a name that shall last as long as a hog is left in the world, or a bean will spring from the soil and climb a pole. Make Andover your head-quarters, strive hard to solve this puzzle and when you die a grateful country will erect to your memory a lofty monument of pork and beans.

Let "the powers that be" at Washington, immediately fit out an expedition. Let the immortal Daniel Pratt be captain, and let Benjy be cook. Send it anywhere, but let no pains be spared to accomplish its object. In no way will it turn out worse than did the Polar-ass expedition. Then shall a wondering people cry out, in amazement, "Bene (Beany)! Bene!"

G. R. U. B.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

THE great beauty of a Republic does not lie in its aristocracy, or its broad extent of territory, but in its liberty. Freedom is its essential characteristic. Power, wealth, abundance, are its component parts, — the direct outgrowth of its institutions. To say we are free, at liberty to do what we please, and to say what we please, where no human or divine law is thwarted in the act, is and ever should be the ambition of a government and the individuals composing it. Comparatively speaking, we have the enjoyment of this heaven-born liberty to-day. Yet it was not always thus. Review the history of the great anti-slavery movement of

our Republic, and we find that to proclaim one's self to be an Abolitionist was to endure the taunts, the sneers, and the hate of the great mass of our fellow-men.

Garrison, for saying that "God created all men equal," was dragged through the streets of Boston by a "respectable mob," (?) made up of the wealthy and influential men of that virtuous city. Mobbed for proclaiming a truth, in vain did he endeavor to protect himself; in vain did he call upon the law and the officers of justice. He was dragged over the rough pavements, — his clothes torn to rags, hatless, bootless, and blood trickling down his features. The heartless, cruel, and dastardly mob knew no law or justice. "Lynch him! Lynch him!" rang through the streets that afternoon; and, had not the kind, protecting hand of Providence provided a way for escape, Garrison would have perished, a martyr to freedom. As it was, he was locked up in a dungeon, and for a while banished from the city, for no other reason under heaven than that he dared to say his heart and feelings were his own; that "God made all men free and equal."

Wendell Phillips, in his first speech in Faneuil Hall, at the time of the Lovejoy excitement in 1835, was only saved a like disaster through his wonderful presence of thought. The surging mob around him told him in unmistakable accents to take back the words he had uttered. "Fellow citizens," said he, "I can not take back my words." And then, rebuking them, and pleading his age, he was permitted to go on. Again, on Dec. 21, 1860, — scarcely fourteen years ago, — Wendell Phillips stood upon the platform of the Parker Fraternity Congregation, worshipping then in Music Hall, and spoke upon "Mobs and Education." No sooner had he descended from the platform, and wended his way to the street, than an immense crowd took up the cry: "There he is!" "Crush him out!" "Down with the abolitionists!" etc.; and the mob surging around him, unmindful of the hallowed associations of the "holy Sabbath," disregarding law, human and divine, would have mobbed him on the spot, had not God surrounded him with a little band of friends to protect him from the multitude. Alas! This of Puritan Boston, — "the hub of the universe!" And all because Phillips told to his fellow-man "that the slave had as good a right to education as

he. He had the same God, the same soul, and one day would have the same freedom." Thank God, that day has come.

Charles Sumner — the best statesman our country has ever seen — stood up in the United States Senate, in 1856, and delivered his great speech on the "Crime against Kansas." He told the world *truth*, and for that act a coward felled him, when alone, at an unguarded moment, in the Senate Chamber, and his innocent "blood ran down upon the floor of the Senate." By this act, he was banished for four years from the place that needed his wise counsels, a strong and vigorous health was shattered for life, and recovering then only through "a strong frame, wonderful in its recuperative power, and but for the unseen protection of a higher power." *This* was on the yesterday of our Republic. And for to-day God has spared him to see the change from despotism to freedom.

The question comes back to us at this moment, and bids us exhibit our freedom of speech. Where shall we go? the Press, the Pulpit, are all in the hands of demagogues. Beecher is arraigned for declaring his independence. Murray is threatened by those of the Orthodox persuasion, for lecturing on "Civilized Heathen." Parishes say to the Pastors, "express only such words pleasing to us, otherwise—avaunt!" If the pastor prays for a Democrat, the Republicans refuse to support him longer, or "vice versa." Ministers of the Gospel have to smother their reality, and "tongue-tied" are led as "lambs to the slaughter." "The press," of which Napoleon said "he feared three more than a hundred thousand bayonets" durst express scarcely an honest feeling or opinion. An editor in New Hampshire, recently refused to support the rum candidate of the Democratic party. What happens? his old friends pass him by unrecognized, his former society closes its doors against him, he is damned by those who yesterday were his friends, not for any wrong done them, but because he stands by his principles. His subscribers forsake him, and he is thus threatened to come back to the fold, or "die as a dog dieth."

Tom Scott owns two Legislatures, and his will and not the people's, is the law of the land. The railroads have so cob-webbed another state, that to say what a man believes, is to have his freight delayed, to be watched and to be tortured by everything, however trifling and insignificant.

We boast of living in a free country! Where is our freedom? True, we do not have chattels and slaves sold under the hammer; but the mind bound by the cords of ambition, held by the iron grip of another's will or opinion, is worse than any physical torture. And shall this go on ever and forever? must coming generations plod on, stepping in the footsteps of their predecessors? God forbid! Let every man make a law for himself in this respect. Let principle be the gift, and not the promise. To sail on the tranquil sea of popular favor, is counted honor only by mortals. Such honor never can be permanent, and when obtained is like the modern air-castle, very ornamental but useless.

The voice of our country and our God rises up mournfully to condemn this subserviency to another's will and prejudices. Count well the cost. Power on earth must be balanced with eternity; human will, with divine.

W. H. P.

PICTURES.

As you enter a strange room, one of the first things to attract your attention is the pictures on the wall. Judging by them, we can often make a fair estimate of the character of the occupant of the room; are the pictures coarse and unnatural, probably their owner is a person of little education or refinement, and consequently wanting in all that education confers; but if they are finely executed and tasty, we think more favorably of him. For the elevated tone of good pictures is conducive to the growth of all desirable traits of character.

The earliest history of pictures is lost in the shadowy past. They must have been one of the first resources of man to lighten his toil, after his banishment from that perfect panorama of nature, the garden of Eden.

One of their first uses, probably, was in hieroglyphics, the first rude attempt at a written language. These we find especially in such ancient places as Egypt and the Catacombs. Quite recently a large stone has been found, known as the Moabite stone, upon

which are inscriptions which are supposed to date back to the time of Moses. The figures are principally those of animals, and are well preserved.

The Romans when shipwrecked, going about begging, carried before them wax tablets representing the scene of the disaster. Instead of pictures to adorn their homes, they had wax images of their ancestors. The ancients also decorated their walls with tapestry, hung from the ceiling, and richly embroidered with noted scenes, generally of a mythological character.

Coming down to our own time we see their connection with an educated state of society in the unbounded profession in which they exist, of every kind and degree of excellence. The chromo and photograph are the production of modern science. We have illustrated books, and pictorial papers, of which our ancestors never dreamed. In short, turn which way we will, pictures meet us on every hand.

Surely, with such opportunities for gratifying it, we should strive to cultivate a taste for pictures. For such a taste, we have seen, elevates and ennobles, while, at the same time, it furnishes an endless source of enjoyment.

F. G. B.

A TALE OF WOE.

AT midnight in the Latin Commons,
———was dreaming of the hour
When fish-horn blowers in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
An hour passed on,———awoke ;
That bright dream was his last.
He woke to hear mid din and smoke
The fish horn's shrill and ghostly blast.

Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And out on the campus a-fishing he goes,
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He goes down stairs the horns to take ;
When round the house, his steps he turned,
A campus fire before him burned ;
Beside its embers red and bright
Danced bold Phillipians, like fiends of night.

And it glares and it seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the shout of the boys to the welkin up-soars ;
And yell upon yell hurries on, never ending.

The wind blew as't had blawn its last ;
The shrieking horns rose on the blast ;
That night a child might understand
The de'il had business on his hand.
As ——glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
The fish-horns loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew.

But here my Muse her wing must lower,
Such flights are far beyond her power ;
To sing how——on Campus bright
Raked in the fish-horns on that night ;
And with what fear the boys he fills,
Dealing demerits like doctors' pills,
And how in vain they tried to rally
As forth that shadowy form did sally.

How on that night the mighty
Master of Exeter smiled to see
Fish-horns blowing in such degree.
Lovely Perkins sits beside thee,
Take the goods the gods provide thee.

But to my end I must make haste,

For fear you have no time to waste ;
Or my pen might slip in the course of my song ;
And for a loyal Phillipian Boy
To mention George, great Griff or Coy,
You know would be entirely wrong,
Or worse still, sing of McCurdy the strong.
Now who this tale of truth shall read,
Every Phillipian son take heed ;
Whene'er to horns you are inclined,
Or Campus fires run in your mind,
Just think of what your joys may cost,
And remember —————'s ghost.

MY TRIP TO ANDOVER.

The day had come ; the day, the hour, when, for the first time I was to visit the ancient and antique town of Andover.

It had been decided that Andover "air" and Phillips influence would tend greatly to give to me that grace and finish which is so essential now-a-days to a young man's success, and accordingly the occasion of this trip to Andover was to examine the institutions where board was wont to be obtained and lodgings secured.

To say that I was in a paroxysm of excitement on the morning of that eventful day, would give only a very faint idea of the real condition in which I was ; while to say that, ere I reached home, I was in a state of mental derangement will convey no idea whatever of my feelings.

Shall I e'er forget the feelings of pride which so stealthily crept over me, as I realized in its *fullest* sense that I was really going to Andover ; was really to be thrown on my own responsibility, and was to arrange all my money affairs myself, with none to molest or hinder ?

Shall I ever forget thoughts which came to me, in spite of all my endeavors to suppress them, on the next night after my visit to Andover? No, a thousand times no! but on the contrary they will ever be fondly cherished as "souvenirs" of days now passed away.

But with no serious mishap I arrived at Andover and the train leaving me, sped on its way.

"So this is Andover," I soliloquized with myself. "Wonder where the centre is." "Don't seem to see it." "Guess it must up yonder, and I think I'll reconnoitre a little in that direction." "Yes, I see it; there it is; quite a village; wonder where Phillips is." But my soliloquy became audible, and I was made cognizant of the fact by the remark of a young urchin, who happened walking behind me. "Phillips Academy, that's up on the hill, not that street sir, but the next one."

Thanking my faithful friend for the valuable piece of information, I hastened on, duly impressed, I trust with a sense of my obligation to him.

As I slowly wended my way up the hills making good resolutions for the future, and resolving to make my course brilliant by scholarship, I chanced to notice a house which resembled a boarding establishment, and I immediately, stepping up to the door, rung the bell, and was received by a lady of commanding mien, to whom I made known my wants.

After eyeing me for some seconds, she offered to show me her rooms, and having conducted me to the third story, she showed me a room built under the eaves, with one window, two chairs, a pine bureau and wash stand, a cracked looking-glass, and a tin wash bowl, a bedstead, no carpet on the floor. "This," said she, "I will let to you alone for nine dollars a week, and with a room mate eight and one half, and you will furnish towels of course."

Lost in astonishment, I followed her through her rooms, all of nearly the same description, and bade her good bye, promising that if I concluded to take either of her rooms I would let her know the next day. "For," said she, "my rooms are in great demand."

I was by this time thoroughly disgusted with Andover and all its connections. I wished, O, how truly, that I had never seen or heard of Andover. But it was too late now. My next step

was to see the Principal of the Academy, and having completed my business with him, taking a list of boarding places from him, I started out once more to seek a place which, for a time, I might call home. My first application was made at a fine house, with spacious grounds and a broad veranda running round it. I was ushered into a cozy little room, by a servant girl, and presently the landlady made her appearance, remarking as she entered the door that she supposed I came concerning board, and upon my answering in the affirmative, she immediately commenced to instruct me concerning the rules of her house.

There was to be no loud conversation at any time, no disturbances in the house, no breaking of study hours, and no smoking. Then she proceeded to show me her apartments, which were a trifle better than those previously shown me, but which were so tastefully trimmed with cobwebs that I could not stand it, and in despair I left her and applied at another place. I applied to many for board, and at last, when my patience was nearly exhausted, I found a place and engaged board, I started for the depot.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the events of the day had stirred me up amazingly, so that I almost forgot myself, and it was with great difficulty that I reached the depot.

And as the train bore me further and further from Andover, and nearer and nearer home, my scattered thoughts began to collect themselves, and gradually I began to be myself again.

Then firmly resolving to have nothing to do with Andover I reached home and stated my resolutions, but before many days elapsed I found myself gradually losing my unfavorable impression, and to-day I find myself at Andover, happy and contented.

N. B.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

THE work of another term is almost accomplished, and it is not without feelings of satisfaction that we review the record of the events which have occurred since its beginning. Rarely, if ever before, have the members of old Philo taken such an interest in her welfare. The parts have been excellently performed, reflecting credit not only on those persons to whom they were assigned, but also upon the society, scarcely a single "cut" being on record, and perhaps these few may be traced either to the inclemency of the weather or inability to attend. Much praise is due to the zeal of the President and other officers in its behalf, and also to the uniform good order maintained throughout.

What shall we say concerning the prosperity of our future Alma Mater, dear old Phillips? Surely that under the supervision of the present corps of instructors it has, in our opinion at least, maintained its general character and reputation. It gives us much pleasure to record that a deep interest in religion has been awakened among our schoolmates. Perhaps at no time in the history of the Academy has so much religious feeling been shown by the students. Crowded meetings have been held every evening in the Academy for weeks, and we have every reason to believe that much good work has been done. By the invitation of the SOCIETY OF INQUIRY, Mr. Durant, of Boston, addressed the students in the chapel, and was listened to with great attention. All were a few days afterward very much impressed by the remarks of Dr. Cook. We hope that the awakened interest will not abate.

This term has witnessed the close of a most successful course of lectures in the Town Hall. It could scarcely be otherwise, containing in its list, as it does, the names of some of the best lecturers and readers of the day. Included in this course was a concert by the Germania Band, at which Phillips was conspicu-

ously (?) represented, and it is to be deplored that the results were detrimental to not a few. An excellent concert by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, under the auspices of the class of 1874, furnished additional enjoyment to lovers of good music. Speaking of entertainments, we regret that we are obliged to omit the name of the sciolistic GEN. DANIEL PRATT, G. A. T., who, for some unaccountable reason, to the great sorrow of us all, has not as yet made his appearance.

The number of fires has increased rather than diminished, but they have been less destructive in character than in former terms ; but to the disgust of the Faculty a new feature has been introduced in the shape of hideous war dances around fires, recalling the customs of the aborigines. However, they do not occupy much time, and are completed soon after they begin. Some of the students possessing a taste for music, and having invested in those instruments known to the vulgar as fish-horns (which we from personal experience can declare capable of producing, under skillful manipulation, most melodiously rich, deep, decided, ringing bass tones with startling effects), were wont, in the still hours of the night, to awake the echoes by practicing from their windows, vainly hoping to rival the bull-frogs in the coming season. The sequel is, that most of these amateur musicians have presented the various members of the Faculty with their instruments, in the hope that, by their addition to the orchestra, the music in chapel may better deserve the name of harmony.

We have had the usual amount of grumbling about the eating clubs, the cooking being the principal source of complaint. Perhaps this is a thing which neither the Trustees nor the Faculty can do much to improve ; yet, as the health of a student depends very much upon the cooking of his food, something might be done. A member of one of these clubs gives vent to his ideas in the following lines : —

A VISIT TO THE CRESCENT CLUB.

O come to Crescent, friend I pray,
And look upon our hash to-day ;
Such hash you surely never saw,
So strange, so varied, and so raw ;
Such hash as Captain Slack provides,
To fill your gaunt and hungry sides :

Rare viands, rich and costly too,
From far and wide, from high and low,
Pea soup, flap-jacks, cold beans and warm,
In short you'll find whate'er you need
Of dainty, sweet, ambrosial feed ;
And if to tipple you've a mind,
Some new sweet cider there you'll find.

At breakfast bell they tumble out,—
Late study makes a lazy lout.
Then quick their toilet they complete,
In haste to find some "grub" to eat,
By which their drooping spirits raised
Shall aid their minds by studies mazed.
Next, haste they down to Deacon Stone's,
To find some beans, or well-picked bones.
Faint-hearted, then away they go,
Not quite so hungry, nearly so.

At dinner they're ahead of time,
And stand there, all arranged in line,
Rushing, squabbling, with a noise
Like angry geese, but not like boys.
The slowest clock in town strikes twelve,
The scene now changes, in they delve.
A hearty struggle they contest,
To see who's biggest hog and best.
Some juicy morsels greet their taste,
Whose history vaguely can be traced
Right back to Benjy Brown's boot store.
'Tis there, they say, inside that door,
By mystery deep, and strange device,
Beefsteak is grown in half a trice.
Now some are changing pie for pie,
And quite a lively trade they ply.
But now, their hunger satisfied,
Their knives and forks they having plied,
The foot-ball back and forth they kick,
With many hearty blows and thick,
Before they seek their rooms again,
To con some verbs, or use the pen.

Again at supper they attend,
And to their task before them bend,
With courage worthy Spartan men,
Or ancient heroes, living when
Great Troy her massive walls upreared
'Gainst Achilles' mighty troop, long-haired.

A programme much the same's pursued,
 As with the previous morning's food,
 And nothing new they there obtain,
 By means of which they strength may gain ;
 Strength to aid them at the "Gym,"
 Or polish up their memories dim.
 So thus their eating's ended quite,
 Except, perchance, some hungry wight
 To his room some slight refreshment takes,
 To furnish private stews and bakes.

A subject so profound and wise
 Compels us to apologize,
 That we no meeter words do use,
 Describing its transcendent hues,
 That, in a hungry school-boy's eyes,
 To paramount importance rise.

PATER ANSER.

THE MOCK SENATE, considering that it was gotten up rather hurriedly, passed off very successfully as a whole. The humorous speeches of the senators occasioned plenty of fun. The bills introduced attempted to deal with subjects on which legislation is really needed. We think that the passage of the bill prohibiting the floating of grindstones down the Shawshine River will greatly promote the commercial interests of North America by preventing the disasters hitherto so common to the stately vessels which float upon the undulating bosom of its majestic tide.

The amount of progress made in lessons this term is considerable. The standard of the school has been advanced in the two lower classes, the Juniors having entered upon Cicero's orations, and the Middlers having begun the *Bucolics*, or *Eclogues* of Virgil. We overheard one of the latter class telling a Junior that his class was "going to read the 'Buckalogues,'" while some of the Seniors have been caught grumbling occasionally about the
 "Uncertain Coy, and hard to please."

ODDS AND ENDS.

The boys are saying that Benjy has made a new discovery in economy, viz. : stuffing fowls with their own feathers.

The Union Club passed a resolution "that the worst kind of a club to be struck with was the Union Club."

Why is Mr. Coy like a first-class tailor (not Taylor)? Because he will give the Seniors a good fit.

Why are some of the members of Philo like Fem Sems?
Because they like to see themselves in the Mirror.

EXTRACT FROM THE PHILOMATHEAN GRAMMAR:

Nouns of the Fifth Declension.

Complete in all parts are *dies* and *res* ;
Most want the plural, but *species*, *spes*,
Acies, *effigies*, *eluvies* and *facies*,
Remember the list, the exceptions are few.
Together with *progenies*, *series*, and *glacies*,
Have nominative, 'cusative, vocative too ;

The safest kind of logging—Theologuing.

PERSONALS.

SHEFFIELD, '74, took a prize at Brown in mathematical competition.

WILDER, '73, received his first laurels as victor in a mile race, winning in 5.20. We hope that Williams will see a still greater display of his powers.

GOULD, '73, has been elected president of one of the societies at Yale.

During the last vacation the hand of death descended upon the school, and removed from our number Arthur G. Ballard of '74, Scientific.

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PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

DAILIES.

The Boston Globe ; New York Times.

SEMI-WEEKLIES.

New York Tribune.

WEEKLIES.

Harper's ; Frank Leslie's ; Christian Union ; Danbury News ; Springfield Republican ; New York Evening Post.

COLLEGE PAPERS.

Harvard Advocate ; Yale Record.

MONTHLIES.

Harper's ; Scribner's.

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SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE

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JUNE, 1874.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

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BYRON AND THE GREEKS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

The story of Byron,—for we would rather call his life a fiction than a possibility,—is both fascinating and wonderful. Wonderful for its inconsistencies, fascinating because it manifests a strange union of inherent strength and debasing weakness. He was born in mind and soul a giant, but died a pigmy. From his cradle to his grave he was the object of admiration and scorn, of love and hate.

Difficult as it is to understand his own wild and wanton conduct, it is still more difficult to understand the treatment he received at the hands of his own countrymen and friends. Now receiving their unbounded admiration, and then driven by jeers from his country forever, the bewildered man drank glory and misery from the same cup given to him by his own brethren. It was then that Byron assumed that perilous attitude of defiance against all ties of kin and country. He professed to despise mankind as a whole, and Englishmen most of all.

Byron possessed a latent power that the world has rarely equalled. This seems to have been deliberately suppressed, in so far as it could affect his highest capabilities as a true man. What Byron did for literature has entitled him to an undisputed place in the van of immortal names: and thus we are filled with a desire to understand the man. In an incredibly short space of time he

had been raised to an unprecedented height of literary fame, and then mercilessly dashed by the demagogues of society far below his true level. His delicate and sensitive mind was unable to cope with adversity, or to brook a single frown of Fortune. As he turned his eyes upon Greece—

“Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!”

A new flame kindled his enthusiasm and love of glory. He saw a nation long oppressed and trodden under foot engaged in an almost hopeless struggle for liberty. He loved Greece for her history, and nobly gave his strength and life in the attempt to throw from the neck of a once glorious nation, the galling yoke of the Turks. In politics, as in poetry, his ambition was to be among the first. He himself writes, “to be the first man (not the Dictator,) not the Sylla, but the Washington, or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, is to be next to the Divinity.” With this ambition he applied every energy to the cause of Greece. He seemed to measure his own despair with that of a nation; and, imagining that he saw the decline of his fame in the failure of a certain literary scheme, as if conscious of his own inexhaustible powers, he proudly resolved to open a new avenue to fame.

He himself seems to have been fearfully conscious that his days would not suffice, and, though death cut him off all too soon, time has rendered due honor to his sacrifice. Macaulay terms his connection with the Greeks, “the noblest action of his life.” This is undoubtedly true, but, underlying the nobleness of the deed there was a blind submission to destiny. Nemesis had done her work, and we behold a mighty intellect, a generous heart, rendering up its all to Fate.

The last page of Byron's life was a union of noble heroism and miserable despair. Greece, though conquered and broken, owes his memory a lasting debt of gratitude and love, for far down the aisles of time will ring the echo of his heroism.

“So ends Childe Harold his last pilgrimage!—
Upon the shores of Greece he stood and cried
LIBERTY! and those shores from age to age
Renown'd, and Sparta's woods and rocks replied
‘Liberty!’ But a spectre at his side.
Stood mocking:—and it's dart, uplifting high
Smote him; he sank to earth in life's fair pride:
Sparta! thy rocks then heard another cry,
And old Ilissus sigh'd, ‘Die, generous exile, die!’”

“WANTED ! MEN.”

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Corruption, fanned by politicians and winked at by those in whom our nation has placed confidence, and whom she expected to defend her rights, and guard her morals, has, during the past few years, made alarming strides, till at the present day it permeates every society, may be unearthed in every branch of business, and has crept, even, into our national congress, and to-day is gnawing at the very vitals of our beloved country.

Rome, Athens, fell when they were “rotten at the core,” so our great and grand U. S. is destined, ere long, to crumble and decay if the cloud of corruption, undisturbed, is permitted to float over our very Capitol, infusing its poisonous venom into the systems of those to whom the Nation is entrusted.

To us, as to other nations, *death* comes, and plucks of us the fairest, the noblest, and most respected ; and, as one by one they are borne by unseen hands into the spirit land, as each in his turn, lays aside his life’s burden, and rests, mourned in sincerity by the whole nation, this cry freighted with meaning, and sent forth from hearts devoted to their country, echoes and re-echoes over this broad expanse,—“Wanted ! Men.”

As a nation we are in imminent danger : each day the clouds gather thicker and thicker around us ; each year they thunder more fiercely, and dart more vivid lightnings from their opened rifts, and now our great men are directing our ship of state towards shoals and quicksands. the insatiable desire for wealth impels them to head her squarely towards the rocks ; unless checked soon, she must find herself stranded on shoals, which might have been passed by in safety, only waiting for the rising tide when she must go to pieces on the rocks of disgrace.

Wanted ! Men ; Men who are capable, true, honest,—who can stand temptation and not yield ; men whom money cannot buy, or gold allure, who fear God, and obey his laws ; men who are thoroughly loyal, and who always consider their nation’s interest, far in advance of their own. It is to such men we desire to entrust our country.

But quite as much as in national affairs, men are needed to preside over our colleges and institutions of learning, who, by their example, as well as by their counsel, shall instill proper aspirations into the hearts of the young entrusted to their care, for soon the young will hold responsible offices, ere long they will fill our national congress; can too much care be taken, or too much attention be given to their morals, and to inspiring them with a love of country, and desire to see her best interests advanced.

Let men of talent, character, and capability, be placed at the head of our public institutions; let them be instructed to carefully guard the morals of the young, that they stray not, and to counsel them that they be loyal, true to their country, and true to their God.

The church sustains the same relation to the U. S. as pith does to a tree; it is its life, its strength and its support; deprive the tree of pith and it withers away; even so the church, since the landing of the Pilgrims, has been the life, strength, and support of our nation, and God has brought us through many a bloody conflict, and has given us as a reward, *victory*; but if we disregard Him, cease to revere His church, the same fate awaits us as awaits all nations when they forget God, namely, internal strifes, and ultimate ruin.

Here is another loud call for men; men who shall sustain and help build up the church, being ever alive to her interests; men who shall live such lives as they profess, and who, by their example, as well as by their counsel, shall lift their fellow beings upward towards the Almighty.

Finally, in every walk of life, true men are ever useful; they will find employment in every branch of business, however small or obscure; they will be welcomed by all good people, and, if faithful here, will be welcomed at last by the Master himself.

Then let all, young and old, rich and poor, commence again and be "men;" let us be true to our country and hasten on the day when the demand for men in our own land shall cease, when as a nation, we shall be free from frauds of every stamp, and when peace and prosperity shall reign triumphant in every border of our beloved land.

SELF-POSSESSION.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

In a late speech to his constituents Disraeli remarked "'Tis the unexpected thing that always happens, the main thing is to meet the issue." There is no better rule for us to go by than this. To be successful we must be prepared for the unexpected. The true secret of success is the taking advantage of circumstances. The man who takes advantage of what happens unexpectedly, is the man who will make his mark in the world. The boy whom we see ever on the alert and ready to turn every thing to his advantage, we predict will be heard of in life. We always admire self-possession; we look with almost reverence on the man who stands cool and collected in the presence of danger; yet is always ready to get some advantage from every thing that turns up. We trust ourselves unhesitatingly to such a man. In the hour of danger he takes the lead. Some people wait and say that they have no opportunity to do anything, but the truth is that they do not know how to make use of the opportunities that they do have. The self-dependent man resorts to his own faculties for everything; the self-possessed man not only does this, but he understands how to bring all his faculties to play at once on the object desired. A self-possessed mind must naturally be a self-dependent one. When we hear of some one saving his own life or that of another, by some remarkable self-possession, why is it that we always think of it with admiration and almost with awe? It is the tribute to a superior mind, for self-possession implies strength of mind. We know that in the race of life the strong-minded take the lead, and outstrip their weaker fellow combatants; but strength of mind shows presence of mind, therefore how necessary is that presence of mind. What ever may be our mission in life, self-possession would be of the greatest advantage to us. The self-possessed merchant is the one who succeeds, he continually watches the market and takes advantage of every fluctuation, and grows rich, while his less self-possessed rival may fail. The professions are the same; a lawyer is arguing a case, a new point of law comes up, he comprehends it in a second, and by making use of it acquits his client. A patient, whom the doctor thinks in a safe condition, suddenly shows

alarming symptoms ; instead of losing his presence of mind and his patient at the same time, the doctor snatches up a lancet and opens an artery, and the patient recovers. The same holds good in the harsher profession of war, for war now-a-days is a profession. A general in attacking an enemy, by some mismanagement he allows them to flank him, and apparently he will soon be defeated ; he discovers that the flanking party have become slightly separated from the main body ; quickly he sends a body of men to occupy the space left between the two parties of the enemy, then he attacks the party flanking him ; they fall back upon the main body for assistance, but they find they are cut off, and are easily defeated. However many obstacles, apparently insurmountable, may oppose the path of the self-possessed man, yet he finds something advantageous in every one, and he seems rather to gain than to lose by them. How enviable then are those who possess this faculty, which always stands by them and seems to give them an almost charmed life, unable to be injured by any opposing object, no matter how great or how formidable it may be.

H. W. H.

THE DECLINE OF ORATORY.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

The art of Oratory in all its glory and power seems slowly fading before the stern tendencies of the age.

By this I do not mean that eloquence is banished from the public business of modern times as useless, but merely that it is rendered difficult on account of the present condition of society ; arising from this condition there are causes at work which seem to be limiting senatorial and forensic eloquence ; that these causes will continue to work seems to be established by the fact that the *structure* of modern society —minus a few of its malign aspects—is one to which the whole world must be moulded as it becomes civilized.

Occasionally subjects for eloquence, and therefore *real* eloquence arise in our Senate and Courts of Justice. This seems to arouse in the minds of hearers a longing for that sublime eloquence to which the Greeks and Romans aspired. Many, indeed, on such occasions fancy a resurrection of ancient oratory. But this can-

not be. The age of Oratory, like that of chivalry is gone, and has no more chance of returning than the ancient Rhapsodist who sang "How Priam fell at the feet of Achilles and kissed those hands—the terrible, the murderous—which had slain so many of his sons." These brilliant displays, coming in contrast with ordinary business, call to mind Shakespeare's sonnet

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare
Since seldom coming in the long years set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

They also prove that eloquence is immortal in its nature, and cannot die so long as there are human hearts moving under the agitations of hope, or fear, love, or passionate hatred. But the absence of decay argues not against *limitation*.

Macaulay says that genius is subject to the same laws which regulate the production of cotton and molasses. The supply adjusts itself to the demand.

Let us now consider our subject a little more closely, and I think we shall see the truth of this.

I do not deny that our popular institutions should demand a greater talent for speaking, and create a taste for it, but I do say that the *prevailing* taste of modern times tends to sober and chasten the genius of our speakers, and thus obliges them to be reserved in their attempts to elevate the imagination and warm the passions.

Men now-a-days pride themselves on their ability to resist "rhetorical artifice" as they call it; and every speaker who is anxious to carry his point endeavors to keep out of sight any superiority of skill he may have, and desires to be considered rather as relying on the strength of his cause. Some attribute this fact to that growth of good sense among us which has been cultivated and introduced into almost every department of thought; and while they admit that the Greeks and Romans excelled us in mere efforts of genius, they affirm that we surpass them in closeness and accuracy of thought. This is undoubtedly true, but I fancy that much of what we ascribe to closeness and accuracy of thought is due to our natural coldness. The Greeks and Romans, particularly the former, were very vivacious and sensitive, and possessed a keen relish for all the beauties of oratory. We, on the other hand, besides being inferior to them in our ability to appreciate

oratorical excellence, have so many modes of enjoyment that may be had with little or no cost of intellectual activity that we are not likely ever to reach that state when we shall hang upon processes of thought as objects of conscious interest and pleasure. There are many other national considerations which would warrant us in saying that oratory as an art can never receive that attention which was bestowed upon it in the Early Republics. The fact that oratory lingers in the west, proves these points. The eastern and western culture are related, as the past and the present.

But let us now notice the peculiar circumstances in the great scenes of public speaking which have proved disadvantageous to the growth of oratory among us.

Our Congress, to-day, is the noblest field which the country affords for eloquence, and yet it is not so common nor so powerful an instrument there as it was in the popular assemblies of Greece and Rome. Its *limitedness* is undoubtedly due to the complexity of public business and its vast extent. The political economy of the ancients and their commerce was very simple. Their martial and civil service was based on bare and tangible principles. But a great revolution has taken place in this respect.

Transport yourself in thought for a moment to a popular assembly at Athens or Rome; what will be the orator's topic? Peace, or War; National honor, or National gratitude; some topic in short which appeals to the inherent *sensibilities* of the heart. Enter now our Congress. The subject for debate is probably some railroad bill, or perhaps inflation, or more likely something of little or no importance. Thus is the face of public business vulgarized by details.

Now you will remember that I am by no means seeking to prove the decay of oratory, but merely the fact that the present condition of things must necessarily limit it. Subjects for eloquence have occurred, and then we have seen brilliant displays, unsurpassed in the history of any people. Call to mind the days of the Revolution, when orators might well say with Cicero, "It is to be this day decided concerning your wives, your children, your native country, and your fortunes."

How distinctly do those words of Patrick Henry seem to ring in our ears as he speaks on resistance to oppression, "It is vain

Sir, to extenuate the matter ! gentlemen may cry peace, peace,—but there is no peace.” And that patriotic sentence with which he closes “ I know not what course others may take, but as for me give me liberty or give me death.”

Another memorable event occurred when Webster spoke in reply to Hayne on the preservation of the Federal Union. How well we remember those closing sentences, “ When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time, the sun in the heavens, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union.” There he proved the truth of his remark, that oratory consists in patriotism as well as rhetoric.

Later in the history of our Country, almost within the recollection of the youngest present, were delivered those grand speeches of Sumner and Phillips for human freedom. All these outbursts of effective oratory have occurred when great principles were at stake, and the hearts of men were aroused into action. So we see that oratory has its time of shining and of night, as well as many another art.

It is said that when Benjamin West went on a visit to Rome, to study the fine arts, he met a famous Italian bard, who hailed him as the instrument of Heaven, to raise a taste for the arts which elevate man, and sang in the voice of prophesy, “ All things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward, and truth and art have their periods of shining and of night.” How true was that prediction. Rejoice, then, lovely Greece, the land where sister republics first chanted the praises of liberty, that the voice of thy sea-side declaimer hath, in this century, reached our shores ; that here, when human liberty was at stake, and the oppressed called loudly for aid, the voices of those who had studied diligently thy noblest models were the most effective. Thou, too, rejoice, O venerable republican Rome, whose eagles have glanced in the rising and setting sun ; for, though darkness now overshadows thy seats, “ thy spirit, immortal and undecayed, hath spread toward our new world.”

Not alone in opportunities for *senatorial* eloquence are we behind the Ancients ; but at the bar our disadvantage is great in comparison with their's. Their laws were simple, and based upon elementary justice ; our system is much more complicated. The

decision of their courts was left to a great extent to the equity and sense of mankind. Ours is based upon strict law, statute or precedent; so that a knowledge of the technicalities of the law is the *principal* requisite, and oratory a *secondary* accomplishment.

I have thus endeavored to show that senatorial and forensic eloquence must be limited, but can never decay.

I wish now to speak briefly upon the duty of Americans, and particularly America's young men, to cultivate the art of oratory as an instrument which may be used, when occasions demand, for purposes of the highest importance.

Judge Story said, "We stand the latest, and if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people." Greece was conquered, not by the man of Macedonia, but by her own factions. Romans betrayed Rome. Shall it ever be said, Americans destroyed America? No! Heaven forbid it! No! And yet a storm seems gathering in our political atmosphere, caused by the corruption and intrigues of demagogues, which is threatening to destroy our national character.

The course of events in New York City, recently; the grand possibilities offered at first by the anti-movement of Liberals in 1872, in connection with the unchecked license of demagogism at Washington; the infection of Butlerism and "Boss-ism" everywhere, seem to point to the coming of another crisis in our national history, when the *persuading power* may be again the great weapon of the people, throwing off a tyranny no less malignant and insatiate than that of the past days of the republic.

The Young Men's Club, which was recently formed at Worcester, is a promising organization. The call which was issued, read in substance thus: "We believe there is urgent need of reform and purification in our Government,—Municipal, State and National; that better men and better methods are needed in the administration of public affairs." A belief was also expressed that "the young men do not exert the power and influence which belongs to them." In the last sentence, I believe, is expressed a vital truth. The question then arises, how shall the young men of our land exert power and influence?

First, by the upbuilding of a noble character; and then by defending with gallantry and firmness the rich inheritance they have received by battling for right and truth.

Then let us not undervalue the means to be employed. Eloquence, relying on moral force and character, has proved itself a powerful instrument for good in the past, and so it will be in the future.

Gentlemen of the Philomathean Society: I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me, and for your hearty co-operation in the term's work. I chose this subject upon which I have addressed you this evening desiring to stimulate you to a more earnest endeavor to improve in eloquence.

Then will old Philo send forth men, who, by their knowledge, and by their ability to use that knowledge shall prove the truth of their motto, "*Scire est regere*—to know is to be a king." Yes, then shall she send forth kings in the literal sense of the word—able men. And they are what the country needs to-day.

THE LOSS OF THE VILLE DU HAVRE.

The huge hulk swayed to the current and with her streamers almost kissing the bright autumnal sky, began her ocean voyage.

The last words of farewell had been spoken, and America faded away amid the palpitating rays of the setting sun. As molten Phœbus plunged into the ocean, the good ship steamed lazily into the approaching darkness, and, cutting the troubled waters with her proud beak, bestrode the sea with the air of a monarch. Morning! All's well! the bright sun lights up the dark blue wave, and a favoring wind fills the white sails; no fear or danger has appeared to the hundreds now grouping upon the sunny deck since the shores of their native land sank from their view. Thus day after day passed on unheeded, and each day carried them nearer their destiny. At last the evening of that ill-omened Friday came. It approached as other nights, not even a cloud was to be seen which might act as a fore-runner of the evil impending over the doomed vessel. The sky was clear, the sea calm, and the ship with all busy life within held on her ocean course. Silently, with fast increasing speed, the Loch Earn in an instant darting from the darkness, rent the sides of the ill-fated Ville du Havre.

Two mighty shocks, like thunder claps,—the proud ship reeled, trembled, stopped on her way as if stupefied; amid rush and shout, and scream, comes the fore-mast, seemingly crushing all hope with its wreck.

Women and children, helped to the deck by stalwart men, calmly, firmly mustered in the name of God, prayed that death might not be long and painful.

They felt the vessel sinking fast; the cold, chilling waters swept the craft from stem to stern, separating mothers from their children, and husbands from their wives. Alas! never to meet again in this life. With a lurch forward, a gurgling groan, the ship went down. The rough waters closed over her disappearing masts, and she was gone forever. Picture to yourselves the few struggling forms on the surface, buffeting the waves; struggling with failing breath they still battle for life; shall they win? Through the darkened gloom they see the form of an approaching boat; now they exert all the strength the extremity of despair can give them. Look! one almost lifeless form is lifted into the boat, another turning his face toward heaven, gasps "I can't hold on," and sinks beneath the waves. If the boat had come up the other side he would have been saved, they say; but not such was the edict of Providence; one shall be taken, another left. Almost saved, but lost. Many a shallop which sailed out of harbor noiselessly and unnoticed, has anchored at last safely in port; many a noble bark freighted with precious hopes, and launched with flags flying, and amid salvos of artillery and the huzzas of thousands, has sunk beneath the waves. Life is a voyage. Man sailing on that voyage is like a ship leaving port under sealed orders. He knows not to what ports he must go, or on what seas he must sail, but as the ways of Providence are disclosed to him; the dangers of the voyage, the sunken reefs, the icebergs, or the stormy capes which may prove his ruin, are unknown. Through perilous storms and treacherous calms, he must steer his unknown course. Only one voyage is vouchsafed, and a failure is irretrievable. Little did the passengers of the *Ville du Havre* dream that most of their happy throng should never reach their homes. Embarked on such a ship the idea seemed foolish. It was impossible for them to imagine the rich compartments submerged in the waves, or their friends or relatives sepa-

rated from them in death. God showed them their weakness, and deemed it best to inflict upon them that terrible calamity. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, death was the pilot that steered the craft, and no one knew it.

N. H. M.

The First Means Prize Oration is omitted through the unwillingness of the author to allow its publication as delivered.

PICTURES.

THE SECOND MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

Implanted in man is a tendency to satisfy something more than his mere indispensable wants, and out of this tendency have sprung the Fine Arts. The ignorant savage delights to ornament his hut, his boat, or his temple.

As civilization advances and man learns to appreciate the beauties which surround him he struggles on until he reaches that highest plain in art, when, not content with mere imitation, he throws his soul into the picture, making the canvas speak to others the very emotions that are throbbing in his own breast.

We are apt to under-estimate the value of pictures, forgetting the part they have played, and do play, in the world's drama. In history they are invaluable; for are not the records, traditions, and character of every primitive race locked up in pictures? Are not the chief events of all time set before us more vividly by the pencil than by the pen? Passing from their historical value let us turn to look at the power which the artist has to awaken every emotion of the soul.

Alexander the Great turns pale and trembles at the sight of a picture which calls to mind an act of perfidy. The wife of Brutus can bear with fortitude the separation from her own husband, but the picture of Hector parting from Andromache calls from her a burst of tears. Doré sends a shudder through the stoutest heart by his representations portrayals of hell; while Nast makes powerful monopolies tremble, and averts the well-directed blows aimed at our public institutions.

What a lesson of faith is taught by Titian's representation of the torture of St. Lawrence ! His body is writhing under the most cruel tortures of fiendish persecutors ; but his face is suffused with gladness, while on those parted lips there seems to be the prayer " Father forgive them."

The Roman Catholic learns the story of the cross from the pictures on the walls of his church. The representations of the Virgin and her child satisfy for him that eager craving of the ignorant mind for something visible to worship.

In a New York gallery is a picture which, once seen, can never be forgotten. In the background is Jerusalem, whose magnificent domes seem almost to touch the clouds of inky blackness, which overhang the beautiful city. A band of war-clad horsemen are leaving the hill in the foreground ; and as they descend the rugged path leading through the dark valley and up into the city, their faces are turned to look at three shadows, the work of the fast setting sun upon the brow of the hill. This much at a glance ; but a careful examination discloses the meaning of those shadows. Then slowly the awful scene of the crucifixion steals upon the observer ; his imagination goes back to paint what is beyond the power of the pencil to depict ; and as he looks upon this, the last act of the divine tragedy, he catches up as his own the words at the bottom of the picture and fervently exclaims, "*Consummatus est.*"

When we think of the powerful appeals that the artist may make ; when we think of the pure delight and rare culture to be derived from a study of pictures—of how it draws man out of himself, and nearer to his God, for :—

"Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that man endows
With form his fancy,"

or studies the fancy of another ;—when we think of these things, I say, and then see how art-culture is neglected in our land, we cannot help thinking that we are abusing one of our best talents.

To our colleges, the well-springs of our nation's learning, we must look for a cultivation that will drive out the cheap and worthless trash that overflows the land, and put in its stead pictures that can lay claim to illustrating the fundamental principles of art. And we have a right to expect it of them ; for are not the Fine Arts intimately connected with Literature and Science ?

If ever in the pursuit of the higher pleasures and benefits of art we are inclined to waver, let us remember and practice that deep saying of Goethe's, "Take care of the beautiful; for the useful will take care of itself;" and let us never forget that our vows are paid to a goddess such that

"Age cannot wither her,
Nor custom stale her infinite variety."

C. M.

FOOTPRINTS.

THIRD MEANS PRIZE ORATION.

There are some feelings which are common to all of us. For instance, every one possesses a conscience, and he feels it constantly urging him on towards the right. He knows that his best interests bind him to follow the directions of this monitor, for by so doing, he can establish harmony between God's commands and his own actions. It is a link which unites his life to the Creator.

Every one of us appreciates the fact that there is a specific duty for him to perform, which no other can execute. The success of a man's life depends upon the performance of this. He who refuses to bear his burden makes a failure in the sight of God, whether he is prospered in the world's eyes or not; but he who takes his part and performs it well is successful in heaven, if not on earth.

The great aim of all should be to make progress, symmetrically, towards the true, the beautiful and the good. No one can remain stationary, for an absence of progress betokens a real retrogression. Every true act is an advance; every manly resolution an earnest of something better; and every upward step which we take, or help others to take, makes a lasting impression on the progress of the whole race.

Influence may be likened to the circles produced when a stone is thrown into a quiet lake. The growing rings become less and less sharply defined, perhaps; but they are still circles with one spot as a common centre, from which they extend to every part of the pond. So our deeds may influence the whole world. It may be that some here to-night have seen the results of some act of theirs reaching far away from the place of its performance, and touching men who were before unknown to the originator.

There are many who seem to have no share in elevating mankind, because they do not do it by personal effort. This class includes all those whose life-work is to toil for nothing more than their daily bread. Their labor affords assistance to others, and these in turn reach others, and thus is produced a never-ending train of influence. Those who are permitted to touch men more intimately depend upon this class for life, and means to work. We may call them humble, but we may not despise them. In their every-day duties they may influence their companions towards better living; they may direct the thoughts of others to that which is pure and good, better than the most successful instructor; their every action may speak more eloquently for the right than the most polished preacher.

But there are some who are able to elevate the minds and souls of men by instruction and advice. They may be leaders of public opinion through the might of the press, or instructors in some branch of learning, or ministers of the gospel. In any case, their's is a great and noble work—that of helping men on towards perfection. Both this class and the humble one have special duties placed upon them, but the great duty of living uprightly towards men, and humbly towards God is binding on every one.

When we step over the bounds of earthly existence, those who choose in this life to neglect their duty will be permitted in the life to come to continue their course, and to reap the natural fruits of it; but those who strive here that

—“each to-morrow
Find them farther than to-day.”

will have opportunities there for continued progress toward perfection.

With this as an object, let us live lives of advancement to ourselves, profit to others, and likeness to God, for

“We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.”

W. S. P.

A R T .

The love of beauty is born in every soul. All human natures are in some degree subject to the beautiful. It is this innate passion that creates within the Godlike part of man a love for symmetry and grace. It drives the world before it; it will brook no opposition; it must be satisfied.

The mind, the eye, the ear must have their share, and to supply them each, in their own way, arose poetry, drama, music, painting and sculpture, which gained power as they grew, and as man lifted them, they raised him in turn beyond the reach of baser passions.

Man detects real enjoyment in his creative power; it is a passion of the human heart to rule; whether it be from color to create a picture, or from stone to carve an image, or erect a grander tribute to his God or country, it is all the same; he rules; he is happy. The power of creation raises him nearer to divinity, and magnifies the grandeur of his work.

True art is not made; it comes by inspiration; it grows under the charm of the artist's touch; he mingles with it all his choicest thoughts; it is the culmination and the pinnacle of his most cherished hopes; he entwines about it the fancies that for years have gathered, watched, and waited but for their destined time; and now when every channel of spirit opens they wreath themselves together in one bright gem of art,—the soul guides the eye, the heart the hand. As when from a cloud the sun glides forth, first dim, now brighter, then in full glory; so from the obscure veil of the ideal rises the actual, the real, and in all its beauty lives a master-piece. Such is the soul that rears a Parthenon or models a Venus de Medici; such is he who leaves the world to wonder at his work.

Commonly, we may say, art is the beautiful, the ornamental side of life; but here we must not lose sight of her greatest aid, science; alone, art is erratic and mystic, without character; science is cold and uninviting; beauty is the goal of the former, utility the latter; while truth, their common goddess, guides them both. The connection of thought and action is so close and subtle that whatever moves and influences our ideas, is just so sure to

be a motive power to our deeds. Since we are thus subject to our thoughts for what we do, art is a force, which in no small proportion moulds our minds. It is within her grasp, if she be true, to spread abroad such influences as shall inspire noble thoughts, but if false, she can tyrannize as well. Her wide range incloses the almost indefinite sway which she holds; but at this point arises a difficulty in the definition of art which renders the exact extenuation of her power almost impossible. Anything which combines use and beauty may be raised to the level of an art, but none can place the bounds; it is illimitable still in all its forms; it is a vehicle of knowledge; it conveys with and within itself the seed of truth. Blot out for an instant all the painting, sculpture, and architecture of the past, and what would history in no other form than writing bear to us? It would be a mere jumble of words, empty and meaningless.

Read a description of a picture, and see the picture itself,—compare the two impressions,—then judge; read of an historical event, behold the scene portrayed upon canvas, or chiseled from stone; the former is easily forgotten; the latter remains vivid, so lasting are the forms imprinted upon the imagination.

Art is not to be viewed from a stand-point of measurements and rules; here are two things alone to be regarded. First, the conception; second, the execution. Just here, criticism which, in a great measure, controls public opinion, the shallow mind of the realistic critic can see nothing but defects in a work which envelops the whole soul of the artist, but breaks some pet rules of anatomy or color; while on one, though it be as spiritless as the substance of which it is made, if only it will bear the minutest measurement, and is thoroughly dogmatical, he will exhaust his whole stock of laudatory superlatives. A work of art is not a simple piece of mechanism, it is the embodiment of some grand sentiment in the most forcible and alluring form; and as it approaches, or falls short of this ideal, so should it be praised or condemned.

The highest summit of art is architecture; which, like nature, combines all in all. Architecture is a mighty centre in its primeval form, subject to rule stately and strong, but garnished by the minor arts it becomes supreme. Nothing do nations leave behind them that is half so true as what they build. In this they cut

from the enduring rock their very character, their strength, or weakness. It never fails. As surely as they build, so surely is their story told. Behold Greece and Rome. Greece, filled with the deepest appreciation of æsthetic taste, delighted in the rich luxuriance of highest art. The human figure found its greatest masters here, and her architecture stands a model for all peoples, while the nation's creed of beauty, strength, and generous enjoyment shines everywhere. Rome built as she lived, stern and rigid. Her temples could be turned into fortresses, and on the many monuments that graced the capitol, one word alone was written,—ambition. Greece, exalted, purified, and thrilled with noble thought. Rome, awed, terrified, and inspired admiration through the medium of fear.

Can our country, now in its youth, with its habits and tastes of art as yet unfounded, do better than foresee the future from the past, and gain for right the influence which true art can give.

H. H. D.

THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

The country in which we live is one of which we may be justly proud, and the proudest thing in it of which an American can boast is the advance in all the useful arts and sciences made by it since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. The more attention we bestow upon this thought the more surprising, as well as gratifying it seems, that from so recent a date we should have taken our position among the foremost nations of the world.

During the last fifty years almost all the valuable inventions and improvements have been made in the United States, and from us have been adopted into other countries. Our whole land has become one network of railroads, continually traversed by long trains, bearing from place to place merchandise from all parts of the earth; elegant steamboats and yachts, modeled after the most elaborate designs, float upon our rivers and lakes, while a myriad sails can be seen in almost any view from our shores. From the fur-producing forests of Maine, and the vast fisheries of the North-East coast, to the cotton plantations of the South; from the factories of New England to the mines of California, the ceaseless industry and enterprise of our population prevails.

It was not a great many years ago when the crack of the stage driver's whip was heard among the hills, as the only public conveyance rumbled over the stony roads from village to village ; when ferry-boats went by sail or hand altogether, and all voyages were made in sailing vessels ; but now steam is rapidly superseding these forces for transportation, and in all the important sea-port cities of the Atlantic can be seen the huge European steamships ready at man's will to cross the ocean in two weeks.

If the reason of our prosperity should be sought, we shall find it in the one word, *Liberty*. To obtain liberty our Puritan forefathers came to these shores, and having found it here they made our soil a refuge for all in search of the same thing. This is attested by the thousands of emigrants who are arriving every month from Great Britain, China, and other countries. They find plenty of fertile land waiting for the plough in the West, and such inducements to industry are too strong to be neglected by many. And so the great tide of emigration pours in upon us from all sides, developing the resources of the country, and increasing the population and revenue. This growth has steadily proceeded since the war of the Rebellion, and now can scarcely fail to continue.

The past upon which we can look back is indeed glorious, but for our future who can speak? Soon it will be our turn to go out into the world to do our share, and then it will lie for us to mould the future of our nation. Let us, then, by improving our youthful faculties, prepare ourselves for the sterner conflicts of manhood, and if called upon may we be ready to willingly lay down our lives upon the altar of our country. G. W. S.

DUTY OF LITERARY MEN TO THEIR COUNTRY.

Literary men hold the key of power in a republic ; with it they can unfasten the barriers of modern progress, and open wide the portals of civilization ; or they can oppose the advance of intellect, and debar all entrance to liberty. The importance therefore, that such prevailing influence should be wielded in a proper direction, can not be over-estimated.

We have no love or reverence adequate for serving our country. She demands an energy of purpose, a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent for our comprehension. For what is our country ! is it the North, with her bleak snows and ice-bound valleys. Is it the East with her commerce and craggy hill-tops. Is it the South with her "cotton gardens of mimic snow," her golden-robed rice fields, and waving corn ; or the West, luxuriant in her untilled prairies, her vast expanse of territory, her unexplored opulence, her majestic rivers, and the golden gate of the Californias ? No ! These are but the members of a vigorous and complete family circle.

From this we observe, that a united country is as necessary to our literature, as it is for the full enjoyment of our national independence and civil liberties. If, however, we desire to acknowledge a literature similar to that which has delineated with such faithfulness and energy of expression, the follies and vices of the European world ; if we wish the carnage of the battle field, and the romance of war to be portrayed, age after age by our orators and poets ; if we long to unloose the fetters of jealousy and selfishness, of revenge and ambition ; if we choose that from centre to circumference, the roar and fray of battle, its smoke and its blasphemies, should be wafted with every breeze ; if we desire our rivers and lakes tainted with the blood of our brethren ; if we desire that these, and such as these,—the predominating elements of the old world—should be ingrafted into our literature, then let us dethrone the statue of Liberty and unity, and scatter their fragments far and wide over this sacred soil.

But if we desire a literature for our country, that shall contain all that is noble, pure, and elevating in its character ; if we wish to stamp upon its pages the image of peace and prosperity, and make it worthy of God and mankind ; then we must look to the literary men for its complete realization, for upon them, in a great degree, rests the responsibility of perpetuating the glory, the freedom, and the christian integrity of our race.

W. H. P.

THE DEATH OF TIBERIUS GRACCHUS.

"The ancient Roman virtues, the simple ways of old,
Are vanishing before the love of luxury and gold ;
Ah ! where are now the valiant men, like Regulus of yore,
Who with few comforts were content, nor sought to make them more,—
Who loved in peace their farms to keep, but, when called forth to fight,
Taught all their enemies to dread the peasant soldier's might ;
And having fought the foes of Rome laid past the sword and shield,
Then toiled like Cincinnatus in the workshop or the field ?
The foreign wars have raised our fame and spread our glory wide,
Have filled our treasury with gold, but cursed us with false pride.
Our nobles and our rulers are by wealth corrupted grown,
And what was erst the fate of Greece, O Rome ! may be thine own.
What patriotic heart but grieves to see Etruria's soil
For lack of labor lying waste, while thousands wish to toil ?
The fairest of our fertile fields the grasping nobles hold
With foreign slaves to till the soil, with slaves to tend the fold ;
Whilst thousands of brave citizens who fought and bled for Rome
Own not a single clod of earth, have neither house nor home."
So spake Tiberius Gracchus, and wisely he had planned
By wholesome laws to check the cause of misery in the land.
The chief of all the Senate, Appius Claudius,—he
And Crassus, too, the Pontifex, had pledged his friends to be ;
And Scævola, the jurist, would lend his powerful aid,
With others of the wisest men by whom the laws were made.
They each and every one agreed to strengthen Gracchus' hands,
Revive the old Licinian laws, divide the public lands,
That they who bore the brunt of war, its labors and its toils,—
Should reap the honor which it brings and share the victor's spoils.
With eye prophetic Gracchus saw the coming party strife ;
He knew the selfish nobles all were plotting for his life,
But still he plead the people's cause, and braved the noble's might,
Midst all the dangers of his course, he swerved not from the right.
Assailed on every hand by foes on his destruction bent,
By every means hate could employ or malice could invent
Upon his character they strive to fix some fatal stain,
But, foiled by his integrity, their labor was in vain.
At length his enemies succeed, and in Octavius find
A willing tool to carry out the purpose of their mind.
How fierce and hot the conflict grows ! Now comes the fatal hour

When right and justice is o'erthrown by tyranny and power.
Up from his seat Nasica springs and gives the signal cry.
With hatred stamp'd upon his face, with vengeance in his eye.
"The consul has betrayed his trust, but while we yet are free
Let all who wish to save the State take arms and follow me ;
Then forth they rushed and through the crowd, the yielding crowd, they prest,
'Down, down with all our foes,' they cry, 'with Gracchus and the rest !'
The temple of great Jupiter the Tribune seeks to gain,—
The treacherous priests have barred the door, the people's friend is slain.
Surprised, unarmed, his partisans now meet their leader's end,
Are martyred for the cause which they are powerless to defend ;
Their bodies with a fiendish hate, till then in Rome unknown,
Denied the rights of burial, are in the Tiber thrown.
Thus perished they, the noblest men who bore the Roman name,
Who loved their country more than life, her welfare more than fame,
All sacrificed to glut the ire of Rome's patrician lords,
Who blindly hurried on their fate with suicidal swords."

R. M. H.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The last term, as is usual with the spring term, has been one of great interest. Philo has done well, and although there are many objects of interest during the spring, to attract our attention into other channels, there has been less falling off than usual. The thanks of the society are due to Prof. Churchill and Mr. L. I. Woodworth, who, by giving readings, the former at Concord, N. H., and the latter here in Andover, so kindly came to the aid of our empty treasury, and through whose instrumentality a considerable sum has been raised towards clearing off Philo's debt. They reduced the debt from \$190 to less than \$100. Shortly after, Mr. Coy gave an address to the society on the subject of classical education. It was well written, and well delivered, and gave universal satisfaction. The membership of Philo, which had fallen off considerably last term, has increased. Old Phillips has prospered; the class of third juniors is unusually large. Their standard, and that of the junior class proper, has been advanced, the third juniors reading Roman history, and the others Cicero's four orations against Catiline, and the first chapter of Xenophon's Anabasis. The Senior Class, instead of the fifth book of Xenophon, are reading the seventh of Herodotus.

The Draper Prize speaking came off on the 22d of May; it was well attended, and, although there was some slight grumbling at the awarding of the third prize, the majority was satisfied with the decision of the judges. The first prize was awarded to Lawrence Kneeland of the senior English department; the second to N. H. Merriam of the senior classical, and the third to George Adams of the junior classical. In the early part of the term, Mr. Cook gave a lecture, the proceeds of which were given to Phillips Academy for the purpose of founding a scholarship. On the 25th of May the Fem. Sems. had their reading. From the report of those who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets, it seems to have been a success.

*See
Quinty* Base Ball has superseded Foot Ball, and our "nine" has been unusually successful; it is stronger than the one we had last year. They played three games with the Theologues, and were successful in two; they defeated the Lawrence club, and also played a tie game with the Excelsiors, the junior champions of Boston; also defeated the Methuen club. A fine game was played between the Senior and Middle classes, which resulted in a tie. The Reading room, an institution in which we prided ourselves, and which seemed to be in a flourishing condition, has collapsed for want of funds; we hope it will be started again next year, and with better success.

During the early part of the term, an organization termed the Mulligan Guards, was started for the purpose of making disorder, in which they succeeded very well at first, but after a flagrant breach of discipline, the Faculty put a stop to it by suspending eight of its members. Beyond this there has been very little disorder. We will say nothing on that worn out subject, the clubs, but will let them go as they are, and think them good enough for any Phillipian. During the term, the town has been visited by some minstrels, by a conjurer, and by some other shows of the same sort, but as the students were not allowed to attend, we know little about them.

During the term, we lost by a sad accident of drowning, M. J. Ames, of the Junior classical.

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GENIUS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

Look back along the ages of history, recount the names that mark the centuries as their own, and everywhere we see that minds whether endowed with Genius or Talent, indomitable will, or marvellous scope are the ones that live, giving us the weightiest evidence that mental superiority is the loftiest of ambitions.

It is often asked, what is Genius? It best defines itself by its own actions,—It is the realization of an ideal—the power that connects thought with action.

The Genius is an odd man moving differently from his fellows, seeing things in another light than they, and not so anxious to agree with his neighbor as to forget that it is his right and duty to form an individual opinion of his own; whether that opinion be like another's or not, it must be one that he has formed, not one that has been given to him. He is never contented; not discontented from a want of appreciation, but from a feeling that things can be bettered and that he has the power to work the change; therefore, not satisfied to receive a custom for the future on no other recommendation than that it has been the custom of the past.

These characteristics we have noticed belong more especially to the inventive Genius, although they are inherent to the whole class.

Probably the most striking effect is produced where Genius takes the form of Will or Mental force, which marks the greatest minds. The man becomes all soul, all fire, he is regardless of everything except the grand ideal to which he has consecrated himself, everything dwindles before him. Such a spirit often ruins the body in which it lives by its own self-consuming force. He becomes pale, and thin, and haggard; his mind by its workings, like some huge engine, racks and shivers him at every turn; his body fails but he heeds it not; such a nature needs no body, it is rather hampered than aided by it. These men live on when apparently all life sustaining elements have been consumed, nothing but their mental force sustains them; they have set themselves to do a certain thing and until then they can not, they must not, and they will not die, and thus it is they live.

Genius like other great qualities has its shadow, which is too often taken for the original,—it is Talent. There is difficulty in separating these two qualities, because Genius in its highest form, includes Talent, but it is undoubted that there are numbers of men who without one spark of Genius manage to make their names known above the common throng.

Men who pre-eminently excel in a specialty may be styled "Geniuses." Men who do well whatever they undertake, "Talented." It is the very firmness in the mind of the Genius that prevents his being able to grapple with a multiplicity of subjects. Just so the power of expansion Talented is not counterbalanced by an equivalent power of contraction. But in the combination of these qualities is the secret of power. Such minds, like those ancient Damascus blades, embody an harmonious combination of suppleness, keenness and strength; the ability to cleave brass, or sever silk, to be driven through mail, or bent double, and yet receive no injury. It is such qualities as these that make a Napoleon, a Shakspeare, or a Washington, though in no one man can we ever find them all in their due proportion.

Napoleon excelled in a wonderful power of Will. When he had once determined to rule, it was accomplished. He had willed and the rest was but the forms society required him to pass through, that was all; mutiny or enthusiasm, success or defeat, all were made to aid him. He would not succumb to circumstances until

at last he met with one, who having almost equal ability on the field of battle and much superior advantages, overcame him, and thus he fell,—the victim more pitied in his fall than the victor praised in his success, and the world was awe stricken.

"They gazed as when the Lion dies,
The hunters scarce believe their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain,
Lest the grim monarch should rouse again."

Shakspeare's Genius was of a marvellous scope ; he keenly watched humanity, and as if by intuition saw quite through all the forms and farces of society, and laid bare weaknesses of human character which exist wherever man does, so that his works are as poignant for the future as they have been cutting in the past.

Washington's mind was one with a larger proportion of Talent than either of the others. His genius was not of that kind which sees nothing but its final aim, but he strove at combination. Each thing had its due place with him ; his God, his country, and himself were served in harmony. His was a nature totally without excitement, as calm and cool in victory as in defeat ; a victory was so much gained, a defeat so much lost, one had its use, the other its remedy, but there was no echo, nothing was magnified. He was all clear, cool judgment, combining what he had for its best use, yet without any of that brilliancy we so often see in Napoleon's deeds. Washington performed commonplace acts in such a manner as to be efficient in all, but beyond approach in none.

Fancy the properties of such minds as these combined, and then a definition of Genius, which though not complete, for it wants in many qualities, yet which may be said to approach completeness, is obtained.

Genius too often, except in the loftiest minds, has a certain fixedness and inability to turn where it will. Here it is that Talent separates from it, and forms a class of men by themselves.

Genius concentrates ; Talent embraces ; the former pierces, the latter grasps ; the one knows the reasons, the other the rules. Genius leaps to conclusions, while talent takes the well-known and dusty paths, all the time predicting the downfall of its rival, as it looks with envy, while plodding laboriously on, at a career which at the same time appears both mad and successful.

Very often madness is the result of Genius, especially in those whose minds have some particular bent. They are so beyond the rest of society in their thought that they lack companionship, and for very want of intercourse lose reason. Indeed these extraordinary powers are formed in many cases at the expense of the rest of the faculties. Men of undoubted Genius are often seen to be intemperate, fickle, and careless of their lives in general, so that Mediocrity stands by and rubs her hands, congratulating herself that she is able to keep her character free from such blots at any rate. Alas! how long will those whose shallow minds never let them feel the force of a passion, or know the power of a strong nature, stand by and rail at the faults of those beside whom they are but pigmies? Let those persons turn and look at the deeds of such men, who have rent the clouds of custom and usage, that hung over society, by their own brilliancy; who have turned society from its old ruts, and given it new force; who have infused their own soul, with all its energy and fire, into their undertakings; who have inspired men to bravery by a word; quelled them to submission by a look; who have led them, and even inspired them with their own life. Shall these men be reviled for weaknesses and faults, before which the very goodness of their defamers is contemptable? What though

"They leave a name,
At which the world grows pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

They must be wondered at for their power, and doubly praised when that power is directed aright.

Genius must ever rise on! on! illuming the darkness as it goes; bounded by space; restricted by eternity; piercing the gloomy and undiscovered future by that brightness which has been the life of the past.

H. H. D.

THE TRIUMPHS OF SCIENCE.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Ours is a most glorious century, and is made pre-eminently so by the grand results of scientific investigation. The page of history which in the future shall contain the events of it, will doubtless be crowded with these. This will be called the age in which science was nurtured, and the future Macaulay will pay his tribute to the institutions and men who devoted themselves to its development. The era must ever be remarkable in history for the mighty changes wrought by science, for the every day discovery which has exercised such a disturbing influence throughout the world, and shook to the very foundation man's previous ideas about himself and his surroundings. In no one period of the world's history have we been compelled to unlearn so much and learn anew, to put aside old methods of thought and adopt new ones.

The pressure has been constant and positive; during the centuries other influences have done much to shape the destinies of the race, but none have tended to remould it so completely as science has in this. Says England's great statesman, "the revolutions of science within the last fifty years have had more effect in moulding the world than any political causes; they have changed the position and prospects of mankind more than all the conquests, and all the codes, and all the legislatures that ever lived." This is not only true, but significant; for it comes from one who is the representative of a class that look with a suspicious eye upon science. Such admissions are growing frequent. The history of the past fifty years makes them absolutely necessary, for the history of the past fifty years has been the history of science. During this time supposed truths, which had received the sanction of the wise for ages have been unsettled, new and startling ones have been disclosed, the sources from which man derives his inspiration have all been clothed with a new garment, the impressions which he has received from physical phenomena have been entirely different; and as a result, everything whatsoever has been re-inspected, and either remodeled or done away with entirely. The new conclusions arrived at have caused the

breaking up of old associations, and a general departure from the beliefs of our fathers. Truly, science has been more mighty than "codes and conquests in moulding the character of the world."

In its rapid development science has established principles that have been almost revolutionary. Upon philosophy these have exerted such a mighty influence, that to quote from Professor Masson "she has visibly reeled among the shocks, and now looks about her scared and bewildered, feeling that some of the oldest statements about herself, and some of the most important terms in her vocabulary, require re-explication.

Upon religion the great principles established by science have been less revolutionary, though here, as elsewhere, the effect has been marked. However, we would not direct our thoughts either to religion or philosophy to meet the requirements of our subject, but rather to the every-day world about us.

Science has delved into the rocks, and pierced into the sky, yet her most fruitful field has been the great industrial world; here she has made "two blades of grass grow where once grew but one;" here the benefits have been lavish, the triumphs great. Perhaps nowhere else are the grand results so apparent. Triumph has succeeded triumph, until the workshop is no longer associated with mere manual employment, or the farm with unremitting toil. All industry has been elevated and placed upon a new plane, pursuits that once called into action nothing but mere animal strength, now demand intellect. The quickening influence has been felt in every quarter, and the day seems not far distant when drudgery shall give way entirely to skilled labor, and the agricultural college and scientific school be deemed the proper place for our youth to serve their apprenticeship.

The producing world owes much to science; perhaps all of the marked progress made in the past fifty years can be referred to the assistance rendered. Nothing can show more to the honor of science than the result of her work here, and if, as we apprehend, is due to her the present prosperous condition of the industries throughout the world, no higher tribute can be paid than to state the fact.

Science has a glorious record so far, and the hope of the future is, that this will continue. We hail with pleasure the indications

that her searching glance is to be turned upon the social structure, and that soon her Spencers will bring to light laws as invariable as those operating throughout nature.

The solving of the social and historical problems are among the triumphs yet to be achieved, but who, in view of the past, can doubt that they will soon be added to the list. Already she is asking, "in what does the social structure consist, and what are the depth and shallows of history.

As one looks over the recorded triumphs of the past fifty years, and thinks also of how successfully science is coping with the problems of the hour, the question naturally suggests itself, wherefore this mighty power, so manifest, and so superior to all philosophy and art; one, and but one response comes to the question, TRUTH. This is undoubtedly the secret. Science has to do with facts alone. The question always asked is, what, not why; facts, absolute unvarnished facts are the object of her search, and when once determined, carry all the force of truth. Nothing is taken for granted, the seeming of truth is never sufficient to satisfy, everything must be searched into, weighed, put in a crucible and tested before being accepted or rejected. The first and last solicitude of science is truth. What wonder then, that in her right hand is carried might and strength, and what wonder that her past is brilliant and her future promising.

W. W

HERESIES.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

How much humanity owes to heresies! And what are heresies? Ideas held by a single individual in opposition to general opinion. Columbus conceived that the earth was round, and obstinately maintained his position against all the learning of the time. Martin Luther felt that the Roman Catholic Religion had become degraded, and opened the glorious era of the reformation. George Stephenson thought that a steam-engine could be made, and through many discouragements and perplexities accomplished his object.

But do heresies still exist? I answer, they exist more than ever. We hear Darwin asserting that man, by some mysterious cultivation, is raised from a monkey, which grates harshly on our pride and excites great opposition. And we can no longer boast our skill in building railroads and canals, for there is a company of English and French capitalists formed for the purpose of tunneling under the English channel for a railroad; and the Suez Canal is certainly one of the greatest achievements, as it was reckoned among the greatest impossibilities of the age.

In politics what varying from the old prescribed rules! Everywhere is seen the discomfiture of professional politicians, and everywhere the triumph of the people. It seems as though the death of Charles Sumner had called all the earnest minds of the country to action, and the exercise of the right of free voting is becoming general.

Religion, too, has received a new impetus. The discussions arising from the freely expressed opinions of Swing and Beecher have called Christianity prominently before the public mind, and new interest is manifest everywhere. And are all these to no purpose? Are not all men benefited by these "departures"? Does not history record that in the Dark Ages, when men were living without laws, there was undisputed despotism, unchallenged religion, and unquestioned science? And when the darkness was broken, was it not by heresies? And the world and men have not so changed but that they may be benefited by the same means as before.

But there are some heresies of rather questionable value. There are in every age, some sour-minded critics who devote themselves to the tearing down of beliefs. We have long ago seen the bravery of Pocahontas, and the truth-developing cherry-tree melt into nothingness: and William Tell is proved a character of fiction. But not content with the destruction of these, our friends have raised their infamous hands against Shakspeare. No longer do we see in Hamlet the poetical Shakspeare, but the prosy Lord Bacon.

And not only is literature tampered with, but the soul-life receives many blows. Infidels everywhere are using new vigor, and have actually dedicated a hall to one of their number for

holding their gatherings. Tyndall has recently delivered a materialistic discourse, and the religious press are full of articles in defence of the divinity of God. But considering every point, do not heresies teach freedom of thought and feeling, which is never had too abundantly? Looking about on the past and present of this globe, do we not see that great departures have resulted in great awakenings? And now, most of all are needed, these very heresies, which the Press condemn and the people oppose.

F. M. W.

OPINIONS.

Although centuries upon centuries have numbered themselves with the past, and generation has superseded generation since that famous aphorism, *Cogito, ergo sum*, (I think, therefore I exist) first found its way into this world of ours, yet the sentiment therein expressed finds itself verified even in the world to-day, and so long as the wheel of time shall move, it must ever remain a principle.

Opinions which are worth anything are the outgrowth of thought; the issue of evidence; they are the gems from which spring belief; as solid granite must be chiseled into shape ere it can represent the stately form of man, so the opinions must be chipped and rounded off ere they can become one's belief.

The habit into which many fall, of forming or adopting opinions because they may be popular or fashionable, without regard to evidences, is a most deplorable and inexcusable evil; for, as opinions are the sires of action, to be indifferent in regard to the evidences of opinion, is but to be indifferent concerning actions; and as actions are the instruments of good or evil to our fellows, to be unconcerned as regards our actions, is but to be unconcerned respecting the weal or woe of our fellow beings; so it follows that to be indifferent to evidence in forming or adopting an opinion, is really casting aside the best interests of our fellow beings; and to this unconcern may be attributed all that hard-heartedness which is so often found hidden, but firmly established in the active chambers of the mind; to this basis may be traced all that is objectionable in human character.

Just how far a man is accountable for his opinions cannot be determined, it is a mystery not to be dispelled by man, since it remains fathomed alone by him who is the Author of all things.

But although it cannot be determined to just what point a man is accountable for his opinions, the fact that in some degree he is responsible for them still remains ; for that we have some power over our mental selves and over our opinions, is a generally admitted fact and disputed only by a very small number ; but this admitted, since it constitutes responsibility, suffices to prove accountability, and insomuch as none know the degree of that accountability, what can be more important than careful study in order that one may use that *power* to the best advantage both of himself and of others. We affirm that a man is responsible for any injury done towards another ; now suppose a man to publish an opinion which in any way may be detrimental to another's character, we hold such a one responsible for the injury, and if he is responsible for the injury, is he not responsible for the cause of said injury ; is he not responsible for entertaining the opinion, the vent of which did his neighbor ill ?

In the present age more than in any other, there is reason to discuss this question of man's accountability for his opinions in all its bearings both spiritual and practical, since notions are being entertained to the effect that man is not a free moral agent, and therefore not accountable for what he may say, think, or do ; but man is a free moral agent, free to do and act for himself, and although he may be often guided by an unseen hand, yet he is never driven or compelled by any supernatural power to pursue a path contrary to his will ; and it is for this very reason that man is *accountable* for his opinions. All are not accountable for their opinions in the same degree, those especially to whom most is given ; therefore how rigid should be the endeavor, how untiring the effort of those who have *light*, to frame their opinions to the best advantage according to the light given them.

N. B.

PARTIALITY OF HISTORY.

In her decisions concerning the lives, characters and deeds of great men, the muse of history, Clio, does not always view with equally just eyes the different personages brought before her notice. To say the least she is partial, *very* partial. As a general thing, indeed, she seems influenced by the mood in which she is at the time of her judgment. Some she entirely ignores. On others she merely glances, while upon the more favored ones she pauses in contemplation of what she judges to *be*, or at least intends to make great men.

Some she passes with disdain, while, towards others she shows how flattering and fawning, nay even heroising she can be. In the life of each great man there is some act or acts for which he is especially noted and which cling to his name as though his especial property. Upon this *Historia* seizes and inscribes it upon her tablets to be transmitted to posterity.

Some are noted for their evil deeds, some for their heroism, and the better class for the good they have done mankind. Thus when we hear the name of Benedict Arnold we immediately call to mind the thing for which he is most noted, and at the same time rendered famous, his attempted act of treachery towards his country. Thus this single deed, though a failure, more than balances all of his services, and they were by no means unimportant. In the name of Franklin we recognize the Philosopher and Printer, from his eminent researches in philosophy and his connection with the early printing of our country. Many men are known by a *single* act, sometimes a misfortune, and by that single act alone. Among these names there is one which is to be least envied and which is almost synonymous with defeat, Braddock. Let us take him as an example of the partiality of history. Not that he is the only one nor the most noticeable illustration, for they are by no means few, but because he is the first that occurs. Should you ask an American who Braddock was, he would say, "A British General defeated by the French and Indians at Fort Duquesne." This would be all the information you could get from ninety-nine out of a hundred. And yet he is deserving of more than this.

His fame is mostly reflected fame connected with the great American sun, Washington. When we speak of Braddock's defeat we immediately call to mind the fact that here our own great Washington first appeared on the page of history, and while musing over this our mind looses all sight of the man, who is by *right*, the central figure. Now there is no doubt that in the life of Edwin Braddock there are pleasing events which, were they known, would change for the better, at least to a slight degree, the record which is allotted to him. But of these history has taken no notice. They have dropped into obscurity never to be brought forth for his advantage. From this single event and its connections we must learn all, for I have never seen his life in print. That he was a good General may be inferred from the very fact that he was sent by his sovereign in command of his troops, to a land thousands of miles distant. Nor does the sequel, the fact that he was defeated, prove his want of generalship, for the kind of warfare was entirely new to him, and his death at the first defeat gave him no time to learn wisdom from experience. People often blame him for his obstinacy and call him haughty for not taking the advice of Washington, yet is it to be wondered at because an old veteran did not take the advice of a young man who, to say the least, had seen very little active service? However, no matter how inferior his talents were, when we take into consideration all things we cannot but see the partiality of history.

E. H.

URIAH HEEP.

David Copperfield, unquestionably, is superior to any other of Dickens' numerous writings. The author seems to have infused into it his own depth of soul. It is, in a word, Dickens' autobiography. He depicts, vividly, the circumstances and events of his life. His own character, which is the nucleus of attraction, he has surrounded with both the beautiful and the ignoble. These, in fact, are the instruments in his hands of making evident his own many virtues, yet elucidating them with such a consistency to real existence, that he does not forget his imperfections, as he portrays his moral excellence.

Dickens success as a Novelist, can be attributed to three essential traits. The distinct individuality of each separate character; the evident reality of the life he illustrates; and his unsurpassed power of contrast. These qualities are strikingly evinced in *David Copperfield*. The "Old Soldier" is no less a character than Peggotty; Lettimer, no less than Steerforth; while even the "hunchback" Mowcher, is as conspicuous as the Murdstones. Thus every page is alive with individual characters and distinct personifications, delineated both from the actual and the imaginary.

In his sympathy with his race, Dickens' genius predominates. A diligent scrutiny of actual existence, aided by a natural propensity to probe into individual character, furnished him with an originality and power of thought, that enabled him to paint life, in all its phases of reality. And thus through his printed page we read the familiar history of an unfortunate Martha, abandoned to a castaway existence: or, of an impetuous Emily, lured by a mistaken passion and ambitious hope, to forsake the hearth of her childhood's joys, for the companionship of a stranger; or, of an unappreciated Micawber, endowed with a proneness of "waiting for something to turn up"; or of a "Memorial" Dick, crazed with the idea of his own unfortunate merit; or of a Betsy Trotwood, possessing a sympathetic nature under a rough exterior; or of a Dora, always the innocent child, destitute of an ambition, with an attachment for "pets", only exceeded by a desire to be petted; or of so contrary an individual as Mrs. Gummidge mourning for the "old un."

Dickens was no less true, in the power of arranging his characters in such a juxta-position, as to more vividly express each others peculiarities. And it is a charming specialty of this author, that he discriminates the good from the evil, so as to clothe each in their proper dress,—not as the common romancer, who adorns the rabble in all the respectability of purple and fine linen, and claims for them our sympathy and esteem,—but as an author, solicitous more for the impression created upon the mind, than upon the pocket. It is by this keen perception of the impassable gulf between the noble and the vicious, that he contrasts the lovely Agnes Wickfield—of whom an eminent critic has justly observed as possessing "one of the most charming characters in

the whole range of fiction"—with that detestable and diabolical creature, Uriah Heep. Through this instrumentality, he successfully inculcates upon the minds of his readers, the good that can be accomplished through one generous, open-hearted, Christian character, and the suffering that is caused, through the hatred, deceit, and malignity of one designing wretch.

Uriah Heep is the consummation of meanness. His very countenance, wan and ghastly even like that of a dead person; his red hair clipped close to his head; his wanton eyes, void of eyebrows and lashes; his long and bony fingers; his whole bearing unlike that of the man, but nearer that of the creature, determines his iniquitous character; and we should search in vain for a meaner wretch, or one more atrocious than he, whose touch even was so clammy that after contact with him we would almost exclaim with Lady Macbeth, "out, damned spot, out!"

The most noticeable characteristic in the man is his conscious hypocrisy. He is forever feigning humbleness, proclaiming it under all circumstances, and making this abject humility the guise for the most extreme heinousness. It predominates in every thought, word, and deed. It is his apology for every offense. And thus we find him, the instigator of every degrading act, and the author of the most poignant misery. He plots to despoil the happy home of his employer; to lay bare the honored altar of love and affection, and ensnare in his ruinous devices, the noble patron of his counsels. And, not content with merely this, he plans to force that paragon of purity and beauty, that noble Agnes, to accept his hand—heart he had none—in the bonds of matrimony. By a constant application of this hypocrisy, both in misrepresentations and in encouraging weaknesses through incessant temptations, he entices his victim to the verge of an impending ruin, and chuckles within himself, that he alone holds the key of such a situation. At this juncture, he is prepared to ply upon the sympathy and love of Agnes for her father, and by threats and intimidations to compel her to accede to his demands.

A rabid jealousy is the co-partner of this vile pretense. By night and day, this unhallowed eye never loses guard over its victim. It follows her at every step. It feeds the insatiate soul of the destroyer, and, wild with fury, and regardless of every virtue,

it augments and increases, until every nerve and sinew responds to its dishonor. Moreover, when thwarted in his designs, he does not forget to mitigate his crime with the plea of humbleness, and even while incarcerated, he still plays the hypocrite well, by an assumed repentance and an overcharged affection for his mother, the accomplice of his wickedness.

But his own ignominy and shame does not satisfy the cravings of his morbid nature. He crosses the thresholds of his neighbors and acquaintances; he pries upon their sacred privileges; he adds his vile counsels to the burden of his presence. And not only is he a mischief-monger, but a scandal breeder of the lowest type. He contaminates all with whom he associates. And, not satisfied with simply being the tale bearer of ordinary gossip, he searches into private life—that which belongs to the man alone—and unearths “domestic infelicities,” with positive pleasure. In a word, there appears no phase of wickedness or meanness with which he was not cognizant. He stands out before us, the vilest of the vile, the basest of the base.

Fiction contains few characters so utterly devoid of principle as Uriah Heep. And the conception of it by the author could have been no trivial matter. For each act and word is rigorously in harmony with them all. He was not a caricaturist, who only presents the salient properties of the man, but, as Whipple appropriately says, “he so preserved the keeping of character that everything said or done by his personages is either on a level with the original conception or develops it.” And thus in tracing carefully out the character of Uriah Heep, we find none of that inconsistency of language so frequent in the delineation of character, nor any of that misapplied “goodness,” the tendency of which is that “All’s well that ends well.” He is introduced to us in no more appropriate dress than when we finally take leave of him. It is the man, the despicable profligate, the fiendish knave, that Dickens holds up as a mirror, in which the foibles and hypocrisy of poor, frail humanity finds too often a counterpart.

W. H. P.

A NIGHT IN PHILO.

Let Grecian heroes waken Homer's string,
Arms and the man let Virgil sing,
But Grecian legends and the Tales of Rome,
Delight us less than subjects nearer home.
Far other topics in these modern days
Must form the theme of meaner poets lays.
With frenzy fired I sieze my harp again
Ycleped a Jew's and strike a feeble strain,
And while the thoughts in halting numbers spring,
A night in Philo is the theme I sing.

The chorus stops, the noises cease,
The loud uproar is stayed,
The falling gavel calls for peace,
The mandate is obeyed,
Preliminaries all are past
And now real work begins ;
The Critic goes it rather fast,
A sorry yarn he spins.
Who'd teach another how to talk
Himself should never stammer,
'Tis fun to see a critic walk
Right over rules of grammar.

The reign of Poetry, the power of Song,
The magic influence of the tuneful art,
To tell in language elegant yet strong,
With graceful manner was Extempore's part,
How well performed, the generous applause
The well earned favor of the audience told,
And why he gained it I will tell the cause,
He gave the labor and received the gold.

Some other parts which pleased us passing well,
We hasten over with reluctance great,
Our space is limited and we must tell
The leading features of the night's debate.

Gentlemen of Philo, the question reads.
"Resolved that in Science we find
A power which the classics by far exceeds
For culturing, widening the mind,"
And I think I can show as some of you know,
That our side ought to win you'll agree it;
Why to me its so plain, that I scarce can restrain
My contempt for all those who don't see it.

Astronomy soars far through limitless space
And measures the sun and the stars,
Predicts an eclipse, or a comet can trace,
Or give you the spectrum of Mars.

Geology opens a field most profound
For each bold enquiring mind,
It tells us of secrets deep under the ground
Yet open to all who would find.

And Chemistry too would you follow it thro'
Of itself a man's mind it could train
To reason and act, to grasp at a fact,
And know what is right to a grain.

It has truths to engage the youth or the sage,
Its discoveries surpass all belief,
It has lately found out, and proved beyond doubt
That leather is ox-(h)ide of beef.

But why need I talk in every walk
Of science in which we move,
The facts appear as sunshine clear,
Which any fool could prove.

But in the Classics you fail to get
Truths clearly defined, so that
They don't clash with some other set,
Or contradict them flat.

And one may well dread to fill up his head
With fables of gods, and of heroes,
I'm quite sick enough of the classical stuff,
And disgusted with Tarquins and Neros.

He ended and his vague remarks
Elicit slight applause,
An eager champion now up starts
To plead the Classic's cause.

Now Gentlemen listen a moment or two,
And I'll demonstrate clearly before I get thro',
That the gentleman's reasons were all out of joint,
They were either absurd, or they didn't have point ;
He has soared with Astronomy far thro' all space,
But his telescope couldn't an argument trace ;
With Geology deep in the earth he has bored,
But even from that not a point has he scored ;
Of his chemical work all that now lingers
In my mind, is the fact he burned his poor fingers ;
So far as by him the debate's been conducted
Some facts have been stated but nothing deducted,
Except that a fool could prove his side right ;
Gents, what's your opinion, you've heard one to-night ?
Now show me the man who has ever excelled
In science or art ; or has ever been held
As an expounder true of their laws and their rules,
Whose mind was not trained in the classical schools.
Let me tell you this fact Sirs, a fact I defy
Any man on the opposite side to deny,
That by classical study the powers of the mind
Are developed, are strengthened,—the taste is refined.

In the classics are stored rich treasures of thought,
What Homer has sung, and what Socrates taught ;
And down to the present all critics admire
Keen Cicero's logic, Demosthene's fire ;
And on this last fact I can place great reliance
Where five take to classics, but one takes to science.

He ended, and the scientists
Have now the right to speak ;
Their spokesman steps into the lists
Nor wants he tongue or cheek.

He cracked a good joke at his rivals expense,
But displayed in his talk more of sound than of sense ;
And before he got thro' it was perfectly clear
That his arguments reached but the drum of the ear.
The next one who spoke on the negative side,
Did all in his power, to turn the full tide
Of popular favor, and popular votes ;
He refers to Prof. Boise, from Macaulay he quotes,
But the motion is carried to stop the debate ;
And the closing remarks the members await
Before they pronounce which side has the right
The victory to claim in the fierce verbal fight.
Then each in his turn the leaders appeared,
And each by his party was lustily cheered ;
The affirmative leader as all could observe,
Had kept his best arguments all in reserve ;
While the negative leader had little to say,
His generalship failed, and his side lost the day.

MALUS PÆTA.

EDITORIAL.

Unlike our predecessors we are unable to tell you that "The glorious duties of another term are drawing to a triumphant consummation," but if a term well begun is a term half finished, we are well along in our work.

With two hundred and ten men in school, and one hundred and three men in Philo, while yet scarcely half the term has gone, we have reason to hope for an unusually profitable year and a Society worthy to have, and fit to appreciate a semi-centennial.

Through the efforts of the President, who has filled his office in a manner showing that he thoroughly appreciated his position, and some of his colleagues—Philomatheans have learned that society is a place for improvement as well as pleasure, a fact that has been clearly shown by the manner in which they have treated those who have addressed them.

Revolution has run riot within our walls this term. The time-honored MIRROR, appearing with clock like regularity at the end of each term, and creating an excitement like mail-day in a backwoods village, has been supplanted by one in the middle of the term. The main object of the society in making this change was to give something that was fresh to her friends, instead of boring them with news that was a term old.

The fact was brought to light this term that we might benefit our powers of debate, as well as show our Theological friends some of the facts of the nineteenth century, by arranging an inter-Society debate between the Porter Rhetorical Society of the Theological Seminary, and Philo. The matter has been successfully handled, and accordingly, on the evening of the fourth of December, in the Academy chapel, Higgins, Wolcott, Donaldson, and Clay for Philo, and Swimmerton, Clarke, Foster, and Lathe for the Porter Rhetorical, will participate in the mental wrestling match before the two societies, over which Mr. Coy, the Senior teacher, has kindly consented to preside as referee.

The semi-weekly prayer meetings held in the academy, under the auspices of the Society of Inquiry, have retained their accustomed vigor, and the society should receive credit for the good work it does through the means of these meetings.

*think
yours* Base Ball this term started off well but lagged considerable after the first few weeks, even when the weather was favorable. Some of the members of the nines, especially of the school nine, seem to consider that they are honoring the school by allowing their names to be used, and forget that it is their duty to represent the school to the best of their ability instead of cutting everything except match games. This want of practice was very evident, and a match with a first-class club would have left a dark blot on our reputation, as well as a series of zeros on the score book. Phillips Academy has always maintained her reputation in the ball-field during the years that have passed, and it should not be for us to let that custom die, while we should gratefully acknowledge the Faculty's favor in allowing the nine to play out of town, a circumstance which greatly aids the ball interests, if only repeated often enough.

Mr. Bancroft's illness during the first part of the term would naturally hinder any changes in school discipline which might otherwise have taken place, but notwithstanding that fact, two important changes have occurred: evening prayers have been, to all appearances, irreparably overthrown and are fast becoming a matter of tradition among the Seniors, while the Juniors stand by awe-struck at the thought.

A very radical change has been made in regard to the Mean's Prize orations. The subjects, six in number, are now assigned by the Faculty, and all competitors are compelled to choose from them. This we believe is considered an improvement on the old method of allowing the men to write on whatever subject they wish, and as it is the plan pursued by the colleges now-a-days, its success here is fully established.

The course of lectures provided for the entertainment of the Andover public this winter, presents a good array of names, and it is one likely to amuse as well as instruct and interest. We were treated to the first one of the course by Hon. Charles Bradlaugh, on Oct. 23d, inst. His lecture was well received by the majority, and although some are directly opposed to his views and principles, all grant him the power of an orator.

It is really too bad to go back and bring to light something which must be so utterly forgotten, but we cannot refrain from a

word about the "*Abbot Courant*." The wisest thing about it was that it was published too late for criticism in the last *Mirror*. That was really very shrewd, for it gave about half the contributors a chance to graduate and leave their honors(?) for a coming class. There are but three pieces which commend themselves, namely—"The Nationality of Dutch Art," "Men's Rights," and the bit of poetry entitled "Isn't it so." This last mentioned piece is one of more literary merit than the others, but all three differ from the remainder of the articles in the fact that they give evidences of having had a little thought bestowed upon them. In regard to "The Brooklets" we would say that a school paper is not the place for translations, because such a paper should contain only original pieces. But far from condemning the effort as childish we would rather say it was too much of an undertaking, for the translation of thoughts involves a perfect understanding of both languages only to be acquired by long continued familiarity. The "Sketch of Leo X" can be found in almost any encyclopædia. In "The Spirit in Nature" the quotations are good but a little injured by the context, which is a fine specimen of "Lackadaisical Sentimentalism" plus some Mythology. An editorial is small space to comment on such a piece as the one "About Us," its length is tedious, its style good, and its composition without the least originality of thought, so that together with the remainder of the pieces, it is well calculated to grace the children's column of any suburban weekly. The pieces of the *Courant* taken separately, are without merit, save the three mentioned, but the *Courant* as a whole, is the grand monument of the moral courage it must have taken to bring it to public notice. Despite all we have said, we do not lose sight of the fact that the *Courant* is still young, *very young*, and rather than offer one word of discouragement to retard its prosperity, we would blind ourselves to the facts and praise it.

Gerard S. Wiggin, a member of the class of '75, died on September the 11th.

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Junior Class, 25.

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MARCH, 1875.

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PHILLIPS ACADEMY.
1875.

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"THE NOVEL—ITS GROWTH."

BY FIRST EDITOR.

Upon examination of Universal Literature, it may be found that every nation has, in addition to that which is denominated heavy or solid, an elementary or lighter branch of literature, called Novelism.

As people become cultivated ; as their latent mental resources are developed ; as the bonds of union between man and man are made stronger, the need of some reflection of their domestic life manifests itself, and this necessity takes form beneath the charmed hand of the skillful writer. Time, as viewed from its own history, indicates that the customs and conditions of men have always been described in some written manner, and that dependent upon, and conveying a moral adapted to, the state of the mental culture of the people themselves. An Iliad was necessary for the ancient Greeks, with their warlike propensities ; and the heart of the patriotic Roman has beaten quickly as his feelings were roused by the verses of the Æneid. But what a difference was there between these two great poems ! In one were gods and war and the unchecked fury and passion of a lawless people ; in the other, a simple story of the wanderings of a man, and even flattering allusions to the greater families of Rome, and, behind the whole, a motive concealed, by which the poetry of the Æneid, as compared with that of the Iliad, is

inferior. In proportion with the advance of domestic employments, the necessity for a different literary effect had been evinced, and this continued to be a result until the next great epoch in poetry, and consequently in literature, when that man of divine genius, Milton, produced his great poems.

As an instance of the spirit in which he wrote, let us take a line or two from the preface to his published works. It is found in an article styled "The Verse," and runs as follows: "The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; *Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter.*" Here we find a great poet advocating the absence of rhythm in poetry, and giving to the poetry itself of his own writings the sole power to claim their rank among the beautiful and grand. And later, at the beginning of the last century, an entirely new type of literary strength appeared, in the novel. Milton's preface furnishes us with the keystone of this departure from poetry without rhyme, but possessing meter, to poetry without either, as set forth in the modern novel,—a step as natural as the unfolding of the rich red rose, from the small bud with its crimson centre wrapped in green. Each possesses a sweetness, but, like the full blown rose, the novel scatters its fragrance more widely than the bud of metrical poetry.

At the magic touch of the novelist the common objects which surround the home, assume new and pleasing shapes, bringing to notice the peculiarities of individual character; the effect of opinions upon man; the beauties of nature, and, above all, the novel endears the home circle to us;—all these, and more, are the achievement of *true* modern novelists, and through them we are almost enabled to "see oursel's as others see us." By them we see reflected the social circle of the world, with its "Becky Sharpes," its "Pendennises," its "Pickwicks," its "Esthers," its "Chillingleys," and its "Bedes," flitting about, in their natural endless variableness of manner, and from which a moral lesson may be drawn, as complete in the minute description of its subject, as the master-pieces of Raphael or Titian.

Novelism did not follow Milton immediately, but much time elapsed between his age and that of its birth, and it was not until early in the present century that it was firmly established by Sir Walter Scott with his "Waverly Novels,"—a fitting foundation for so grand an element in letters; yet these same works, although furnishing a delightful solace, and true intellectual enjoyment, in the contemplation of the customs of olden time, were not possessed of those functions, which give to the later novel-writer his power over society, and through this a command over the world at large. It was impossible that such should be the case, at that time, with these pioneers in so mighty a cause,—it was too near an age when anything in word or deed which might be considered flippant or gay, was held to be wrong, and it could not be expected that such a novel as the recently published "Middlemarch" would have been received by the public. No. Walter Scott was the right man in the right place; his skillful hand was needed to guide the ship of letters throughout this change in the tide of her destiny, and how nobly the author of "Ivanhoe" did his duty is known to all. As it was, the manner in which his works were received, is a sufficient evidence that the novel was needed by the world. The natural overgrowth of poetry, together with the spreading of general education, was fast forming a literature which should be composed of both song and prose, but possessed of a peculiarity of its own, capable of ascribing to itself an identity of its own. This was the close of a period that began at the time of Milton, and in which the great chain of mountainous prejudices was being worn away, slowly but surely, by that all-powerful glacier, reform. The literary world had been passing through a series of changes, as marked as any of those wonderful geological periods which cause such speculation and comment among scientists. The dissemination of general knowledge and the consequent enlightenment of the people, were demanding the novel to picture to them, themselves, as actors in the great drama of life, but in a manner different from that in which the old Greeks and Romans required a similar thing. As the times and customs were different, the mode of bringing about the same result must be changed, and in a happy hour the novel was born.

It has been claimed by certain so-called purists that the novel is of too light and foolish a nature for the consideration of a wise man. When they refer to the efforts of the would-be novelist who violates the propriety of his art,—for verily it is an art—we regret to say that such enemies of novelism have just ground for objection. But when the charge is made against that book which seeks to enlighten and instruct us in our homes, by appealing to our sense of beauty with its poetry without verse,—for, what can be more poetical than the human life and character?—which endeavors to direct our actions by reference to the example of others, as, for instance, the works of Dickens; which aims at the elevation of the tone of popular opinions, as the productions of Bulwer; that book which strikes at the groundwork of social fallacies as have done those of Thackeray; and, last of all, that one which treats of the nearer and closer ties of humanity as the publications of the more modern George Eliot,—we say, when they apply their anathemas to such works as these, that they are, as it were, under a cloud of the darkest and most dense description. Milton had his would-be imitators, who threatened by their very boldness to render him fameless. Novelism also has its weaker votaries, who disgrace their supposed calling. But can we dethrone Milton on account of the failures of lesser poetical lights? Then why should the novel be discarded, on account of the fruitless efforts of some barren minds to make themselves notorious—I do not say famous—by publishing a few sickly sentimentalisms?

However, for the true, unbiased, unsullied novelist by whom it is endeavored to better the estate of mankind and upbuild the moral character of human society, we plead that all lovers of simple elegance and refinement may care. May a fame await the pure novel surpassing anything which it has attained in the past; and may we not, as members of society, check the flow of amusement, and pleasure, and profit which pours forth from its enchanted pages. Let it in its unpretending grandeur furnish us an example by which we may live and die,—yes, it does, in many instances, offer both. It is necessary to our well being and happiness. Shall we crush out from our lives all love for the simple tales of human joy or woe! Let us neglect the

opinions of cold inanimate beings, and be merry in the possession of, and thankful for the gift of, the modern novel. *May it go abroad with us, rusticate with us, pass the night with us!*

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Back to the very beginning of history we find an almost unbroken chain of examples showing how man will oppress his fellow-man, and how independence, nurtured by oppression, will grow strong and finally assert herself in the mighty deeds of her heroes. Thus it was with our forefathers. England oppressed them, independence grew in them, arose and burst the bonds of oppression, even as Samson the cords of Delilah.

Did not the youth of Boston, driven to desperation by the repeated destruction of their snow forts by the British soldiery, finally rebel, and obtain satisfaction from General Gage? And now, after a hundred years, it is our duty, as heirs to the liberty thus preserved, to add one more example to the long heroic list. For oppression is once more abroad, and the spirit of '76 is growing. Let all men hear the tale.

On one of the clear moonlight nights of last month we, the boys of Phillips Academy, were enjoying the time-honored custom of "bobbing." The minds of our brethren of the Theological Seminary, wearied with pondering the books of lore which they had read that day, were recalled to the pleasures of this world by the unceasing shout of revelry from School street. Then they thought "Here is innocent sport! We will renew our youth! And we will procure unto ourselves bob sleds, and will hie us to our sisters of Abbott Academy, that they, too, may be partakers of our enjoyment."

No sooner did the thought strike these reverend men than they put it into execution, and soon School street was covered from foot to summit with the merry crowd. Now the long line toiling up the hill was parted by a bob shot through as if from a

cannon, and almost before the crowd could turn to look the bob would vanish at the foot of the hill, while nought but the cheer, "faint from farther distance borne," was left to tell its whereabouts. The fun increases, and even teachers join the crowd. Bob follows bob in swift succession. Now some poor fellow, dropped from an overcrowded sled, finds that the speed which he has acquired combined with contact with the road, produces more friction than is necessary for comfort. Now a bob breaks, and the road is strewn as if there had been a railway accident.

But the fun is not to last forever. Lo! the minions of the law are on the ground, and the evening's sport is declared illegal. Conscious that we are right, we will not stop. We are arrested. We repeat it: *We are arrested by officers of the law for bobbing.* Excitement runs high, and our sisters of Abbott Academy, roused by this injustice, may be seen here and there mounted on the fences, haranguing the crowd, telling them how for wrongs like this blood has flowed and liberty been gained. Then the crowd, stirred to noble action by their winged words, rush on the officers and tear from them the captured ones.

Is this America the land of the free, that our brothers the theologians should be hunted up and down hill like criminals, while our sisters of Abbott Academy are left unprotected? And all, forsooth, because they would a bobbing go! *O tempora! O mores!* Art thou, O Justice, also corrupted? Shall we submit? Are we slaves? Let those who oppress us beware, for the spirit of '76 is aroused.

THE CONFLICT OF TO-DAY.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

The church, in its earliest history, was subject to the government under which it was placed; its ministers and bishops held control only over its spiritual interests. The Christians considered themselves as integral parts of the nation, whose government

it was their duty to sustain. Paul says, "obey them that have rule over you and submit yourselves." This is the position now held by all Protestant denominations, and is the first principle of good government. Then, later in history, the great portion of the church grew into what is now called Roman Catholicism. Their leaders, by a long and slow process, became equal in power to the civil rulers, and had an equal share in the administration of government.

This was the position held in the dark ages, when but a spark of the old Roman and Grecian civilization and culture was kept alive in Southern Europe, and when the light of pure christianity was almost smothered by the superstition and pageantry of the Romish Church. Then the church gradually gained the ascendancy, and the Popes now demanded the right to rule both in temporal and spiritual affairs. This claim caused some of the greatest wars of the middle ages; it was defied, and it was established; now the walls of Rome are stormed and his Holiness carried away a captive by an offended monarch, and now the Pope, as the acknowledged arbiter of the universe is led in triumph along the streets of Rome *by two kings*.

But whether in a dungeon or triumphal car they never disclaimed the right to rule, and the middle ages were practicably governed by them.

Then Martin Luther and the great reformers of his time arose. They opened the fountain of the reformation, and set in motion the current of liberty, that has flowed so grandly on through the ages. They dealt the Papal throne tremendous blows, but it was with their Thesis; it was chiefly his spiritual throne they shook, and his temporal power stood the shock, and the Pope continued ruling the powers of Europe and keeping them, as far as possible, in degradation for centuries after. Then in Bismarck was born the man, destined to crush the temporal power of the Pope, and free Europe from its chains.

Now, taking a brief look at the causes which produced this last great conflict with Papacy, we find that for the last century, Roman Catholicism had enjoyed every privilege in Germany, receiving even the lion's share of public patronage and moneys; the result was she prospered greatly. Wealthy monasteries,

packed with Jesuits, were multiplied throughout Germany. Jesuit societies controlled a great portion of her *people*, and, aided by Austrian and French influences, her *government* also. They opposed with all the power of Rome, education and progress, and as her interests demanded, kept Germany divided and weak. Rome had not abated her pretensions with age, and then claimed, and now claims, her former homage. This is illustrated by the fact, that but a short time ago, when Catholic Austria attempted to so change her school laws as to make education free, the Pope cursed the law, and commanded his bishops to resist it as a crime.

But a worse source of evil, if possible, is found in the statement made by leading Catholic papers in Germany, throughout the whole struggle, and sanctioned by the Pope, "that it is the duty of every Catholic to obey the interests and commands of the Pope, even when in direct opposition to those of the State." Dr. Manning once said, "I am the subject of no prince or ruler. I owe my allegiance only to the Pope." This principle is hostile to liberty, and death to good government.

Bismarck's principle was: *German Unity, devotion to God and King*. But nothing could make a united Germany, with a hostile society permeating all classes, led by foreign priests, and constantly defying and thwarting government. Bismarck had the courage to undertake the Herculean task of subduing this element and sacrificing it to German nationality.

The glorious wars of '66 and '70, brought on by her enemies, were fought, two of the most powerful Catholic nations in the world were crushed, Germany freed, united, and a broad path to Rome opened for free Italy. Thus, Papal Rome, which had for so many centuries dictated to Christendom, as Imperial Rome had to the pagan world, was thrown open to the influences of the nineteenth century, and new life infused into her veins. But spiritual Rome still remained and was roused in Germany by these blows, and Germany or she must fall. Bismarck determined that it should be the latter, as far as his power lay, and at the risk of life he nobly grappled with all the enemies that could be arrayed against him. Thanks to his iron will and endurance, he has thus far triumphed; but much remains to be

done ; the conflict is growing hotter every day. It is *the* conflict of the age, and most momentous will be its result ; if Bismarck fails, Catholicism will reign in Europe for many succeeding years. But this great conflict is agitating other countries besides this old battle ground of truth. Austria, Mexico and Brazil are rousing themselves. Gladstone's pamphlet has spoken in no mean tone, and has opened the eyes of many to the principles of Roman Catholicism.

We are warned by the Jesuits flocking to our shores, and by their efforts to undermine our bulwarks of freedom, our public schools, that we have got to fight this battle ; but let it be through the gentler means of education and truth.

THE IDEAL.

The Ideal ! Of a surety, it is nothing edible, or tangible, or salable ; but it is, nevertheless, real as the monument of Bunker's height. We wish—but what's the use of wishing?—that we could make people understand or believe there is such a thing as a growing thought. It is beautiful, indeed, to see the elements of the artist, the poet, the sculptor, the musician, developing like a flower from the germ, until the painter of sign-boards encircles the brow of a Madonna with glory, and the writer of sonnets wakes the echo of the universal heart, and the moulder of hippogriffs embodies, palpable to the human eye, the glorious forms that walked with him in his musings, and the wandering minstrel catches and prolongs upon the thrilled string the unwritten music of heaven.

And who shall say that the elements of this ideal—the power to wrestle and to stay the flight of those angel thoughts “until they bless him,”—are not the high privilege and duty of every human being ? That if we make a song or mould a form to-day that kindles an emotion of beauty in the soul of another, that we have not played Prometheus to the clay and warmed it with a spark from heaven ?

The Ideal ! It is not the fancy of love-sick school girls, nor the figment of brain-cracked poets, but it is found wherever a human heart beats, or a human brain throbs. True, it is mightiest in the mightiest, but it despises not the frail—it is everywhere. Do you find a vine trailing over a cottage window, or a flower blooming by a cottage door ? It is there. Do you find the dull eye of toil lighted, as it upturns to heaven ? It is there. Do you detect the tear glittering down the rough cheek of manhood, as some long-forgotten melody wakes the memories he had buried ? It is there. It enchants the past ; it wings the present ; it brightens the future.

ADVANTAGES OF POETIC CULTURE.

The President's Address, delivered before Philo, Dec. 19, 1874.

BY WILLIAM H. PARMENTER.

There is an erroneous theory in the world concerning poetry. A theory, not only indulged in by the illiterate and semi-cultivated, but even by the educated and refined. Down through the ages the voice of the dissenter has been heard, asserting that poetry had no *practical* sphere. That it was merely to be cultivated for the ornamental. Even among the school of Bentham Philosophers, composed of intellectual giants of the class of John Stuart Mill, this was a portion of their creed up to the commencement of the second quarter of the present century. The philosophy of their belief deserves more than a passing notice. Perhaps it finds its truest expression in a criticism on Thomas Moore, written by one of their number—Mr. Bingham—who said : “Mr. Moore is a *poet*, and *therefore* is not a *reasoner*.” From this we learn that poetry, in itself, was not considered by them worthy of reasoning minds. And it is curious to mark here the partiality they showed in arriving at this conclusion. And, moreover, it will assist us in understanding how

so many eminent minds could have made such a mistake. The simple truth is, they did not *permit* themselves to use it, otherwise than as a *luxury*. I say *permit*, because Mill confessed this to be true, in his own instance. I do not wish to infer that they did not read it; but to them it was nothing more than a modern novel, useful only for the momentary gratification. Prejudiced thus, it was natural for them to look disparagingly upon Poetry as a classic.

But there came a time, even in the life of these men, when they realized this falacy in their creed. And, perhaps, Mill's own case will serve as an illustration. He took up Pope's poetical essay on Man, at a time when his mind was extremely sectarian in its view; and the effect it had upon him, though every line and precept was antagonistic to his own belief, was very perceptible. The eloquence of the poet was peculiarly fitting to his own state of feelings; and he authoritatively asserts that *prose* could not have aroused him as this did. After this he read poetry with a new incentive, and proved to himself that it was a worthy source of culture. Mill was not backward in asserting his newly found experience, and from that time poetry has gradually increased in favor in the eyes of the Philosophers.

But we lament, among men less eminent in thought, and not so widely celebrated, that this delusive theory has not been entirely rooted out. We discover it to-day, in no small degree, among cultivated minds in the ordinary walks of life, and particularly among the middle and lower classes. Surely this is not as it should be! And I have chosen this for my theme to-night, to impress upon your minds the importance of poetry in its mental and moral influences, that you may guard against committing that error, which many have done through ignorance; perchance some, because led astray by false leaders and their doctrines.

Thought is the pre-eminent characteristic of the mind, as it is the determining element of reasoning, memorizing and judging. And it must follow that, by developing this faculty, we add culture, both mentally and morally, to our intellect. Thought, then, is the nucleus about which our whole being

centres. It gives tone to our whole existence. The world over, man is judged by what he thinks.

Now the prime element of poetry is, its inherent ability to strengthen and mould the thinking faculty. Developement is its natural consequence. And, if we examine candidly, those superior elements that constitute *true poetry*, we can arrive at only one opinion as to their relative merit. And, in doing this, it is important that we should keep before our minds the fact, that the influence of these combined elements is positive.

To analyze a poem, and to master the full meaning it possesses, necessitates that we should be familiar with those qualities that are peculiarly the poet's own. We must keep before us that he must be original; his mental powers must be strong and acute; his soul must have a deep sense of the beautiful; his imagination must be sharp and suggestive; his thought, strong and keen; his expression must be fine and sensible, and his nature must be in deep sympathy with his race. Moreover, he must be enthusiastic, tender, passionate, comprehensive, and affected by things of the future, as well as of the past. These, with many minor qualities, are evidently essential to the poet's mind. And such as these made Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and a host of other poetical geniuses.

Now it is a principle of Common Sense, if not of Theology, that man, in the expression of his thoughts and feelings, is not, by nature, a hypocrite. And the poet, especially, with no probable or even possible reason for misrepresentation, must depict only those truths which he feels and acts. Thus he characterizes life in its nobler estate, and the effect it has upon the mind of the reader, is the transmission of those qualities which he himself possesses. This, in itself, is a great source of culture.

But there are other more evidently direct influences of poetry upon the mind. For the deep thought of the poet, limited as it is in its expression, and screened under the mystical influence of its rhythm, as it usually is found, it can only be grasped by the exercise of the thinking faculties. Now, we acknowledge that poetry appeals immediately to the feelings. But we claim that the imagination is so closely analogous to thought, that both are mutually dependent, one upon the other. And yet,

philosophers, like some of those we mentioned above, maintain that the imagination is capable only of cultivating illusions. Such a theory as the latter, we denounce. Mill truly says that "the imaginative emotion which an idea, when vividly conceived, excites in us, is not an illusion, but a fact, as real as any of the other qualities of objects"; and adds as an illustration, "the intensest feeling of the beauty of a cloud lighted by the setting sun, is no hindrance to my knowing that the cloud is vapor of water, subject to all the laws of vapors in a state of suspension. And I am just as likely to allow for, and act on the physical laws whenever there is occasion to do so, as if I had been incapable of perceiving any distinction between beauty and ugliness."

We all recognize the truth of this principle, for our best thoughts often spring from our imagination. And, when the imagination of another is put into tangible form, it is not the mere outward beauty of the rhythm that appeals to us, "but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under the very excitement of beauty." The feelings, therefore, are to be cultivated, for to them are we chiefly indebted for that higher culture of thought and expression. What can appeal more directly to our thought than poetry? Who of us, as we have perused some thrilling poetical tale of the past—like Mark Antony's address in "Julius Cæsar"—have not had our whole being stirred within us, and our thoughts borne back to those golden days when Rome was the proud mistress of the world? Did it not create within our breast, as we read its eloquence, a deep longing to know more of those who would murder Cæsar at noon, and mourn bitterly around his bier at evening? Or, perchance, as we have read the pathos written by a master hand of the Roman soldier, with his little son with him for company, chained to the dungeon floor, the iron door closed upon him for ever, and as a mighty convulsion tears asunder the granite walls, do we not almost in reality catch the wild moaning of despair, as,

" Silent and pale,

The father stands :—no tear is in his eye ;—
The thunders bellow—but he hears them not ;—
The ground lifts like a sea—he knows it not ;—
The strong wall grinds and gapes ; the vaulted roof
Takes shape like bubbles tossing in the wind."

And do we not take into our mind a deeper draught of liberty, as we ponder over such a scene, and all our nature rise to do our nobler thoughts utterance?

And, when we read of nature's own possessions, told by a Wordsworth, does not he unfold a new tale of her beauteous apparel that prompts us to inquire: Who is the author? Who the creator? Who the bountiful preserver? Do we not test for ourselves that,

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"

Away, then, with all deluding theories that deery the influence of the imagination on the thought! Away with such a barren philosophy, that knows not because it will not learn!

We have dwelt thus at length upon this point to clearly illustrate the influence of poetry upon the feelings; the relation of the imagination to thought, and the bearing of the thought to the intellect; thereby logically demonstrating the intrinsic advantages of poetry in culture. We propose now to turn our thoughts to a brief consideration of the external, or accidental features of our subject, and, in the meantime, reply to a few of the objections opposing the worth of poetry.

And first—we would remark—the motive of poetry, is the portrayal of truth. "The Poet," as Emerson well says, "is no rattlebrain, saying what comes uttermost, and, because he says everything, saying at last something good." No! But it is he, who feels the truth within him, and utters it, not from any sense of duty, but because it is intrinsically grand, heart-thrilling and soul-stirring. Such feelings as these made Burns recoil, ashamed that his profession had become so degraded as to be at the mercy of money. True poetry never was written to cater for worldly prosperity. It is contrary to its very existence. Neither does poetry contain that which is false, either in word or appearance. And, just here, perhaps, we meet the most widely entertained objection to the practical benefit accruing from a study of poetry, viz:—Its unreality.

Without logical thought, this might be unanswerable. But when we realize, that no man can honestly profess to live an absolutely exemplary life, and inasmuch as poetry teaches us

the higher life we should live, it is not so unreal as at first imagined. Moreover, is it not difficult to say, what things are, and what are not, as we judge entirely from our own imperfect observation? It has been well written,—“Poetry represents things as they are in our highest, clearest, calmest, best hours.” And it is Whipple—a most readable American Essayist—who says: “Now poetry is the protest of genius against the unreality of actual life. It convicts convention of being false to the nature of things; and it does so, by perceiving what is real and permanent in man and the universe. It ‘actualizes’ real life to the imagination in forms of grandeur and beauty, corresponding to the essential truth of things.” And again he says: “Poetry, then, is a *substantial* world. Through it we see the might and the majesty, the beauty and the grace, the tenderness and weaknesses of humanity in their real form.” And thus, we believe, that all objections to poetry as a truth-instructing Art, may be triumphantly answered. For all are apparently founded not upon what its tendencies are, but upon its abuse. The fault is well placed at our discrimination, between “What is true to nature, and what is true to fact.” To make use of an ordinary illustration: the canvas upon which the Artist has pictured a beautiful landscape—the tree, the house, the wind-mill, the distant mountain, the rivulet, and the lake with its many ships—while everything has a counterpart in nature, yet the scene itself has no real compact existence. It is true to nature—but not true to fact. So with poetry; all that it describes may not necessarily be true to fact, yet, at the same moment, it can be true to nature. And so we urge that poetry gives correct moral impressions of truth, even though all it depicts is, in point of fact, a fiction—for all its elements have a real existence.

In the second place, and logically the result of the foregoing, we remark that poetry, also, is capable of a more truthful representation of history than the “so-called” histories themselves. When Goethe commenced an autobiography, he found that poetry was not the *least* real part of history, and asserted, in fact, that it is the imagination which writes histories. There is much sound philosophy in this. For without poetry, our

histories would be "lifeless skeletons." This is more explicit, when we consider that "historical facts are chiefly valuable, as exhibiting intellectual phenomena," and through these external characteristics we reason out the spirit of the age—and this is poetry itself. Moreover, from the very nature of poetry—since its only vocation is in gratifying and pleasing men,—it can more faithfully represent the age which it writes. We rarely take up a prose history that is not governed more by prejudice than conviction. There is too much in it, that forces upon us the suspicion, that the historian has followed, only too explicitly, the advice of the Fool in "King Lear": "Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after." Thus our subject might be discussed indefinitely; for poetry is a part of our life. It enters into all our arts and sciences, and few are entirely unconscious of its influence. But, limited as we are in our time, allow me to conclude with a few practical thoughts, which I would press home upon your minds and hearts.

And, primarily, let none of that barbarism of Southern Europe that considered the appellation of "Roman" the greatest insult, and poetry and nonsense convertible terms, fix itself upon your minds. It was Dr. Paley who wrote: "many of us are brought up with this world set before us, and nothing else. Whatever promotes this world's prosperity is praised; whatever hurts and obstructs this world's prosperity is blamed; and here all praise and censure ends." This is too true. It is a voice that even in our civilization has too often cause for complaint. It is the utterance of those who see no utility in art, science, or literature. And such is unworthy of reasoning intellects. For, whoever has enriched our literature with a new line of truth and precept; or from dull marble sculptured a *Venus-de-Medici*, to arouse within us a deeper sense of the beautiful; or, on the unlettered canvas, in delicate tinge of shade and hue, painted a landscape that assists us to better understand nature; or, in the cadence of the poet's genius, found a voice to teach us of nobler virtues, such a one has not lived in vain. The utility of anything, in its broadest sense, is to be associated with our happi-

ness. And it is through such arts as poetry that our enjoyment and pleasure finds its complete realization.

It is said that Tintoretto, the celebrated artist who painted the "Miracle of the Slave," made Charles Sumner the champion of the oppressed that he afterward became. And yet the poet, in his representation, is limited to a single moment of time. He must arrange every object with the greatest care, so as to produce instantly its effect. But the poet, with an unlimited use of language, can render repeated impressions. He can make those minor things, that we pass by unnoticed, into principal events; and "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Shakespeare had this in mind when he wrote:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodjes forth,
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A habitation and a name."

There are hours in our life when we must meditate, and hours when our diviner nature ejects our human. There are times when the stage must be vacant and the busiest of actors must rest. At such a time, poetry should be our solace. For there are few things, if any, that are so wisely adapted to turn our thoughts to purer incentives and nobler exertions. And, if that which has been said of poetry to-night is true,—that it gives us higher cultivation of thought, that it broadens the vision and strengthens the intellect, that from its intrinsic nature and honorable aim it is well calculated to confirm our mental and moral developement,—then our query, "of what advantage is poetic culture?" resolves itself into a simpler question, "What is the advantage of having a soul?" For what benefit to us can this world of beauty and grandeur prove, if the poet is a dreamer and a falsifier. It has been well said: "Life without poetry is not life," for it has no soul.

But how few of us realize that

"The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment,"

in other words, the very essence of life, soul itself, is within our grasp. Poetry, then, is worthy of our study and cultivation. But in this, as all else, there are many imitators, but few originals. It is for us to choose. Let it be a Shakespeare, or a Wordsworth, rather than a Byron or a newspaper prodigy.

An English author said: "Everyone experiences poetry at some period of his life." And is this not true? It manifests itself strongly in childhood. But as the child grows older, he is ashamed to be poetical—ashamed to be natural. But do we not all agree that childhood is the dream-hour of our life? That time when in our innocence and joy, free from care and anxiety, we spend our happiest days—our purer life? Then if we would renew our youth, let us place within us the fire of the poetic genius, that our whole existence may be that of a superior being. Then shall we have that lofty culture of soul and intellect, that shall enable us to cope with every emergency in life, and, finally, that shall make us leaders of civilization; and we shall show our worth for the honor, by first proving that we can master ourselves.

Gentlemen of Philo:—The term of office, to which you elected me, has nearly expired; and I take this opportunity of extending to you my thanks for the honor conferred, and for the courtesy and sympathy you have favored me with in my endeavors to serve you acceptably. Our Semi-Centennial year has opened very auspiciously; and with the last dollar of our debt paid,—with a surplus in the treasury,—with a record of only one "cut" for the term,—with a larger membership than for many years, and with a glorious victory achieved over a Brother Society,—we can well hope that Philo is regaining the power and influence she has wielded in the past; and we can confidently look forward to a brilliant future, if Philo is true to herself, and if her members shall continue to give her that superior thought and culture she deserves.

"IS CULTURE THE OUTGROWTH OF LEISURE?"

First Means Prize Oration.

BY B. L. OSBORN.

Culture is a condition, and not a thing.

Knowledge is concrete ; culture, abstract.

It is not impossible to become comparatively learned, with little culture ; or to become a very accurate automaton, with little practicable knowledge.

In our careless speech, we do not even distinguish between culture and production ! Thus we say a farm is in a high state of cultivation, if it produce large crops ; yet a New England cornfield may be in a higher state of cultivation than an Illinois cornfield, though it produce but half as much corn. The cultivation is the mellowing and enriching, the digging and draining. The amount of garnered grain may indeed be directly dependent on the spring harrowing and the summer hoeing, but the harvesting and the hoeing are different things.

Among men physical culture is mastering the bodily powers, making them the obedient servants of the will, adjusting every particle of bone and muscle so harmoniously and efficiently that they will do to their utmost without injury : this necessarily begets development, and yet the highest culture and the largest development of power may not belong to the same individual—Heenan was the stronger man, but Sayers the better pugilist !

For a definition of Mental culture, take this from the Bishop of Manchester : " When a man goes out into the world knowing when he does know a thing, knowing when he does not know a thing, and knowing how knowledge is to be acquired, he is an educated man."

A good type of the Spiritually cultured are those who discern a spiritual significance in doing their duty faithfully wherever their lines fall, only so that by the grace of God they embody in living deeds Christian ideals.

Culture is discipline, which is not like genius, born in a man ! It is something to be wrought out by determined and persevering effort. A writer in *The Nation* observes that "It might not improperly be called the art of doing easily what one don't like to do." Hence the inference is very obvious that culture is *not* the outgrowth of leisure.

True there are lives and homes on which work rests with full dead weight, never lifting itself from year's end to year's end, to which art and knowledge are strangers, where heart and life are starved, for want of what leisure could give,—people and places not unlike Ruskin's picture of the Savoyard peasants : "The wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men who toil among them. Perhaps more. * * * Those peasants do not understand so much as the name of beauty, or of knowledge. For them there is neither hope nor passion of spirit ; for them neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset ; and life ebbs away."

Do such sombre pictures and their happy contrasts among people of wealth, and therefore of leisure, suggest that culture and leisure go hand in hand ? The answer is : Leisure admits culture ; if you please, invites it ! Indeed there must be somewhat of leisure to attain to the highest and broadest culture, except it happen, as it often may, that labor leads into the same fields which leisure would permit us to enter. Which, however, does not militate against the inference that culture is not the *outgrowth* of leisure.

If—

"Not a truth has to art or science been given,
But brows have ached for it and souls toiled and striven ;"

much more, by vast disparity of difference, does culture, that which "affects a man's whole character and forms his ideals through labor and self-denial," spring from occupation as the opposite of leisure.

Christian culture, like Spartan valor, is the result of Spartan education, but more glorious by as much as Christian civilization surpasses the old Grecian.

BISMARCK AND PITT.

Second Means Prize Oration.

BY BENJAMIN F. MILLS.

William Pitt entered parliament at the age of twenty-one, and at once identified himself with the party of domestic reform. At twenty-three years of age he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, a few years later, became Prime Minister.

He found the country weary of cabals and intrigues, and the leaders of the opposition tottering and ready to fall. *Finances* were in a pitiable condition, and shortly after this was rectified, the *reformer* died, and the *politician* was revealed. He created or promoted peers and bestowed church offices for purely political purposes : Through one of his satellites, he sent his motto forth ; “the *people* have nothing to do with the laws, but to OBEY them” ; and, when the French Revolution broke out, he disregarded his conscience and his better nature, and plunged England into an unnecessary war, which “for thirty years suspended all social and political progress,” and left six hundred million pounds of *debt* as a monument to his name. And, when he died, his ambition unfulfilled, his genius unrewarded, his life misspent, his last words were : “How I leave my country !” How expressive and significant an epitaph. And all he might have done, and all he did in his better years, are made naught by his death-bed confession : “How I leave my country !”

Bismarck, unlike Pitt, rose through all the stages of a political career. He was successively in all the departments of government, and was appointed Premier while in Paris as an envoy.

Although a liberal ministry had thrown Prussia into semi-revolution and anarchy, Bismarck, with a strong hand, rescued her from the impending danger.

The long growing rivalry between Austria and Prussia, fostered by Bismarck,—who, while he caused Prussia to rise in importance, was, with the same resistless power, bearing her rival down,—came to an open rupture in eighteen hundred and

sixty-five. And it was not till the news of VICTORY was borne over the land, that Prussia realized what Bismarck was to his country.

Since then, every one knows his history. How he drew closer and closer about unhappy France the bands that were never to be broken, until, insulted and disgraced, she was forced to declare a war for which she was unprepared, and which, in reality, was declared by her too powerful neighbor. Prussia has nothing to fear while the hand of Bismarck guides the helm of state. Nothing from France, depopulated, and and with her strongest fortresses in Prussia's hands ; nothing from Austria, once beaten and now intimidated by Bismarck's twelve hundred thousand soldiers ; nothing from Italy and Spain, who are even now trembling lest the stern minister should cast his envious eye on them. Hanover, Holstein, Nassau, Alsace and Lorraine are his gifts to his country, and what more he will add to them, is for the future to declare.

How different the life of this man from that of *England's* minister. Pitt came into power when his nation called to him through the willing mass of the populace :

Bismarck ascended to *his* high position, CURSED by three-fifths of his countrymen.

Pitt brought debt, anarchy, war and desolation :

Bismarck rescued his country from revolution and ruin, and raised from an insignificant power, to be the mightiest monarchy of the world.

The motto of the one was : "Oppression of the defenceless poor." That of the other : "For God and for my country."

A sigh of relief ascended to heaven at the death of the one ; but when Bismarck shall finally leave this scene of action, the *world* will mourn his loss.

BISMARCK AND PITT.

Third Means Prize Oration.

BY M. F. COON.

History abundantly proves that the union of the warrior and the statesman is always a happier combination in the eyes of the people than that of orator and statesman; when the world shall become so thoroughly Christianized that the people will look back upon the ages of warfare with the same horror with which we now regard cannibalism, the two words warrior and cannibal may become synonymous; but even then I think, that the statesman whose genius is of the military cast will be held in the higher repute.

Henry Crabb Robinson says: "There is no greater sign of national decay than a senate of orators." Whether this be true or not I will not stop to discuss, but certain it is that those men whose entire educational course has been directed to the purpose of making them orators, as was William Pitt's, have been for the most part men ill adapted to give a strong impulse to a great national cause.

Disregarding the inborn talents of the orator and warrior, their very difference of training would seem to favor this argument: the former, with a few notable exceptions, have been great classical scholars, and many of the results of classical training are evident to all of us; for example, an undue regard for minor points, and a seeming inability to grasp great questions without having that grasp weakened by the consideration of side issues. It was a poor time to discuss select passages of scripture, when it was proposed to blot from our country the curse of slavery. At such times the spirit of a Napoleon must inspire the statesman to direct his entire strength toward the heart of the enemy's force.

We now come to the consideration of Bismarck the warrior-statesman, and Pitt the orator-statesman.

Public opinion sees in Count Bismarck just what he is. The great object of his earlier years was to expel Austria from Germany, as the primary condition of German unity; that object he accomplished. From his royalist education it was natural that the greatness of the fatherland should be synonymous with the greatness of the monarchy, but he profited by experience, and widened his view, and saw, that notwithstanding the celestial idea of divine right, a dynasty could regenerate itself only by assimilating the living forces of the soil in which it had its roots,—in short the object of Bismarck was not personal glory. That he is an object of admiration is true, but it is not because he sought to be, but because he has accomplished great and durable things for his nation.

Pitt was born in a country where parliamentary government was thoroughly established. His father was the greatest statesman of his times; and these,—the parental rank, fame, political connection, and ambition,—were his mould, and, as Coleridge says: “He was cast rather than grew.” His great aim was, to become an orator, and he became one. As a rhetorician he had no superior, but as a statesman he cannot be called exemplary. To be sure he was rarely unequal to any crisis when it came, as in the case of ordering the Bank of England to suspend specie payment, and thus save the credit of the country; but then, Mr. Pitt was to blame for the very causes which produced this drain.

We will not dwell upon the deeds of either Bismarck or Pitt, but it is evident that both had an object in life; each attained that object, but Bismarck’s was the nobler.

Bismarck had a keen insight into men and things, and was guided in his undertakings by the great march of ideas,—in short his was a healthier and robuster manhood than Pitts, and truly it may be said of him, as was said of our own Washington, “First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

THE BIRTH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Upon Ionia's shore a city rose
In times gone by, where now the ocean flows
O'er barren sands ; and mighty ruins strew
The neighboring strand, where once there grew
A nation's commerce, and rich merchants came
With many a ship. The city's name
Was Ephesus, beside Cayastrus' wave—
A treacherous stream,—it stood, and story gave
The glory of its founding to the Amazons,
When they had fettered Asia in their bonds.
Within this city once so great and grand
From sunny slope down to the meadow land
That circled round its foot, rich temples stood,
Man's offerings to Goddess and to God ;
And many were the arts that did combine
To decorate their walls, but none the shrine
Of Artemis could equal.

'Twas on that day
When Philip, Macedonia's sovereign, lay
Encamped around the town of Potidæa,—
Which he had lately taken,—that to his ear
Three messages were brought : one ran thus ;
“Thy horse is winner of Olympia's course!”
Another ; “O'er Illyria a vict'ry's won !”
And lastly ; “Unto thee is born a son.”
So from these omens all diviners told
This youth to be a Conqueror of the World.
But while these things were known upon the west,
East of the Ægean sea, at Ephesus,
An omen still more ominous portends
The birth of Macedonia's prince, and sends
A thrill of horror through the Eastern earth.

For, on the night of Alexander's birth,
Artemis' temple in Ephesia's plain
Was burnt to nothingness ; the impious flame—
Applied by hand of one who sought to gain
A name in history,—rose round the fane
In eddying circles, amid the columns
Leaped in frenzy wild, and sent great volumes
Of grey smoke up toward the evening sky.
The flames soon melt the statues, and on high
Stretch out their arms and seize in their embrace
The massive roof, and now there's not a place
Unscathed. Their fury for an instant then
They curb ; the pillars reel ; the roof falls in ;
And clouds of lurid sparks the fall announce
To pale and trembling crowds, who then advance
In eagerness, and with a shudder see
The ruined temple of their Deity.
The priests perceive an omen, and around
The mourning city their harsh voices sound
In horrid chorus the dread prophecy ;
They cry aloud, as through the streets they flee,
" To-day, to-day, let Asia sorrow, for
To-day, to-day is born her conqueror."
Such was the portent at the birth of him
Who proved the greatest ruler of his time.
And now, where the ruins of this temple lie,
We see the work of varying destiny,
For where the burner sought for lasting fame
He gained no glory but an empty name ;
But he whose life the fearful deed foretold
Earned fame and honor throughout all the world.

A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP.

On opening the letter, I found that it contained a pressing invitation from a friend to redeem a promise I had made some months before of spending a few days with him at his home. Our friendship, although warm, was not of very long standing. We met for the first time at a literary dinner given late in the fall. It was the first time that either of us had been invited to join that circle of literary men, and we both felt a little flattered, as it was undoubtedly a recognition of our authorship.

Amongst the company there were some whose names were household words. Their fame established, their reputation high. Men whom to know was something to be proud of, having performed great deeds in the fields of literature. We had simply won our spurs, and like modest young knights, were anxious to learn from the old veterans. But after dinner, the company began to gather into little knots, composed of old acquaintances engaged in familiar conversation. In these little groups we had no particular friends, and thus we were drawn together. We spent the rest of the evening in each other's company and in the most agreeable conversation. We soon discovered that we had that similarity of like and dislike, and that identity of desire which forms the basis of true friendship. Our conversation at first, very general, soon became more specific, and some of his expressions reminded me of passages which I had seen in an article published recently on "The Present Tendency of Art." It was printed anonymously and was much talked about at the time it appeared. I knew that the author of that celebrated paper was to be present at the dinner, I spoke to him regarding it, and asked him if he knew who the author was, he answered in the affirmative, and on questioning him further he acknowledged that the article was from his own pen. I now felt more interest in him than ever, and when we parted, mutually pleased with each other, it was with the understanding that in a short time I should pay him a visit at his home.

Since that time we had kept up a regular correspondence, asked each others advice on literary matters, and had even submitted articles to each other for criticism, before sending them to press, so that we felt like old familiar friends. He had again reminded me of my promised visit, and I now felt that I could spare the time. A few hours ride in the cars brought me to the village of C——, where my friend was waiting for me with his buggy. Greeting each other cordially, we drove off, and a short ride, brought us to his home. Here I was received with every mark of respect. I soon felt at ease with all the members of his family. Every arrangement had been made that could add to my comfort or increase my pleasure. His home itself appeared to me a very palace of art. The carpets, the wall paper, the pictures, the furniture—all had been selected with an eye to artistic effect. There was harmony of color and fitness of proportion in every thing; and on every hand one could see proofs not so much of great wealth as of cultivated taste. Seeing that I was surprised and pleased with what I saw, he invited me to go up with him to his study. Here a fresh surprise awaited me. Instead of the nice arrangement seen in the other rooms, every thing was in confusion. The floor was littered with papers. His table covered with books thrown upon each other with no attempt whatever at order. On a peg in one corner of the room hung a cavalry officer's uniform and sabre—very dusty—which he informed me he had worn during the war. In other corners stood fowling pieces and fishing rods, which showed that he was fond of out-door sports. On mentioning my surprise at the contrast between this and the other rooms, he replied that his mind rebelled against always living by rule and square; that he had more liberty, and took more comfort in this room than in any other in the house; that too much exactness tired the eyes and wearied the mind, etc., We then descended to his sitting room, and as the elections had just taken place, it was natural that we should talk politics. The defeat of Butler, the prospects of the Republican party, the civil rights bill, the currency question, free trade,—all these topics were touched upon; and although I thought my friend's views at times rather impracticable, I felt

that his opinions were those of a deep thinker and a patriotic citizen.

Our conversation at last turned upon other subjects ; some remark was made about Miss Charlotte Cushman having left the stage, of which she had so long been a brilliant ornament, which she had done so much to purify and render what it ought to be,—a power for good instead of an influence for evil. This led to some remarks about the English stage in the days of Garrick, and the mention of Garrick's name suggested the names of those brilliant men of genius with whom he associated and spent so much of his time, Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, and above all, Johnson. He was quite familiar with the lives and labors of these men, and his mind was stored with anecdotes about all the men who were conspicuous in literature during the days of Addison and the *Spectator*.

But, while speaking of the glories of English art, he remarked that young as America was she had done something in both literature and art of which she might well be proud. "Come," said he, "and I will show you some paintings which for execution I do not think can be surpassed by any English artist of the present day, and in these paintings the American brush has been inspired by the American pen." Following him into his drawing room he first called my attention to a landscape. A bright autumnal scene, such as only the Indian summer can give to the painter. It had all the varied charms which one looks for in a good landscape : the hill, the meadow, the stream, the woodland and the thrifty farm in the distance. It was so well executed that one almost imagined he was looking on a veritable piece of nature, and not on canvas. But its distinguishing feature was color. The artist revelled in the rich coloring of the American fall. The various shades of green and yellow, mingled with bright crimson, lent a glow to the picture such as I had never seen in any gallery in Europe. It was a characteristic American piece. "That," said my friend, "is dedicated to Whittier, a poet who has done much to render American scenery popular, simply by unfolding its beauties." On my right hung another picture, that of a young maiden just opening into womanhood. The face was handsome, and al-

though somewhat delicate, there was nothing lackadaisical about it, while the form was such that a year or two would render it almost faultless. Her attitude was natural and easy; one hand supported her skirts, the other held a lily and some wild flowers which she had evidently picked from the bank of the stream on which she was now standing. I observed that the artist, with the cunning hand of a master, had placed in her hair a rose bud just opening into blossom. I could not but admire the skillful way in which these details had been wrought into the picture, which, while enhancing its effect, explained its character. The effect was further heightened by the fact that she stood on a little point of land where a brook flowed into and was lost in a broad river, into whose depths she was earnestly looking. The well known lines from Longfellow's poem, *Maidenhood*, immediately came to my mind:

" Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet—
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

I felt that I had never seen the full beauty of that poem until now, and never had I been more strongly impressed with the grace, the dignity, the nameless charm, which surround pure womanhood.

My friend now directed my attention to a couple of pictures at the other end of the room. They were companion pictures. In the foreground of the first there was a royal palace situated in a pleasant valley, with banners floating from its turrets, and with all its surroundings in keeping with the magnificent style of its architecture. The most striking feature, however, the one which arrested the attention and held it, was a pair of illuminated windows in the centre of the building which seemed to light up and give character to the whole edifice, as the eyes do to the face. The artist had so arranged it that you could look into these windows and see what was going on within. In the midst of a lofty room, upon a purple draped throne, sat the monarch himself, while moving round him, as if he controlled their motion by the measured flow of music, you could see crowds of fairy-like forms smiling, and singing the wisdom and

the glory of their king. I saw that the picture was an allegorical one, and I turned to the other for an explanation. There was the same palace, but O, how changed. The palace was dilapidated, the grounds destroyed; everything bore evidence that some dreadful calamity had befallen the once happy abode. Look at the windows; they are now illuminated with a strange wild light such as we see in the eyes of a madman. Look within; the throne is overturned, the monarch gone, and the fairy-like forms have given place to horrid ghastly phantoms which rush open-mouthed and shrieking through the open doors. I shuddered as the truth flashed upon my mind; the story of the pictures was reason and madness. They were intended to illustrate Edgar Allan Poe's strange poem. "The Haunted Palace." The palace represented the mind; the windows were indeed eyes, for the eyes have been fitly called the windows of the soul. The beautiful forms within were the thoughts, the fancies, the creations of the brain, their motions being controlled by reason who sat upon the purple draped throne. In the other picture, the most dreadful of all calamities had happened,—reason was gone, and for want of its controlling power, the creations of the crazed brain had now changed to hideous phantoms.

I feel that I am quite unable to describe the power with which these pictures were drawn. But I thought the poet fortunate in finding a painter who understood how to delineate so happily his weird ideas and fantastic imagery.

R. M. H.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

A new feature in the observance of Washington's Birth-day was brought about last month by the senior class of this Academy. It consisted in part in the performance of the last sad offices over the remains of the dear departed "de Senectute." The day, sacred to the American heart was previously observed in seemingly appropriate manner, by the students and their many assembled guests in the Chapel, due honor being paid to the dead Washington by adorning his bust with evergreens, and by placing beneath it several small hatchets and diminutive cherry tree, as typical of the admiration of Phillipians for that noble act in the hero's boyhood, denominated "the garden scene," and many souls were kindled to enthusiasm upon hearing the dulcet tones emanating from the mellifluous tongues of three noble orators. It was noticed, however, that each seemed moved by some suppressed emotion, which it is supposed was caused by bitter anticipation of the sad ceremony, which was to follow. After a touching solo upon the base drum, these interesting performances (pardon the word) terminated; the melancholy seniors retired, but soon the organist began a solemn dead march, and, chanting the mournful music of "The Mulligan Guards," they again appeared in long line, bearing in their midst the coffin of their devoted friend. This had been lying in state all the morning, and many were the heads turned away in silent grief at the thought of never more seeing their old friend in his accustomed haunts; so no wonder now that the faces of the pall bearers rival in their blanched whiteness the very togas in which they are (shall we say) encased.

Preceding the band of mourning ones, is the Princeps ordinis, draped in a long black coat, representing in its length the most extreme suffering "long drawn out." He sorrowfully makes a way for the Pontifex Maximus with a baton, resembling the coat in its length and evident weight.

The coffin of magnificent mahogany is borne to a bier in the centre of the space near the chancel of the chapel. The class crowd around it, and their lamentations bring tears to the eyes of even the most bitter enemies of the noble dead. The Pontifex Maximus in the centre, with his white robes, bearing on one side the consecrated knife, on the other a black wallet, containing the sacred corn of New England, and resting meanwhile on his staff; the Vespillones, clothed in white, disposed around their friend; behind these, the sorrowing class; the solemn dirge from the organ;—all these instilled into the hearts of those present a deep reverence and awe.

Then there stepped forward a figure, clothed in black, which delivered a soul-stirring oration, expressive of the esteem in which the deceased was held, and ending with a glowing tribute to his memory. A memorial poem then followed, and, this over, the body was carried slowly away, being dismissed by the Pontifex Maximus, the mourners giving vent to their feelings by chanting this hymn:—

Who can know the depth of sorrow
Gnawing at each mourner's heart?
Yet we consolation borrow
From thy memory, though we part.

CHORUS.—Jove has willed the fates decree
Triste vale de senectute.

Even now we hear thee speaking,—
Speaking from the living page;
From thy rich experience seeking
To unfold the joys of age.

CHO.—Jove has willed, etc.

May thy soul by Charon ferried
O'er the darksome Stygian tide,
To Elysian fields be carried,—
With the just and good abide.

CHO.—Jove has willed, etc.

At the foot of the stairs, the coffin was placed upon a hearse, drawn by a small donkey, which also had a sorrowful aspect. Those who are wont to ascribe noble sentiment even to the beast, attributed this to his grief for the dead ; but less generous ones thought that the sacred beans, which were denied him, were a better reason for his sorrow.

Thence the cortege passed over the campus, the mourners singing softly, and halted before the lofty funeral pyre, on which the coffin was placed. The Vespillones separate, the class form a circle around the altar, and the Pontifex Maximus, stepping upon a raised dais, reads comforting portions from the very face of the deceased ; then he follows with a Latin chant. The fat thigh pieces are laid on ; the oil, sacred to the domestic shrine, is poured out in a copious stream ; not even are the pets of the dead wanting, for his favorite horse is added. Then, with due solemnity, the worthy Pontifex applies the torch, and the flames greedily devour, first the wood, then engulf the coffin. The Seniors move, with slow step, around the fast forming ashes of their friend, singing as they go :

Senectute's departed now ;
 Weep,—weep, each Senior.
 The seal of death is on his brow ;
 His *case* of life is o'er ;
 The flames *in-tense-ly* round him blaze ;
 His end doth now arrive ;
 And never more shall “ old ade.” boil
 The class of Seventy-Five.

Farewell, old friend ! Long, long for thee
 The tear of grief shall flow ;
 In plaintive song—and *first root* form—
 A world thy fame shall know.
 When looking back upon our toil,
 We'll think of Coy and strive,
 That nevermore shall old age boil
 The class of Seventy-Five.

They at last cry : “ Vale ! Vale ! Vale ! ” and sadly depart. The Pontifex Maximus, completely overcome, mounts the empty hearse, and is borne off the field. Thus it endeth.

In closing, we would hope that the example set this year by the class of '75, may become an established custom, and that

de Seneetute may be burned right royally every year. We have given a mere sketch of the ceremonies, thinking this sufficient.

The following shows what superstitious minds may believe :—

In early days, in one of the Western States, there was a great scarcity of wheat ; so that a fine wheaten loaf was considered a great delicacy by the few settlers. The Indians also formed a great liking for the wheat, and were sometimes found pilfering it. One day a gentleman sent, by an Indian servant, a loaf of new-made bread to a friend, who lived several miles away. This present was accompanied by a letter, in which was mentioned the object of the native's visit. Now, this same native became hungry, and so ate the bread ; but continued on his errand, and delivered the letter. Of course the friend wrote that he had received the note, but *sans* loaf. Consequently the servant received a scolding, and was sent a second time, again with a letter. The poor man thought that the writing must be endowed with supernatural powers, and that seeing him make his little meal before, it had informed the person for whom it was intended. So he put the letter on one side of a huge rock, went around to the other side, and munched in peace. Then taking the letter, he goes on his way rejoicing. Of course the gentleman cannot understand what has become of the loaf, and thinks his friend is perpetrating some huge joke, by sending his man to him so often, without the bread. He writes, demanding an explanation. The Indian returns home, and is immediately confronted by his master, who charges him with the theft, which he denies. The master shows him the letter, which his friend has sent, and explains its contents. Upon this the savage confesses, without further delay. He is now morally certain that the white man's writing is supernatural, and rushes out, awe-stricken and amazed, resolved never again to be the bearer of such a thing. Oh, the blessings of education !

Why did the dinners given at one of the clubs resemble those of Eton of former times ? Because they were frequently lamentable (lamb-on-table).

Why was Sergestus, of Æneid fame, a most effeminate man? Because he was weakened and distressed by the loss of a tier (tear).

What is the principal requirement in the education of a young spider of noble birth? That of flying well.

The Scientific class of '76 rejoice in the recent purchase of a Holtz electrical machine, and are now earnestly discussing the question: "Are as many sparks received per second when the Philosophy class from our sister Academy are present as when they are not?"

For what reason does the executed criminal resemble the newly made bridegroom? The halter (altar) has altered the existence of each.

The MIRROR offers itself to its friends, with the hope that it may meet with their approbation. It has had an unusual amount of events to reflect, during the term, and, owing to this, trusts to the leniency and indulgence of all, if any inadvertencies may have occurred.

It asks pardon for encroaching upon the affairs of last term, thinking that the subject will excuse itself: Quite a radical change was made in the matter of Means Prize Orations, the Faculty, considering it best, offering a list of subjects, instead of allowing the students to choose their own. This created some dissatisfaction at first, but is now looked upon with more favor, and may be considered as an established plan for the future.

The various entertainments, provided by the citizens of Andover, have been enjoyed by Phillipians, with profit to all. Then, too, Prof. Churchill's reading, of the same course, was, it is needless to say, very happily received throughout.

There was a concert given by the Barnabee Troupe, under the auspices of the Senior Class of the Academy, which was a successful affair; in every sense, we believe.

Quite a flutter of excitement has been caused in the Sister Academy, on account of a sleigh-ride, participated in by many. Could not a similar ride have been undertaken by our Seniors?

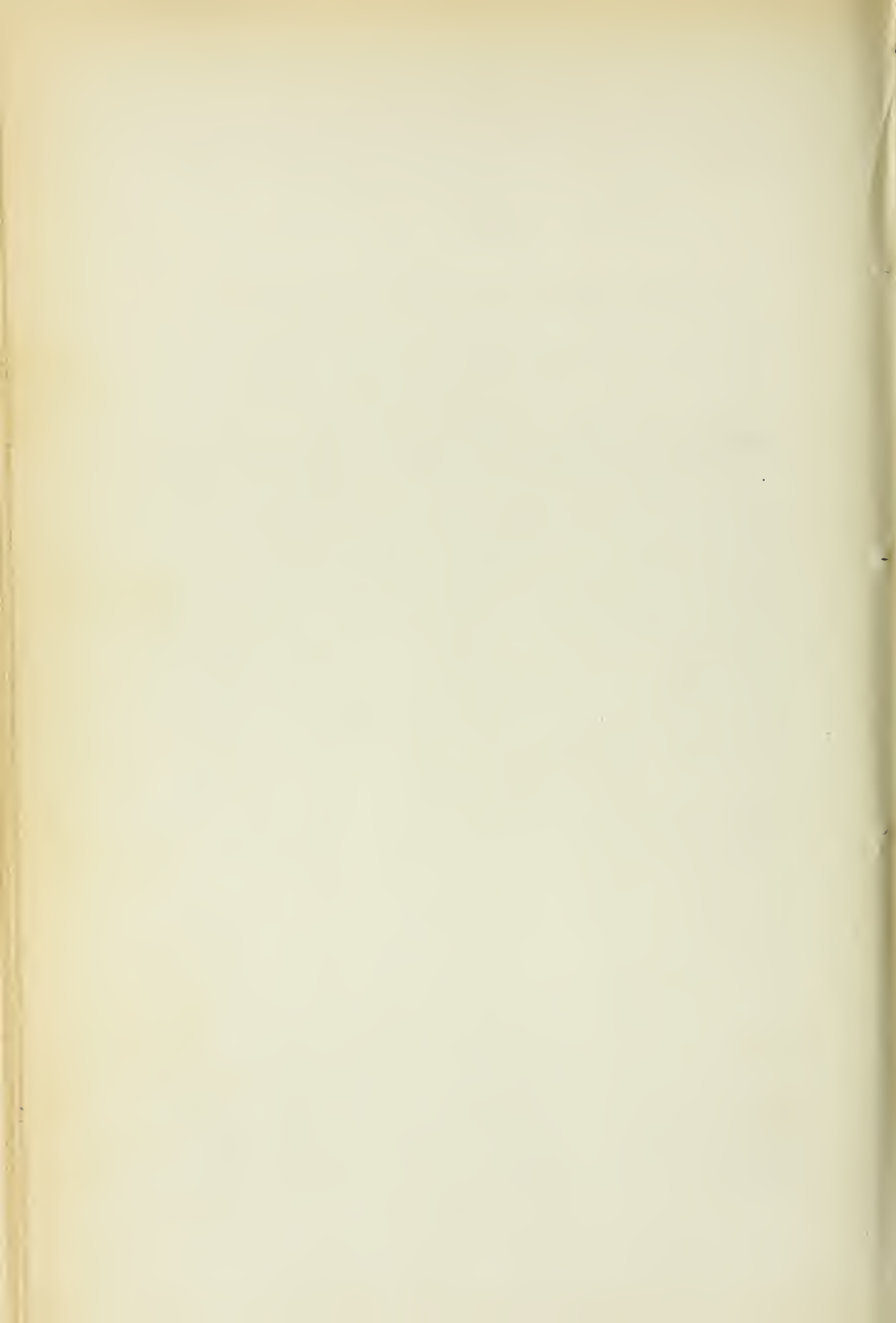
At the Abbott Academy several entertainments have been given this year, and one, consisting of a French play, might furnish an example which might be imitated by the French classes of Phillips.

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of the *Abbott Courant*.

Owing to the stormy weather, outdoor sports have been in a measure laid aside this term, and we have looked for other means of amusement; naturally, the most pleasant pastime seemed to be that of coasting. Yet it had continued but for a few nights when the vigilant police of Andover sallied forth and arrested a harmless "Theologue," and after almost causing a mob among the students, succeeded a day or two after in having the coasting stopped, much to the regret of every one connected with the Academy, it is to be hoped. Still, visions of "bobbing" disturb the repose of many a sorrowful Phillippian.

The Draper Prizes were awarded on the evening of the 8th of March, as follows: First, to Mr. Parker, of '75 Classical; second, to Mr. Adams, of '76 Classical; third, to Mr. Johnson, of the same class. The order maintained by the students at the time was commendable, but the Faculty are answerable for it, from the judicious manner in which they scattered the different classes over the hall.

In closing our editorship of the *Mirror*, we think we can offer nothing more fitting by way of valedictory than a reference to the approaching event in the life of Philo—her semi-centennial, the celebration of her golden wedding with Time. On that day she may recall that never for a moment has anything happened which might cause a separation from her spouse. There has been a happy life and they see their children growing up around them, leaving them to do battle with the world, while others are given them to fill the places of those who have gone. Truly they have reason to be happy—their offspring contented, affectionate, dutiful, prosperous, and willing and able to support their aged parents. It is their present hope that all may join them at the approaching festive season, and receive their blessing.



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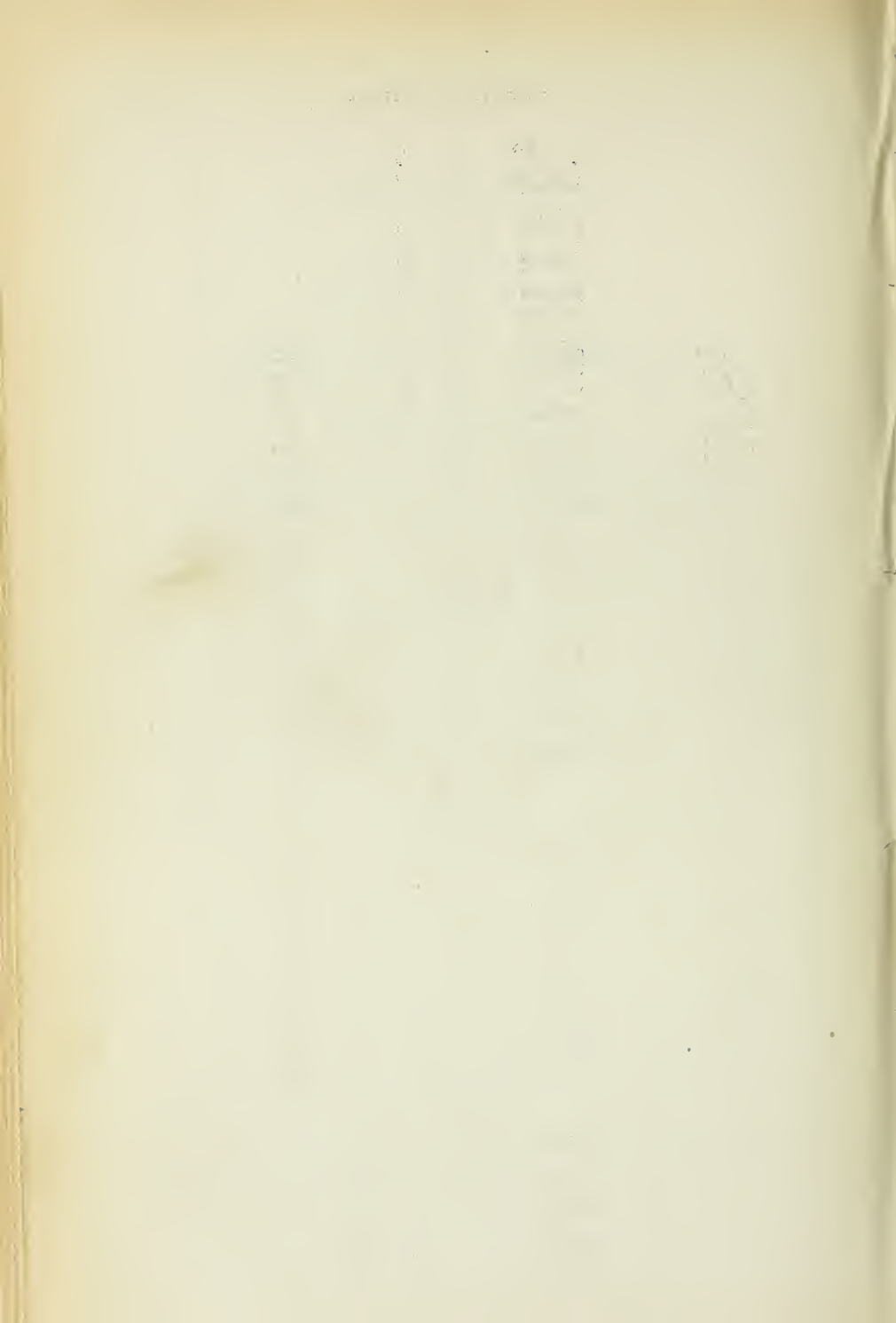
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Vol XX.

No. 3.

SCIRE EST REGERE.

THE
PHILO MIRROR.

MAY, 1875.

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VOL. XX.

MAY, 1875.

No. 3.

PLODDING.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

There are few more dangerous and destructive words in the dictionary than the word "genius." It is picked out by every tyro, conned and committed, and frequently dwarfed to the cramped condition of his own cranium.

There is more genius drawn from an oil well than was ever born into the world, to flaunt for a time a dazzling flame, and then die out, leaving a questionable fame, an odious example, and one more added to the list of human monstrosities. A kerosene lamp, consuming "the midnight oil," is the most prolific source of geniuses, and an hour over a knotty point in grammar or mathematics is worth all the *chateaux en Espagne* ever erected.

There can be no excellence without great labor; and though by no means a new thought, it is one of those great truths that will bear probing to the quick.

Every day we see an increasing tendency among American youth, to despise the toil that gave their fathers success, and to follow only the so-considered "royal road to wealth," eschewing the only means by which alone they can achieve true

excellence in any department. Too indolent or unambitious to coin their own opportunities, they wait, Micawber like, for circumstances to make them. But they wait in vain, for if success(?) be attained in this way, it is, at best, ephemeral, and as easily dissipated as acquired.

It is hardly our province to enter the field with Carlyle, and discuss the beauty, the dignity, the holiness of labor; but rather to consider its absolute necessity. Were there any need of examples, the list is full of such names as Newton, Humbolt, and Goethe. Surely, no one will deny them genius; yet, with as much shrewdness as modesty, they have ascribed their success almost wholly to application.

But, if not a success from the world's point of view, is, then, the labor lost, and the laborer without his reward? By no means, for the law of correlation of forces is mental, as well as material in its application. The author gloats over his book, and the mechanic over his machine, with a passionate fondness only paralleled by the love of a mother for her new born babe; and the culminating vigor of mind, or of frame, will demand and receive a due recognition. The man who, like Archimedes, finds an absorbing pleasure in his circles, has an unfailing resource against all the passions and perils of daily life, and of public opinion. Even the embryo scholar experiences a pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge, in comparison with which the pleasures of the senses are but as fleeting dreams.

This is what we secure by a moderate, but regularly sustained application to books, to nature, or to the great but varying social and political questions of every day. Moderate, because we cannot storm the hill of science, but must imitate the constant dropping of the water. Dr. Johnson proved the efficacy of moderate labor, in preparing sixteen volumes during the ordinary life of man, by writing only one octavo page per day.

No one ever wrote an immortal book, invented a useful machine, or won a great battle, without first accomplishing the preliminary task of preparation. We are told that bile wins battles, and that diet is liable to regulate the dynasties of worlds: yet, cannot man control both? But, says Goethe, "There are few who at once have thought and the capacity of action. Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but

narrows." Wealth of understanding is never inherited, but, like material property, the poorest can enrich himself with ; and material wealth allied to it becomes beautiful, loses all its grossness, and fulfills a holy mission.

Our subject contains one vital warning. The case of Charles Goodyear has been cited among others as an evidence that accidents frequently overrule labor and decide arbitrarily a man's success or failure. The fallacy here lies in disregarding the fact that the years of labor are needed to fit one to take advantage of the golden opportunity when it presents itself. It is "work done least rapidly that art most cherishes." "Raw haste is half sister to delay." There must be a sublime confidence that the reward will surely come, as come it will, for progression is an invariable law of nature, and, with proper nourishment, the brain of youth can no more help expanding than a tree can help growing. Though the path of indolence often invites and allures by a display of pleasant fields and flowing meads, it is full of pitfalls, quagmires, and the unwholesome odors of noxious weeds, and whoso entereth it, either falls into the filth, or is choked by the pestilential vapors.

A better way remains : one whose pleasantness is no sham, and whose peace cannot be counterfeited—a way in which striving and competition are indispensable to the goal, but over the entrance is written "No sluggard shall enter here."

This way nature herself suggests. Centuries ago, in the darksome wood her forces seized the plant, and began their task. Silently, but steadily, they toiled ; ages passed with no apparent result, till, finally, perfection is reached, and she presents us with the diamond. So must man be content to labor, and to abide the result with a "faith that moveth mountains." And, as from the humble, decaying plant is wrought the most imperishable of nature's gems, so from the humblest intellect and feeblest frame, the persistent effort of an indomitable will may condense that which

—"shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed away ;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

B. B. C.

WORK ! NOT WAIT !

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Observation and even experience may have taught you that great effort often yields disappointment ; and most earnest endeavor has often, at the critical moment, brought defeat. But these are only the exceptions to the rule, that to obtain success in any sphere in life, one must work. The education, both moral and intellectual, of every individual depends, in a large degree, on his own efforts. A man does not, as a rule, obtain success at one jump, but by continued labor he mounts higher and higher the monument of his own building, and stands on its summit a self-made man. How true those lines by an unknown pen :

“ Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.”

The ancients were right ; both in morals and intellect we shape the moulding of our own characters, and so become the architects of our own fortunes. How else could it happen that men, who have had precisely the same opportunities in life, are continually presenting to our observation such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies. Difference of talent will not solve it, for that difference is frequently in favor of the disappointed candidate. Difference of position in life will not solve it, for oftener the man of lowly station rises, while he of high position takes a lower place. Difference of circumstances will not solve it, for often their opportunities are the same. You will see departing from the same university,—nay, sometimes from the same family—two men, one of whom you will declare to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity. Yet you will see the genius sink into poverty, and spend his life in obscurity, forgotten and despised, while you behold the mediocre plodding his sure way up the hill of life, making steadfast footing at every step, re-

ceiving the applause of the world, and rising at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. You observe these opposite ends, and wonder why it is. Why do such seeming inconsistencies exist? Why does fortune so favor the one and oppose the other? It is no miracle. They are the actors in the play. They are the builders of their respective fortunes.

The best seminary of learning that can open its doors to you can do no more than to afford you the opportunity for instruction. But it will depend at last on yourselves whether you will be instructed or not, whether you are to learn anything or not, or how far you will pursue your studies. Many there are who are wasting time and talents, for want of energy and perseverance. Many there are who are waiting for something to turn up, never moving from their set plans, never progressing, but ever hoping,—and hope is ever in advance of the attainment of its desire,—pacing round in the mill of habit, expecting some great good fortune, unsatisfied with everything. These are men we come in contact with every day.

It is said circumstances make the man. But I assert that a man to be something else than a mere nothing, must make circumstances, must find opportunities and improve them.

Men speak of genius, and they mean by that an undefined something within a man which will sweep him on to greatness while he is slumbering. But I affirm there is no genius which does not include the genius of energy. No good fortune, no propitious circumstances, no brilliant talents, will make a man great, unless they bring for him discipline and labor. As Alexander the Great found there was no idle way to learning; so shall he find who seeks to excel, either as orator or writer, scholar or merchant, mason or carpenter, that there is no idle way to success. It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide spreading comprehension of mind, these long reaches of thought, and this untiring, unabated labor, that place men on the summit of success.

Genius unexerted is like the spider that builds its web in some obscure corner, and waits in vain for some wandering insect to fall into its meshes; his waiting is hopeless and use-

less, for he has shut himself from the world, and passes his life in unfruitful expectancy.

If genius be desirable at all, it is of that great and infinite kind, which, like the bird of lofty wing, soars from the summit of some towering mountain, above the clouds, and balances itself at pleasure in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated, than weakened by the effort.

Did Bonaparte achieve his victories while idling away his life in royal ease? And yet you call him a genius. Did Caesar change the destiny of Rome by words alone? And yet you call him a genius. That mighty power of Demosthenes, though it may once have been a feeble infant spark, could never have gained the applause of listening senates, had he not nourished the spark of energy with it. There is an opinion too prevalent that success is not, as a general thing, a test of true merit. It is not only the test of true merit, but the result of it. Never before has the pathway to greatness been so hard and rocky. Never before has it been so full of failures, and all for lack of energy and perseverance. The requirements of life are numerous, and a failure only makes room for one who is possessed of these in a larger degree. Activity and energy at the right moment, boldness and decision, prudence and persistence well directed, are the weapons that will give us the victory.

C. I. W.

THE SCIENTIFIC AGE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

The age in which we live is pre-eminently a scientific one. Where in the annals of history can we find a period in which so much practical science has been revealed and applied as in the present; where can we find men with greater sight into nature's paths; or where can we find any who have labored with more patience, than the men who have been reared during the present age?

But true it is, science is no new thing, nor is its study anything modern, for it has existed ever since man has existed; and all ages and nations, alike have had the opportunity of exploring and revealing its mysterious laws.

The Romans and Grecians had their sciences; Egypt had her science; but never until the present time has nature been compelled to labor under the guidance of man. The science of the Ancients was of an unpractical nature, and although they constructed very beautiful and durable buildings, yet they were rather inclined to neglect the more important branches, as commerce and manufacturing. But as the standard of society advanced, and as the occupation of the people changed from military to civil, then it was that the public demanded better transportation and communication; but these were branches that had not been explored, and it was only a few of their great philosophers who had the courage to attempt to solve the great problems that were urging themselves before the public, and from that time until the commencement of the present age, the two requisite qualities, capability and perseverance, have not been properly combined.

It is in this age that steam has been imprisoned, that electricity has been captured, that railroads have been constructed, and many other improvements made. It is in this age that machinery has been improved both in variety and quality; and things that even fifty years ago were declared impossible, are now accomplished with the greatest ease and rapidity: for instance, ten years ago a great need was felt by the inhabitants of the torrid zone for ice, and a business was at once started of transporting it, but since then a process has been discovered by which it can be manufactured cheaper on the spot; and by this class of facts it can plainly be seen that, while we are in advance of all other ages, we are still rapidly advancing, and the future bids fair to eclipse us.

The rapid improvement of railroads is familiar to us all, but, judging by present indications, the time is not far distant when we shall travel in cars drawn by electricity; this idea looks improbable, but after what has already been accomplished by scientific men, and after it has been applied to machinery and the only objection is the expense, surely it is not likely that this obstacle will prevent its adoption; and in this connection we reach the field of the future, and what she has to disclose we must wait to learn.

C. P. C., JR.

THOSE TATTERED FLAGS.

Within a lofty columned hall I stood.
Beneath, the marble floor resounded to my tread ;
Above, a gilded dome rose proudly o'er my head ;
And nothing marred the strange, sweet solitude.

The fair, grave, sculptured face of Washington
Reflected back the peace of heaven, and lighted up
The scene ; while odors, as from some sweet incense cup,
Lingered, like music, when a song is done.

I turned away and found another face,
Not half so fair, but so divinely good and true,
I seemed to see celestial radiance shining through ;—
Dear, martyred Lincoln's presence filled the place.

Another step, and oh! my heart beat wild :
My country's battle flags, all tattered, scorched and torn,
Hung on the walls. An impulse in my breast was born
To clasp them close, as mother clasps her child.

From my uplifted eyes tears fell like rain,
And through the mist I saw dead hands stretched out to me ;
Hands that had proudly borne those flags to victory,
But now lay mouldering on some far off plain.

Grand Old State House, fair Boston's joy and pride,
Ye never held within your walls, than these poor rags,
A richer, goodlier thing,—those torn and tattered flags !
To save which, our brave boys bled and died.

E. A. W.

'76.

It is a truism that neither the physical, mental nor moral forces of man can remain stationary. Have, then, these different functions been degenerating or improving? And first it is certain that man's physical condition has improved, notwithstanding the moans and cries of "degeneracy" that we constantly hear on every hand. The ancient Romans of the upper classes lived thirty years. At the close of the eighteenth century, Englishmen lived forty years;—we live fifty. Americans are beginning to realize that mind without nerve and muscle is no more in demand than was the iron money of Lycurgus: It cannot be circulated.

Besides the hum of quack doctors and literary bats, who claim that our brains and muscles are in a state of rottenness, we hear the buzz of would-be philosophical innovators, who cry out that our government itself is undergoing a process of self-destruction; that it will form but a modern counterpart of Greece and Rome, because our education and religion is degenerating instead of progressing. But civilization and its attendants have in every way improved our mental stability. The beginning of education is the historic landmark between the dark ages and to-day. Ignorance and idolatry merged into chivalry, and chivalry grandly prepared the way for Christianity and education, its handmaid.

In contemplating their growth, especially in the United States, we must consider two important facts: the wonderful increase of our population, and that the *chances* for evil are increased in the same proportion that liberty and purity are developed. It is by the steady opposition of these chances that safety is insured, and this work is being nobly carried on by the bar, the press and the pulpit. What financier, or "ring-leader," or political dabbler to-day forms a counterpart of Arnold or Burr? True, we have our political vultures, but is there not a restraining influence which may, in some degree, be traced to a healthy growth in purity and nobility?

It is an old rule to set our ideal as high as possible, that, in the event of not reaching it, we may not fall too low. When our fathers laid the corner stone of their country's temple, they reared the loftiest model that human intellect could conceive. It has cost their children a century's toil and the blood of her noblest sons to comprehend it; but America's centennial of '76 will prove that we have caught at least a ray of that divine light which animated and guided Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson. Who will say we have accomplished nothing because we have fallen short of that sublime standard of excellence? Then, let us not be ashamed of our progress nor shrink from the work that is to come, but let us thank God that we are his chosen people,—chosen to accomplish a grander mission than was given to Greece or Rome; chosen to fulfil a destiny that can be compared only to that of Israel of old; chosen to secure liberty and justice unto every man. "The eyes of the world are upon us;" so, let us extend a hand to every nation and they will rejoice with us that we have accomplished so much during our first cycle.

INDEPENDENT POLITICS.

In the present doubtful and discordant state of partizan distinctions, the opportunity appears favorable for centering general attention upon the superiority of independent politics. Everywhere prevalent in the mind of the unprejudiced citizen, we find a peculiar uncertainty as regards just which party his support properly belongs. To distinctly identify himself with either of the two ruling organizations, is to recognize many leaders with whose principles no devoted patriot can be in sympathy. To remain inactive, or to make a close mathematical choice of the lesser of two evils, has been his only alternative. And the pressure of such a state of things has given rise to the present demand of thinking men for a "better, a purer political atmosphere, a more unselfish standard of public men." To satisfy it, is the great problem of the hour.

Parties are a necessary political blessing. Woe be to that nation where unanimity of thought and act prevail! There is stagnation, corruption and despotism. These two factions constitute first, those who desire constant and marked progress; and secondly, those who are satisfied with the present, and desire only gradual or guaranteed change. The former are naturally inclined to move too hastily; the latter to making the halt too sudden and protracted. Between the two, is a golden mean, which is the peculiar province of an element in politics, called the "independents." They hold no conventions; they have no primaries; they join no processions. The party has been almost entirely without a leader and method. In fact, until the ballots are counted, the existence of such a faction is unsuspected. This want of an organization has exposed the few who have maintained their position, to ridicule and abuse. It is therefore with pleasure that we welcome that notable gathering a few weeks since of men, eminent at the bar, in literature, and in politics, at the occasion of a parting banquet with their great statesman, Carl Schurz. The dinner in itself had no political significance. It was but the just tribute of American gentlemen to one, who, as a foreigner, had honored his adopted country with the noblest devotion. But the words earnestly spoken there have successfully aroused the administration circles, and set in motion a thousand printing presses in praise or otherwise. And when the mere force of articulate breath can impel a universal press, it portends a revolution.

From the banquet room, however, we learn that the independent party of the future will be a party of action, and not of words. Their platform, if any, will have no rotten planks like the "abolishment of the franking privilege" of Philadelphia fame, that, when it has served its deceptive purpose, is forgotten and ignored. It will not promise the South good will and a peaceful government, and countenance the marshaling of United States troops in the halls of legislation, to prevent the will of the people from having its just effect. But it will attach itself to the popular heart by sustaining candidates who need no "jumble of words" to guarantee an honorable execution of the laws. It will strive for conciliation through public opinion; it will endeavor to repress the rapacity enkindled by the rebel-

lion ; it will seek to restore a sound currency, and thereby remove the stigma which the circulation of millions of lying promises has inflicted upon our government ; it will adopt a judicious policy of taxation and revenue ; it will inaugurate a civil service reform that will not be wanting an executive to keep it alive. Whether this is to be accomplished by distinct party lines, or by a selection of the best men from both parties, is immaterial. That responsibility rests with the two contemporary parties themselves. But such a choice will tend to give a healthier glow to our political atmosphere, for each party will then be dependent upon this class of independent voters for success.

What therefore is most needed in politics, is independent men. Men who will think and vote intelligently. Men who can sacrifice personal ambition for public weal. And it is not until this class of citizens separate themselves from the common crowd, and stanchly protest against the degeneracy of our political system, that we can hope for a re-establishment of our national credit at home and abroad. It is useless to ignore the fact, that affairs have by some carelessness got on the wrong track. The only policy left is to "right-about-face," and commence anew. The longer we keep on the old road, the more difficult we shall make the journey when the fault is more evident. That time must surely come. No government, however free or despotic, can persistently neglect the people's warning. The failure to meet promises cannot be atoned by new pledges.

Republicans, Democrats, whichever you may be at heart, who desire a more liberal and honest administration ; a more careful legislation ; you must take an independent action to secure it. Neither of your parties will cease its existence at present. Both have been in power too long to willingly sacrifice their dignity by an acknowledgment of incapability, to successfully deal with public issues. But every independent vote cast in '76 will be as effectual in arousing them to action, as was the "minute man" in startling the British Lords a hundred years ago.

W. H. P.

THE BLACK HILLS.

Before ever the white man's foot had touched the shores of the new world ; long previous to the time when civilization had come to drive the Indian backward and backward toward the Pacific coast ; when there was no Indian Bureau, no government and no Territory of Dakota, the Indian picked out for himself a spot in which there should always be peace, where hostile nations might meet in amity ; to be a sanitarium for the weak ; a palace of rest for the aged, and a Westminster Abbey for the great departed. And when, in later years, the Pale-face had hunted on the banks of the Missouri and sailed on the waters of Lake Traverse, some stray half-breed or recreant Indian would tell of the beautiful land which lay beyond the shores of "Big Muddy," and awaken, in the breast of the adventurer, a vain desire to explore this paradise and view the land sacred to the Red Man's eyes. But no sooner would he reach the border, than the hand of some faithful guardian would lay him low, and the bones and skulls of too-confident men, to-day attest the vigilance with which the Indians have preserved their secret, and guarded their sanctum from the profane eye of the intruder. And when the grasping stranger laid his hand on Minnesota and Dakota, and said, "Give me this too," the Indian bade a sad farewell to the laughing water and the father of rivers, and answered, "Take it, but leave to us our last resort." And the Pale-face swore by his God in Heaven, that their last desire should be held sacred, and that never should the White enter beyond the line, until the owners themselves should tear away the barriers and say, "Come in." And only a few years since he put it in writing, and to it Uncle Sam set his seal, that that tract of land in the Territory of Dakota, commonly known as the Black Hills, should be reserved for the *Indian*, and that the intruding white man should be punished by the law's strong arm. And now, not a twelve-month has past, since the soldiers of our country have penetrated this El Dorado, and brought back reports that have set the youth of the world on fire with

excitement, and broken the Indian's title forever. And did the Indians bid them come? Did they hold a council, and send forth a decree that the servants of the Great Father would be welcome? Ay! they held pow-wows enough, but the decree they sent forth was the sharpened tomahawk, and the curl of the smoke of the pipe, that said, "We must die sometime. We will die now. Let the white man come and fight with us our *last* war, for we will all perish in defending this retreat of our fathers." And after the impious tread of Custer and his warlike thousand, have come the miner, the outlaw, and the adventurer, into the land which ourselves had given to the men we slaughter now.

The Indians are *not* sleeping! They are all aroused, and when the wheat again is high, and the long prairie grass bends to the western wind, the bodies of many whites and Indians together will decay under the sun of Dakota.

In the name of humanity, morality and Christianity, do we condemn this last outrage as one of the deepest and foulest the Indian has ever known.

In the name of humanity, for the cry that has lately rung through the length and breadth of Christendom, blotting out the demon WAR, and ushering in a new era of peace and arbitration is made of no avail, and the work of years is swept away in a few short moments.

In the name of morality, for the nation's pledge is broken, the Indians deceived, and the tomahawk sharpened to do bloody work. "Why! oh, why should we, to whom there are so many ways of conquering an enemy, have chosen the only one by which we might make ourselves perjured before God, and faithless before men?"

In the name of Christianity, for we, a *Christian* nation, have trampled under foot the principles of Christ. And do you ask for the result? No man can declare it. But we *can* tell that it will cause faithlessness among the nations, a lowering of confidence in the promises of our nation, a long and bloody war with those to whom we owe nearly all that we possess; — ay, we can look even further into the future and see, written in letters of blood, the sentence: "Extermination of the American Indian!"

Oh! base ingratitude! Oh! vile spirit of gain, that cares nothing for means, but only for results; would not the slaughter of the thousands slain content you? Would not Minnesota and Dakota do without the only thing the Indian asked for himself? No; the Indians who once roamed from East to West, and knew no master; the Indians, the richest nations in the world, yet knowing it not; the Indians now are gathering to lay down their last treasure, their lives, in their sacred garden. And when you read of the massacres and the slaughters—for they *will* come—be not horrified at the Indians' cruelty, but at the barbarism of the United States of America; and if, perchance, a friend or brother should perish in the coming war, mourn not for him, but rather for the nation which sent him there, and for the Indian, who dies and drags the last vestige of his race with him in his fall.

F. M.

LITERATURE: ITS BENEFICENT CHARACTER.

The biography of universal man is the development of his mental and moral nature. From the grossness of barbarism he has risen to the refinement of intellectual and social existence. Viewed in his present state, he is like a half-finished but finely conceived statue: enough is completed to show what will be the marvelous beauty of the whole. It remains for the future to consummate the work. In this process, thought is the instrument of polish and refinement, and in the subservience of thought to man's highest interest consists the true dignity of its existence.

Intellectual excellence is but another name for intellectual philanthropy. A benevolence of purpose in mental effort, a lofty devotion to the enlightenment and improvement of the human mind must ever be the vital principle of a pure and permanent literature.

The philosophy of the acute and refined Greek was a most beautiful and stately edifice of intellectual ingenuity. Grand

in its design, of graceful proportions, and massive in its structure, it was the most glorious and conspicuous object of the ancient world. But though at times brilliant radiations of genius shot forth from its polished columns and played around its spreading dome, the world received from it neither light nor warmth. The speculations of Grecian philosophy were arrows of light shot into midnight; they struck no shining mark. Truth and virtue became the deities of a sublime philosophic worship, though the proud Athenian with his utmost efforts could behold neither the serenity of the one nor the sublime beauty of the other. The genius of the Grecian mind was comprised in this: it was clear, but its clearness was that of an icicle; it was brilliant, but its brilliancy was that of a polished rock. What the prevalence of such a spirit effected may be seen in the magnificent desolation which came ages since upon the Athenian schools.

In striking contrast to Grecian frigidity is the beneficent character of modern philosophy. When Bacon appeared, the human mind, but just awakened from its blind servility to the schools and their dogmas, welcomed with delight the mild and benignant light he lit up in the West. The philosophy of the Greek was like his own mythological Heaven—peopled with bright but inaccessible Divinities. The philosophy of the modern is like the Heaven of the Christian—resplendent with the glories of infinite love.

Poetry, appealing to the finer sensibilities of man's nature, is but a more grateful means of human advancement. Truth and purity are the breath of its existence. If these be wanting, it becomes a putrid carcass, upon which the vultures and jackalls of immorality delight to feed. Whatever of poetic genius is displayed in the poems of Homer, it is certain that no small interest is imparted to them by the vigorous tone of morality embodied in his vivid delineations of character, and in the disposition and issue of his events. True, it is a Heathen morality; but yet it is not wanting in a certain benignity and sweetness of aspect. Great moral lessons are conveyed most impressively in pictures of actual life, and who doubts that the blind bard, by holding up faithful portraiture of human nature, by presenting vice in her unsightliness, and virtue in her chasity, designed

to improve as well as please mankind. The greatest poem of modern literature exhales a pure and sublime morality. Homer reminds us of earth ; but Milton transports us to a purer atmosphere. The voice that speaks to us through *Paradise Lost* is a voice of silvery sweetness ; the features that beam down upon us are features of seraphic beauty ; the emotions that awaken within our bosoms are emotions of Heavenly purity. If this lovely spirit be taken from the poetry of Milton, his flight would be like a blazing meteor, filling Heaven with its trail, and earth with fright and confusion.

The most splendid efforts of ancient and modern oratory had their birth in this same genial soil. If the Greek orator spoke with a power almost omnipotent, it was the vehement energy of indignant patriotism. If Burke melted into one sympathy—transported with one indignation the most august assemblies, it was the bursting forth of a fierce sensibility at the outrage of an inhuman oppressor upon a weak and unoffending people. If there was eloquence of the highest order at the inception of this free nation, it was the voice of a people oppressed, and struggling for the common rights of humanity. In short, wherever in any department of literature we find vigor and freshness of intellectual growth, there we shall also find, in one form or another, a spirit of beneficent effort.

Genius will be worshiped : men pay to it an involuntary homage ; but if splendor and power of intellect merely is the standard, let men admire the electric fire as it glances along the pathway of the storm. It may rend the earth, and send terror and death among men. What of that ? Behold how grandly it plays and flashes through the sky. Let them gaze delighted upon the almost angelic glory of the Lucifer of modern poetry, while from his shadowy wings he distills upon the hearth stone of innocence the death damps of passion and of guilt. Has thought no greater glory than mere display ? Does its chief excellence consist in being wrought into productions of eloquence and beauty ?—to serve only as models of cultivated intellect ?—to be valued only for its ingenuity and refinement ? to minister only to the pampered appetites of literary gormands ? Is literature only a field for tournament and pageantry ? Shall the mind be trained only for gladiatorial encounters of skill and

strength? Encounters will occur, but let them be the mighty conflicts of truth and error. Pageants will appear, but let them be the gleam of burnished armor and the foot-tramps of the embattled hosts of invincible truth.

A fearful apathy is manifested to the good or evil tendency of literary effort. A so-called elegant writer dribbles sickly sentiments, draws out fine spun threads of mental coxcombry, and hangs them up like gossamer webs to entangle thoughtless minds: his is called the polished refinement of genius;—another covertly assails opinions that are venerable with hoary age, and vital from their conservative influence. The innovation is daring, the impending interests momentous; but genius has drawn her magic circle, and waved her wand of incantation, and men look on with stupid delight.

But a more genial influence is beginning to fertilize the plains of literature. That which lurked beneath the polish and splendor of Grecian intellect, which employed the keen edge of scholastic minds in endless splittings of attenuated nothings, which a few years since paralyzed the world with its deeds of atrocity and blood, which in this day has invested itself in the garb of a profitless philosophy, is being driven with the increase of knowledge and greater elevation of view into narrower limits and more specious disguises. May we not, in view of this, glance with almost prophetic eye upon the future? May we not see literature no longer submitting to soil and bedraggle her beautiful garments in the filthy pools of human passion? May we not see her breathing a spirit so pure and beneficent as to fling back upon their vile sources the gilded drugs and jeweled chalices of moral death? May we not see the light of truth becoming so intense and powerful as to frighten from their crannies the bats and owls of ignorance and superstition; and human nature, invigorated, refined, ennobled, manifest a greater development of mental and moral greatness? H. M. T.

REIGN OF POETRY.

“Language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state,” is the statement of Macaulay, and these lines suggested my subject. Poetry is a fine art. It paints; but its pictures are without color, it forms without substance, framed in rhythm you have a picture complete, but beware lest you may be induced to admire a spotless canvas in a gaudy frame.

Poetry has its counterfeit in rhyme, but they differ as the living figure from the lifeless image; both have the form, but only one the life, the spirit, the soul. Poetry uses verse, but only as a tool and ornament. Its functions are those of a cloud, here obscuring, there revealing, by contrast giving intensity to light and power to shadow: the long, slow metre coupled with solemnity; the light, quick movement with a joyful tale.

On what depends the power and charm of this subtle art? In imagery and fancy is its force. But this force is not at all times felt, neither is it always potent among the same people. Why is this? For our reasons we must look further back. The desired effect cannot be produced by poetry unless the mind of the people is in a condition to receive it, and that condition has been proven to be when a nation is just verging upon civilization, and before refinement has turned to luxury. It is then that the passions are free and strong, as yet unbound by stoicism or cynicism, and easily moved alike by joy and sorrow, it feels the beauty of the poet's thought.

A man deeply learned, with his mind trained to methodical thought, studied in the sciences, knowing all realities, knows not poetry. He can accept an hypothesis; he can argue on a theory; but a betrayal of reality in a fanciful form, an idea springing from the imagination, something that is in itself poetical, slips from his polished mind as water from a polished stone, and is lost to sight, because his reason has no power to cross the stream beyond which fancy rules.

We at our age have passed the time when fairy stories form gilded palaces to our imagination, or legends of ghosts render dark rooms terrible; as we have grown from childhood, judgment has silently been taking the place of credulity,—thought of impulse; these things no longer commend themselves to us; “we know better;” in other words, we reason.

As growth is the first necessity of life, nations and society as well as men have their childhood, and it is the poet that furnishes the literature of young nations. Then it is that language needs no superlatives to express a commonplace idea. The simple words often carry a greater meaning than they show, and necessity does not require that a sentence should be decked with modifiers in order to be appreciated. Simplicity alone demands simplicity.

Poem and ballad are without elaboration, suggesting, not declaring; not giving thoughts, but making them. Soonest of all does the half-cultured mind catch these hints: its rudeness makes it sensitive, and when once touched it vibrates through the whole man; he becomes impassioned.

Thus it is we see the models for all poetry were given at an early age in the history of civilization, and thus it is that we hear of men weeping at a minstrel’s tale of woe, or enraged at the deeds of a tyrant who lived but in song: things which we would laugh at now, with our superior powers of self-control;—self-control is the death-knell of poetry.

The poet must be mildly mad, and poetry must be the offspring of that madness, else it is not poetry.

Never again will a proud Augustus bow to the power of a bard. The time is past when eager crowds shall listen breathlessly to catch the words that fall from the lips of some Virgil chanting his immortal poem; the war cry and the battle hymn are of the past; those inspiring pæans that made men more than heroes, that drove off death and gave to glory all the field of battle, now alone find their echo in the wars of savage nations and among the haunts of barbarism. This is an age of reason, and before that throne passion is bound and poetry lies senseless at its foot, helpless and weak, circled in the beauties of her past, looking to a future where all is dark.

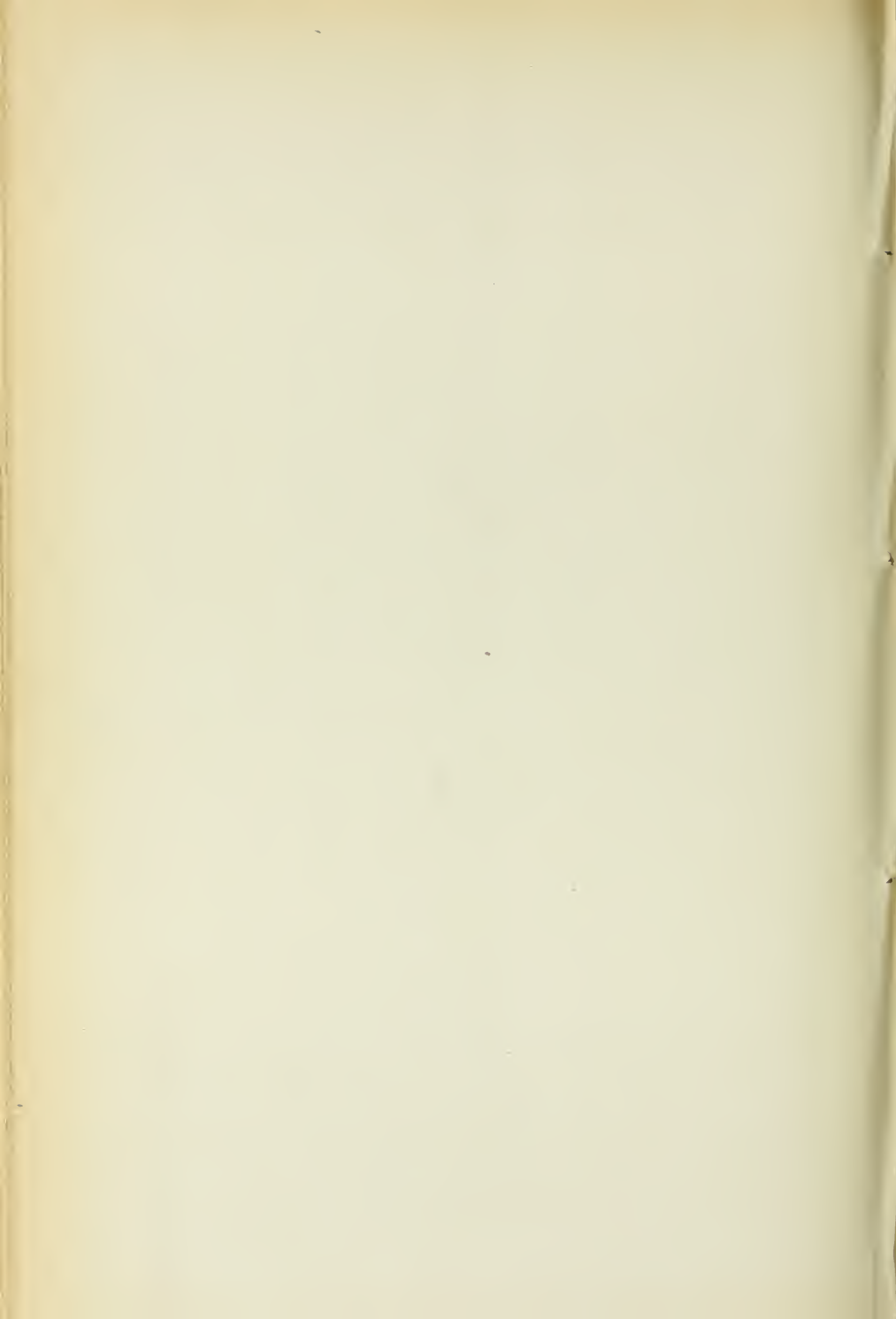
THE FEM. SEM'S. LAMENT.

Pray hearken just a moment,
While I shall sadly tell
The mournful little story
About that fatal spell.
How, as 'twas quite the fashion
In all the towns around,
For boys and girls to struggle
To spell each other down.
A plan matured here, also,
That ended in much pain—
A scheme contrived by theologues,
Whereby we all were slain.
'Twas early in the spring time
When this cruel deed was done,
And forty of our choicest
Did gracefully succumb.
In a manner quite emphatic
Did those rascals, then and there,
Collapse that little castle
We had built up in the air,
For 'twas our spoken purpose,
In honor and renown,
To rule by super spelling
This quiet little town.
So we sent a gentle hint
To those stupids o'er the way,
Declaring this intention ;
Though of course we didn't say,
How we really thought them simple,
And a very easy prey.
Now, thus you see it happened
On a pleasant April night,
We donned our showy plumage,
And strutted to the fight.
With smiling face we entered,
And travelled through the hall,
Forgetting quite the maxim—
Pride must have a fall—
Midst cheers that made us happy.
Next we bustled to the stage,
And faced those heathen dullards
In the spirit of the age.

O, how our secret fancy
Did then glow with pageants gay,
And pictures danced before our eyes,
Suggestive of the fray.
How all did point to glory,
And whisper of renown,
Of youths so badly beaten,
That they'd never cease to frown,
And how those worthy people,
Who gaze upon the sight,
Would say "The girls are smartest,"
And say it with delight.
And we thought upon those prizes,
For like others of our kind,
We sort o' keep the tangible,
And honor both in mind.
We gazed upon that large one ;
We put it on the shelf ;
We turned the leaves in fancy ;
And sweetly smiled by stealth.
But our pleasant dream here ended,
For coming through the hall,
Were books with little theologues,
Which overawed us all.
Next came our honored Churchill—
'Tis plain the time had come ;
O, dear, the rest is painful,
And I wish the song was sung.
Well, "danger ever threatens
The head that wears a crown,
And fortune tired of smiling,
For once put on a frown."
And though we spelled with all
Our might, and strove with all
Our main, the brightness of the
Prospect did sadly 'gin to wane.
From the picture that we painted,
The lines did quickly fade,
As one by one with gloomy looks,
We stepped from off the stage.
'Twas then a secret envy
Came broadly into view,
And spite was quite apparent
In the spelling of the few.
For the laughter of the people
As you know did sorely vex,
And excited thus the feeling
So peculiar to the sex.

Now, all these frantic efforts,
As you saw, did prove in vain,
And thus (with tears we write it)
The fatal hour soon came.
For when at last we dwindled
From forty down to one—
A monstrous word quite choked us,
And then the race was run.
The ugly thing was flirting,
And we'd never heard before
That such a word existed,
So we bowed and said "'tis o'er."
And thus you see it happens
That just now we don't delight
In public spelling matches
With those youths—the Phillipites.
And no more can base ambition,
With theologues combined,
Entice this band of forty to
Seek a second time
The challenge from our neighbors,
With that confidence so swell,
For sad experience taught us
"Our fate is not to spell."

JERUSHA JEMIMA JONES.



EDITORS' REVIEW.

"ALWAYS shout with the crowd," says the amiable Mr. Pickwick, "and if there are two crowds, shout with the larger." This sage advice so impresses us that we immediately adopt it, and humbly imitate the notable example of the editors of our more portentous magazines and daily papers, in deprecating the necessity of writing an editorial. Who cares to read a business editorial after the highly seasoned dish of brains supposed to be previously served? Fashion is all powerful, and the public servant champs the bit to a taut rein, but, for once, we shall beard the lion, and bravely refuse to offer an editorial. Moreover, in imitation of Paddy's self-sacrificing spirit in closing his letter to Bridget, we say, "If ye can't make sense out of what has been said, ye needn't try to read it."

This number concludes the twentieth volume of the **MIRROR**, and as this is the last number for the year, it should, according to custom, contain a review of the leading events of the three terms. But as most of the entertainments and incidents which serve to relieve the monotony of life at Andover have been noticed and commented upon in editorials of previous **MIRRORS**, we have judged it best to give only a table of the principal events in chronological order, and we add the following

CALENDAR.

SEPT. 2.	First term commenced.
DEC. 4.	Inter-Society Debate. Philo <i>versus</i> Porter Rhetorical.
DEC. 21.	Means Prize Speaking.
JAN. 6.	Second Term commenced.
FEB. 8.	'75 Class Concert.
FEB. 16-18.	"Bobbing Excitement."

FEB. 22.	Cremation Exercises of "De Senectute."
MARCH 8.	Draper Prize Speaking.
APRIL 9.	Third Term commenced.
APRIL 15.	Spelling Match. Abbott Academy <i>versus</i> Phillips Academy.
APRIL 27.	Spelling Match. Theological Seminary <i>versus</i> Phillips Academy.
APRIL 30.	"Mock Court," by Philomathean Society.
MAY 25.	Philo Exhibition.
MAY 26.	Philo Semi-Centennial Anniversary.
JUNE 18.	Exhibition of English Department.
JUNE 21.	Anniversary Exercises of Society of Inquiry.
JUNE 22.	Exhibition of Classical Department.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *Bowdoin Orient*, *Raven*, *Purdue*, *Bowdoinensia*, and *Abbott Courant*.

The *Sybil* is the name of a Western paper. It is evident that the spelling mania has not yet reached that section.

A diligent searcher after knowledge—a member of the class in physics—remained a few days ago after recitation and asked his Prof. what would be the effect "if an irresistible force should strike an immovable body!" Prof. gave it up.

It takes some time for one to become acclimated. A Junior Englishman, distinguished by a sad countenance and thoughtful manner, was overheard the other day propounding this stale conundrum, "What becomes of the \$600 we pay each year for the *Jim*?" He had not been here long.

During our last vacation the spelling mania was at its height; so, on arriving in Boston on our return to school duties, we were not much startled by the news that Phillips Academy was to spell against Abbott Academy. The proposed match was

discussed that night by a select few at Parker's, and on our arrival at Andover the next morning, we found that already the benevolent(?) gentlemen of the Theological Seminary had taken hold of the affair, and had offered prizes. The preliminaries were soon arranged. A challenge was sent from Phillips, and accepted by the Fem. Sems.; and on the evening of April 15, the eighty contestants did battle for their respective academies, while the Theological gentlemen mentioned above were on hand to act as judges, and—to help convey the prizes to the homes of the Fem. Sems.

But, wonderful to relate, for once the boys outspelled the girls, and Phillips was victorious. Alas! we were not to retain our honors long. The Theologues, who had yielded to the Phillips boys the supremacy in foot ball, base ball and debating, now thought an opportunity given to retrieve their fallen fortunes. The Fem. Sems. *very willingly* gave them aid. Another match was arranged, this time Phillips Academy *versus* Theological Seminary, to take place April 27, *in the hall of Abbott Academy*. Now mind, we don't mean to insinuate that the gentlemen from the Seminary had any thoughts about the effect upon both sides when they selected the *place* for the match, for they certainly were very fair about everything, and we don't think there was a single Phillipian who grudged Mr. Nichols his prize. We only say, with the immortal author, the Theologues are "sly, very sly." Well, "we met the enemy," but they resolutely refused to become "ours," and our men finally retired from the contest. The spelling of both sides was very superior.

The Phillipians have always held that the action of the town authorities in refusing permission to "bob," last February, was uncalled for and arbitrary. In order to bring out more fully the merits of the case, as well as to furnish an evening's entertainment, a "Mock Court" was held by members of the Philomathean Society in their chapel on the evening of April 30, when a prisoner was tried for and acquitted of the heinous crime of "bobbing" on School street. The affair was remarkable for the respect which all concerned seemed to have for the

“eternal fitness of things.” The parts were well taken ; the witnesses were very amusing ; and the remarks of learned counsel were not only appropriate, but were well prepared and delivered. Altogether, the affair was a success.

✓ The Phillips Base Ball Nine played its first game for the season, May 8th, with the Harvard Freshmen. The result was a score of 12 to 11 in our favor. The Harvards played a strong game, but our pitching was too much for them. Such a victory was very creditable to our boys, for the Nine had never played together, and the players had had but little practice. If the Nine can do so well with no discipline, it certainly is fair to argue that, with interest and practice, it can take a prominent position among the amateurs of Massachusetts. There is a great deal of interest in base ball manifested just now by the students, and we are glad to notice that several new players
✓ have developed wonderfully this season.

Before this is read, Philo will have celebrated her Semi-Centennial, and the greatest event in her history will have become a thing of the past. At the time of writing everything has been arranged, and there are assurances that many eminent men will be present. If sufficient encouragement is given, a pamphlet Supplement to the MIRROR will be issued, containing full accounts of the Semi-Centennial, including historical address, etc.

The order of exercises for the 26th will be substantially as given in the following

P R O G R A M M E

OF THE

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Philomathean Society,

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, MAY 26, 1875.

BUSINESS MEETING, ... 9 30 A. M.

EXERCISES, ... 10.30

Music.

Prayer.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, ... Rev. RAY PALMER, D.D.

MUSIC, ... BROWN'S BRIGADE BAND.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS, ... Hon. SAM'L B. NOYES, '42.

MUSIC, ...

POEM, ... CHAS. A. DICKINSON, H.U. '72.

Procession to tent, where dinner will be served by J. B. Smith, caterer, to which all past members are invited. guests of the Society.

Prof. Churchill will act as Toast-Master, and short speeches may be expected from many eminent sons of Philo.



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THE
PHILO MIRROR.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεῖα.

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THE MIRROR.

REMSEN V. MESSLER, }
WESLEY J. JACKSON, } *Editors.*
CHAS. E. LADD, }

VOL. XXI.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

No. 1.

AMBITION, AIDED BY WILL, AN ELEMENT OF TRUE SUCCESS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

In the beginning of time, when man first sprang from the plastic hand of the Almighty, gifted as he was with emotions, an intellect and a soul, he was born to be the crowning piece and pinnacle of all creation. He was created finite, but majestic and sublime, wonderful in body, immortal in mind. He was given the power of thought and of speech, by which he is enabled to communicate with his fellow beings. He was endowed with passions and virtues, both of which are subordinate to the conscience and the will.

Man thus stands eminently superior to all else in nature, and towers aloft in his majesty and grandeur, like a graceful column upon some vast plain. Among the many passions that actuate man, is that of ambition. This has immortalized many, although it has ruined some great and noble minds. It is the ruling and devouring passion, lying uppermost in man's thoughts. It is, however, a noble passion,—noble from the great deeds and ideas which it incites.

It was the ambition of Pericles which carried Athens through that critical period after the battle of Coroneia. He, it was, who by his superior generalship, impelled by his ambition to

serve his country, guided the state safely through the perils and dangers that surrounded her, and afterwards beautified and graced her capital with those magnificent buildings, the architecture of which stands to this day unrivalled, the admiration and wonder of the world. It was the ambition of Alexander the Great which led to those astounding conquests that startled every then known nation. Short as his career was, his ambition knew no bounds, and had his life been prolonged, probably all Europe and Asia would have submitted to his sway, and become a part of the empire of Macedonia.

Ambition is a passion which should be controlled and directed towards good and worthy objects, otherwise it may result in the greatest evils of humanity. The ambition of Napoleon in his insatiable desire to render France the mistress and arbiter of Europe, covered that continent with blood, and sacrificed whole hecatombs of lives, and piled up mountains of debt that to this day are a tax upon the energies and resources of the people. The world now appreciates more, the results accomplished by man's intellect and character, and less those of military deeds and financial power. But great intellectual efforts are only the results of careful training, and patient study.

Man cannot ascend in this respect to the top of the ladder of fame with the wing of an eagle, and clutch the prize she offers, but he must be content to go up step by step, with determined resolution to reach her elevated heights, for nothing truly great was ever achieved by man, without hard and persistent labor.

It is the misfortune of many young men of the present day, well educated, that they start in life under too many advantages, with every whim gratified, and their power of self-denial and will, almost entirely destroyed. Their chances for success in a worldly career are consequently few. A large portion of our great men are therefore reared by parents of limited means, and who, being thrown upon their own resources, are thus disciplined in the rugged paths of effort. They learn the habit of self-denial, which coupled with a strong will, enables them to fight and win the battle of life. Look at Thackeray—a large portion of his life had been a series of disappointments,—his first prose works were comparative failures, as were his first poems, but before he died he stood without a rival, as the

greatest writer of the higher order of fiction yet produced by England. Look at Disraeli; he began his public career with but a limited education, and was hissed from the stage while reading his first essay, but his ambition urged him forward to repeated efforts and closer application, till now he is regarded as one of the ablest statesmen in Great Britain.

The world is full of men—though they should not be called men,—they are only apologies for men, who flit up and down the shores of life, waiting, like Wilkin's Macawber, for "something to turn up," too weak in mind, but not in body, to help themselves. Many indeed complain of their "bad luck," but if they only had used their utmost exertions for a sufficient length of time, and with sufficient persistence, they would have triumphed over the obstacles, real or imaginary, that beset their path.

The beginning of life is the most discouraging and trying, and therefore the most critical of man's career, but the incitement of a well-directed ambition will roll back the engulfing waves of disappointment. If one is only gifted with the power of determination, his ultimate success is nothing more than a question of time. Neither a fortune nor a reputation is made in a day. They are only acquired by the "sweat of the brow" for years. During all this time the Will, when incited by Ambition, becomes hardened by continued battling with difficulties, which appear in its way, and the strong, manly spirit thus impelled, learns to look upon them as new opportunities for distinction. Napoleon Bonaparte was a man pre-eminently distinguished for Ambition and Will. His victories are quite as much to be attributed to his marvellous determination as to his superior military genius; and Wellington, his adversary, was noted for the same characteristic, and on that awful day when all Europe held its breath while awaiting the issue at Waterloo, he lost the victory, not by the superior individual force of his antagonist, but by one of his regiments arriving too late to strengthen a certain place in his lines.

When John C. Calhoun, the great rival of Daniel Webster, was in Yale College, he applied himself to his studies with such marked assiduity, as to prompt one of his class-mates to ask him the reason. He replied, "that I may the better acquit myself in Congress."

Ten years after he was a member of that assembly. In all the bustle and strife in this, the nineteenth century, every one must be active, determined and vigilant in the contest for distinction or wealth, otherwise he will be trampled upon by the impatient crowd, each individual of which in this selfish world exerts himself mainly in his own interests.

The former, are they who succeed ; the indolent, those of the weak purposes and who are abstracted, fall by the way.

Within the sea of life, there are as many hidden rocks and dangerous currents, as in any ocean on the face of the globe, but the sailor thereon with Ambition and Will for his motive power, and Prudence for his compass, can safely steer his frail craft into the harbor of a well spent life.

In every earthly calling one must have an ambition to impel him forward, if he would rise and succeed.

Let him therefore keep success before him as a beacon light constantly in view, and then strive with all the determination that can be called forth within him, and he will find it often lies within easy reach. Let him be, as it were, a slave to a well directed ambition.

Let him endeavor to win not only a name for himself, but also for the sake of Man, who was intended to be an ornament to nature, and an honor to his Creator.

R. V. M.

THE VALUE OF THE HIGHEST EDUCATION TO A MAN OF BUSINESS.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Education is a necessity that cannot be gauged, or measured, by the course of life a man may determine to follow in the future.

There is an opinion that prevails generally among the masses who have never given the matter the requisite thought—that a business man requires very little, or no education beyond the requirements of trade ; and for one who has selected a business life, the time spent in gaining a classical education is merely

thrown away, as regards the needs of his future calling, which might have been employed to better advantage learning the intricacies of the particular branch of trade he intends to follow. To say that one has need of a classical education—for we assume from the study of the classics can be obtained the highest education—for the mere buying and selling of merchandise, or while negotiating stocks and bonds would be absurd. But are these the only transactions he may be called upon to accomplish? If they are, surely his classical education will be no hindrance to financial success, but they are not.

In the management of a republican government, and in the selecting of men to fill the places of trust, men who have chosen the professions are not the only ones needed, for in many situations they are not best fitted to guide the nation through dangers that involve its financial prosperity. In the considering of these vital issues, men are needed who have had experience in commercial matters, and who have sounded all the best modes for gaining such prosperity. The life of a worker on change is a constant drill, a life of defeats and successes, which beget caution and shrewdness, and his every day life shows to him the condition of the world: it teaches him by experience what policies are best and most advantageous to the nation's prosperity. What does the theoretical financier know, and what are his opinions concerning questions such as "Free Trade," or "Specie Payment," compared with those of an intelligent and solid man who has spent years of silent labor within the close confinement of his counting house, who sees clearly the disadvantages of such policies when he considers what might have been his financial situation had the government pursued a different course. He who displays care and forethought in the management of his own affairs can safely be entrusted with those of others. He is looked upon with favor by those with whom he has dealings as a man worthy their greatest confidence, and how many do we see chosen to fill offices where business talent is required? it is true, but there is another requisite of no less importance, and that is an education to be trusted in any emergency. When chosen for any such place, then it is he finds the education, always a ready help in business, fails him in his more elevated

position. He feels his inability to stand forth and declare to the nation the reforms he knows are needed. Many thus chosen have not succeeded as it was expected they would, because they feel the want of that higher education which they thought would never be required in the course they had chosen. He who intends to enter business must not restrict his education to certain limits because he seems to be able in the present to map out his whole future career.

Who knows whether, after he has attempted business, he will be satisfied with merely that station ; he may soon find that he is unfitted for such a life ; then if he has restricted his acquirements within the bounds of trade, he will be compelled to continue in a station unpleasant and distasteful. On the other hand if he has been liberal in his views, and has taken the lightest course of study pursued in our colleges, then he is at least fitted, by education, for any station where he may be placed by a turn of the tide. Men do succeed without this highest education? True enough, a man can make a boat with simply a jack-knife, but how much better and easier with the help of other tools.

The change in position may come, and it may not. If it does come, then is he prepared, and if it does not, yet will he find his education of value in the daily humble walk of life.

A classical education broadens a man's views, and makes him look beyond his own narrow sphere upon the welfare of his fellows.

The men of business possess the wealth of the world, and thus they are the great promoters of Science, for they are called upon to furnish capital, without which many great works and discoveries could never have proved of value. If they are broad in their views, then do they, with this ever ready help, bring to the world wonders that revolutionize society.

The society of the world is greatly influenced by men of business, and if they, instead of being mercenary, are intelligent, refined, with a taste cultivated for art and music, then will society at large be greatly benefited ; then will woman be placed in her right position, equality with man. Thus may we see that men of business are a power in the world, and that their power may be rightly used, they must be cultivated, refined

and true to their fellows. Therefore the classics are valuable to the business world on account of the influence they exert toward refinement and culture, and since they show men the power they can use toward the welfare of their fellows, and last but not least, make men of business capable of filling the places of trust in their nation's government.

W. J. J.

ARCHITECTURE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

To seek for the origin of architecture among any particular people, or any particular period of the history of the human race, would be a vain task; for it is probable that in every land, even from the first century of man's creation, some kind of structures have been erected. "We may," says Malte Brun, "divide the human race into four classes in respect to their four sorts of dwellings, which are:—

- 1, caves in rocks and under the ground.
- 2, mud huts, cabins made of branches of trees, hovels of stone or other raw material.
- 3, tents; these movable dwellings are in the eyes of the wandering tribes preferable to the most sumptuous palace.
- 4, houses, which are in fact but improved cabins, for the most superb colonnade is only an imitation of the beams that supported the straw-thatched cottage of the savage.

All these different kinds of dwellings are still found in the different parts of the world. The perpetuity of domestic architecture depends mostly upon the climate that a people live in, and the habits of a race; for necessity in this case, as in others, is the "mother of invention."

On the Andes of South America, where earthquakes and volcanic eruptions often occur, our tall brick and stone buildings would not stand. There we find the low solid buildings. And the necessity of guarding against cold, and the tempests of the northern latitude, the frail houses of the tropics would not suffice; so the bamboo huts are just as useful in the tropics as the

warmly built houses of the northern clime. But in countries where luxury added to necessity, nourished the science of architecture and endowed it with the dignity of art, the progress from rough artlessness to polished elegance and complicated beauty, was gradual; and that gentle beauty of form which characterizes the marble column and the sculptured frieze, was first aimed at in the erection of trunks of trees selected with taste in reference to size and form, but left in the roughness of nature.

When religion refined the feelings and sentiments of the human heart, and called architecture to her aid in rearing fanes for her worship, then the grand and beautiful temple arose. But in this, too, the progress was gradual, and the development of those architectural beauties which cluster around the sacred edifices of classic Egypt and Greece were the work of centuries. "Architecture," says an eloquent writer, "aims at eternity, and is therefore the only art incapable of modes and fashions in its principles, the orders. It is also the most faithful recorder of the great and noble deeds of nations long since passed away, and its works are speaking witnesses of the truth of history. It establishes a nation, draws a people, creates commerce, makes a people love and respect their native country, which passion is the origin of all great actions in a commonwealth."

In every age and country it has been the protector, fosterer and the promulgator of all the fine and polite arts. Wherever it hath reared temples, either within or without, there is where the chisel and the brush of the sculptor and the painter have found employment.

C. E. L.

THE INFLUENCE OF STEAM.

In this advanced period of civilization, steam and lightning play the most conspicuous parts in the government of the world.

What wonders do not these simple elements accomplish? Who would dream even now, that the vapor of water, the gentle mist which we see floating in the air possessed such mighty power?

Probably no discovery has been made since the earliest period of man's history, which has been of such benefit to the world and so useful to mankind, as the discovery of the use of steam and the inventions arising from it.

When James Watt, still only a boy of fourteen years, was one day carefully observing the expansion of steam, in the ebullition of his aunt's tea-kettle, how little did even his thoughtful mind comprehend the importance of his discoveries. It is probable that earnestly intent in the pursuit and discovery of truth, he was absorbed with the one thought present in his mind, and utterly oblivious to all the marvelous consequences which were to follow its development. Could he have cast his eye down the vista of a few short years, what prodigies must have appeared before his enraptured vision. Well might he have exclaimed with the ardor of the ancient philosopher, who in the luxury of his bath, on discovering the method of solving a new and difficult problem, was so thrilled with joy, that he rushed naked into the streets, crying out "I have found it, I have found it." It is difficult to estimate at a glance the influence of steam, in the progress and civilization of the world.

There is no department of knowledge, no sphere of activity, where its magic power has not been felt. All the wonders of Aladdin's lamp pale their ineffectual splendors in presence of its achievements.

It has converted the deserts into an oasis, and caused the "wilderness to blossom as the rose." The facilities for travel in any country, are said to denote the degree of its civilization. Rome in the zenith of her pride and power, boasted of her Ap-pian ways, and extended her paved streets to the remotest part of her empire.

But what would an old Roman say, to a locomotive on a modern railway, thundering along at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and whirling a thousand passengers in its train? By the application of steam, distance is fairly annihilated. Days of travel are converted into hours, and the remotest nations are brought together in one common brotherhood. Mountains melt away at its approach, and the winds and the waves vainly vie with it for the mastery.

The steam engine is truly the most wonderful invention arising from the discovery of the power of this element.

In the beautiful and descriptive language of Lord Jeffrey. "The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal and crush masses of obdurate metal-like wax before it; draw out without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves." In the mechanic arts and manufactures, its potent influence is no less perceptible. We are indebted to it for the clothes we wear and for the luxuries which we enjoy. It never tires. Let it but be fed with the food which nature has provided for its sustenance, and it works on night and day, and day and night, till Time grows weary and sleeps himself away in oblivion.

C. L.

INDEPENDENCE.

"Independence!" Napoleon has said, "like honor, is a rocky island, without a beach."

This appers at first sight a deep thought: and it is one in which, if we examine closely, we may be able to detect a hidden significance. An island with a smooth, shelving beach may be approached almost at any time, with little or no danger, but there are few, and those few, only those who have had the experience of a lifetime, to teach them when, and where, an approach can best be made, who would dare approach an island environed by precipitous cliffs, or encircled by a rough, broken shore. So a man possessed of independence of character, repels every advance which is distasteful to him, and none but his most intimate friends dare to advise him concerning his personal interests, or to criticise his opinions or actions; to all others he is like the rocky island, inaccessible.

As we find independence compared with honor, so we find them linked closely together, and we might almost say that the true type of the one is never unaccompanied by the other. We

always suppose a man who is strictly honorable in all his actions and intercourse with his fellow-men, to be equally independent; and I think the lives of most men distinguished by either of these traits will go to prove this theory true. There may be some who say, that there are many examples of dishonest men, who yet possess a very independent character: this I think is untrue. A truly independent man is honest; whatever he undertakes, he does with all his might, relying only on himself; while, on the other hand, the so-called independent man, who is dishonest, stoops to all manner of means to accomplish his ends, often using money; and often his opinions or influence is obtained through its direct agency, thus showing conclusively that he yields to others, not through legitimate means, as argument, or persuasion, but that he can be obtained by money, which a truly independent man would scorn to do. As a man cannot obtain honor, no more can he obtain independence of character, but both are inherent in his nature. One who is born devoid of independence of character, may in vain hope to acquire it. Should, however, a man who considers himself wanting in this, strive, and by continued struggles with his dependent nature, appear to conquer himself in this: such a man, might be pointed out as an example of *acquired* independence. But the very struggle itself, which he has entered upon, and terminated successfully, will show clearly that this was born in him, and though it did not appear in him at first sight, yet this very independence, which he has always felt within himself, has stirred him to put forth his powers, and show to the world that he was not made to be subordinate or inferior to those of his own rank in life, no matter what it may be. It has been well said, that dependence carries with it an idea as of inferiority, and this, I think, is true, for a man dependent on another must surely be his inferior, or else we should have the strange spectacle of the superior dependent on the inferior, being an evident impossibility. There are times, however, when the most independent of men may place themselves in a dependent position, times when it is necessary to acquire experience or aid from another, who has a better acquaintance than they, with what they are attempting; at such times may a man be dependent, without losing his independence.

Wordsworth has put it thus : "these things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together,—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance."

The great man is he, who is truly independent ; but as it is expressed so admirably by Emerson, I will simply close by quoting the following from him : "it is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion ; it is easy in solitude to live after your own ; but the great man is he, who in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

W. S. K.

HUMAN METEORS.

All created existences obey the mandate of fixed unchanging law. This law is varied in its functions, universal in its application, yet in its spirit and power it is essentially a unit. It emanates from divinity, and to understand and explain it is the highest province of created intelligence. Upon this work of explanation the learned of all ages and the mightiest intellects of history have exhausted themselves. Pagan philosophy, lost in wonder, impotent, shrouded all in superstition. Every place had its guardian nymph, every occurrence was supernatural. Modern science, aided by the light of forty centuries, has accomplished great things, yet much remains dark and mysterious. Can the finite comprehend the infinite?

Among the unexplained phenomena of nature, perhaps none are more wonderful than meteors. Unheralded they flash upon the darkness of night, gleam and are gone ; or blaze forth, winged messages of fire, rush through space and explode, leaving but a track of light, or, perchance, blackness and ruin to mark their course. Their origin, their progress, and the laws that govern their brief existence, are veiled in obscurity.

To these strange and erratic manifestations of nature we find a strong resemblance in the lives and character of wonderful men. Men who suddenly stand out prominent before the world, brilliant in their short career, but soon perish, leaving, per-

haps, some pure, strong ray behind them that will pierce the rust of time and influence the thought and action of succeeding generations. But too often they flash and are forgotten.

Illustrious examples may be gleaned from every age. Alexander the Great was such a one. In less than four years, by his genius, energy and bravery, he shattered in fragments the immense empire of the Persians, and at the age of thirty-two he died, sighing "for more worlds to conquer." Brave, rash, imperious, yet often humane and liberal, who can explain the sources of his power, or estimate the effects of his career on the civilization of the Orient, and the history of mankind.

Napoleon Bonaparte was most certainly a meteor. Born to poverty and dependence, by the sheer force of his own individuality and genius, he became "Emperor of the French," his word became the law of nations, his name the terror of kings. "This young upstart," said the experienced generals of Europe, "breaks every law of military science, and yet he beats us." But from this high position the step to darkness and obscurity was short. Waterloo came close upon Jena; St. Helena is not far from the Tuilleries. Bold, restless, rapid in execution, indomitable in energy, Napoleon Bonaparte has had no peer in history. But the unique and wonderful are not confined to military life. Who shall define the magic influence or measure the almost unbounded power of that great statesman, Wm. Pitt? What was it in Patrick Henry that fired the slumbering patriotism of the Virginia Burgesses, until springing from their seats, they echoed with one heart and voice his own noble utterance, "Give me liberty or give me death?" Who exerted a greater or wider influence than Louis Kossuth? By his fiery eloquence he swayed the Hungarian people like ripened grain before the summer breeze, until they rose en masse to repel the tyranny of Austria. But in vain they struggled against the legions of Russia and Austria, and the star of Hungarian liberty set. Louis Kossuth lives now in Germany, an exile, a burnt out meteor.

The letters of Junius are widely spread, yet the question "who wrote them" has been often asked, often answered,—never fully settled.

The career of Lord Byron justifies his own cynical remark, "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

The birth of Martin Luther found Europe draped in the superstition of the Middle Ages. The light of learning and of true faith was kept alive in a few old cloisters. It has been well said that the life of Martin Luther was a turning point in the history of the world, the beginning of the grand march of modern christianity and civilization. He fired the nations by his fearlessness, eloquence and truth, and fanned the spark of pure faith and learning until it has filled the world. Our own character as a people, and the rapidity of our growth, have induced many wonderful and eccentric characters. They occur in every department of life, and their unique history forms a most interesting study.

THE SEASONS.

When Spring with soft breezes returns to delight us,
And wakens the music in each frozen stream,
When flowers, and verdure, and song bird, incite us
To new love for nature, ah fondly I dream.

 I will soon see the day,
 When I may freely stray,
Through scented meadow, by trout haunted brook,
 In pleasure employing
 The time, while enjoying
Respite for a season, from teacher and book.

When Summer appears, with the robes of the rainbow
She clothes the dear offspring her sister had borne,
And beauty upraised from the couch where she'd lain low,
Is decked with the graces rude winter had shorn.

 Young Flora discloses
 Her charms, and now roses
And lilies spring up where her foot-steps have strayed,
 Her lovers pursuing,
 All ardently wooing,
Oft chide her, that she her bright coming delayed.

When golden haired Autumn her bounty bestowing
Gives leaf, ear and cluster, a mellow hue,
When sumach and maple with crimson are glowing,
And ripe ruddy apples hang tempting to view.

 Then in some green retreat
 Sitting at natures feet,
Learning her lessons, and marking her ways,
 Charmed with each simple flower
 Growing in field or bower,
Richly rewarded the student delays.

When harsh visaged Winter in loud blasts is roaring,
And chilled by his breath, streams are ceasing to flow,
And Flora has left her sad lovers deploring,
And nature is shrouded in garments of snow.

 From the storm nursing north
 Goes the black tempest forth,
Whistling shrill through each bare leafless tree,
 Then are the social boards,
 Crowned with the harvest hoards,
Joys all thine own come stern Winter with thee.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

The present term opened Sept. 1st, under very favorable auspices, although our number being somewhat less than last year at this time, many of the old boys having gone to college or given up school altogether, and not a few from the lower classes. No class has lost so severely as '76, and her number is an unusually small one for the first term of senior year.

The different classes have now fairly settled down to work, and '76 begins to appreciate the difficulties and pleasures of senior year, and we trust that the class will be able to overcome and make the most of them as did '75. We returned, not only to miss many faces, both of "chums" and class-mates from their accustomed places, but we also found the Faculty somewhat changed. From the Scientific school Profs. Griffin and Mills have gone, and from the Classical, George Taylor the genial Professor and true friend of the boys. His last class feel that they have lost in him a faithful adviser and a well wisher, but they will always look back upon the year spent under his guardianship as one of the pleasantest of their school life, and we join with the whole school in wishing him that success in life which he so justly deserves, for he is a jolly good fellow "which nobody can deny."

The weeks of the present term have thus far flowed gently on, with very few events that help to vary the monotony of school life.

The Campus has not been resorted to as much as formerly, and we judge that "Phillips" has other ways of gaining exercise than she has possessed heretofore. The "Jim" is the only department of education, that is not changed; we find there, the

same battered balls and tipsy pins that make bowling a bore rather than a pleasure, and also cushions (excuse the term,) that bear the dents and mars of scores of broken limbs, and it is needless to say they are patronized only by the new "Athletes," and we judge from the expressions of their faces that they will never use them but once. One person was heard to state that he believed that they were stuffed with broken Indian clubs, and defunct dumb bells; we have no proof to the contrary.

A school meeting was held early in the term, for the purpose of reorganizing the Base Ball Club; Webster, '76, was elected captain.

The school nine have had the pleasure of defeating only one opposing nine, and that, the Theologues brought against us, although their pitching was Love(ly), yet it is needless to say they were defeated, and through regard for their feelings, we omit the score.

The several class nines have played games at different times, which were quite interesting; the '78 Classical played the Punchard nine, and were defeated in a slightly one-sided game.

The Scientific nine also played the Punchards, the game being decided in favor of the former by a score of 21 to 3.

A Foot Ball meeting was held, and a committee appointed for the selection of a school eleven, but since that time nothing definite has been heard concerning the arrangements.

At another time a meeting was called and the Fire Company reorganized.

And now it becomes our painful duty to record a sickly attempt to organize an "Athletic Association," and from the result, it may be clearly seen that it was conducted by lower class men.

Moral,—"*Little boats should keep near shore.*"

The streets of Andover so quiet during the first few days of the term have been turned into scenes of riot and debauchery, by the return of the Theologues, and now School Street is infested with large carpet-bags dragging towards the train, a "plug" hat, with a pair of No. 9 shoes underneath, a "Fem. Sem. passing by," the hat involuntarily raised itself, disclosing to her enraptured gaze(?)—*miserabile dictu*—a Theologue.

Speaking of Fem. Sems. we are in duty bound to say that they are this year, on an average unusually attractive, flighty, and fond of *cider*, and a certain one is said to be fond of having some one *besider*.

A group of new-fledged Phillipians, not long since, were shocked beyond measure, at the sight of six —ah—(what-you-may-call-'ems), but they were needlessly alarmed, for it was only a squad of the "Abbott Hose Company," who, by the way, are all "Knights of the Garter."

THE LATEST ON THE ECLIPSE.

A Theologue, the other night, startled all near him, who were dreaming of their last visit to the Abbott Academy, by suddenly shouting: "Hic,—fellers,—le' me 'lone—Lets get up, an' 'ear the Eclipse." They rubbed him down with a brick.

Whitney's "horn" is silent, and no more does he sound his octaves from the door-steps of 4, E. C., but perhaps Time will bring back another long-haired Iopas with his silver-trumpet.

SENIOR RECITATION.

Prof.—"What is the long form of 'cui?'"

Ans.—"Keyser."

'77 Classical has quite a Field for adventure, judging from the excited manner in which one of HER members rushed up to Chandler, and anxiously inquiring,—“Ah,—Chaundla, has the “*Days Doings*” come yet?” We would simply add that he was not a very large Field.

Why is '76 the worst behaved class in school? Because it always has Noyes during recitation.

"I don' min' ze long lezzons, but den come' ze GRANDE insul', ven he sen'e me out."

There is a rumor, that Europe is at present threatened with a terrible war; we are not at all surprised, but we wonder if *that* "German Prince" has anything to do with it.

What will the Middlers do now for an oath since "George" is gone?

What may be said if '76 gets into College well on Geometry? Why, that "the end justifies the Means."

"Indefinite frequency" in Greek: being sent out.

They have been having very pleasant nights in Scotland: Phœbe's been thar'.

This joke may be FEEBLE, but don't judge us too KEENLY.

Why is the Old South like St. Paul's Cathedral? Because it has a whispering gallery.

STUDENTS.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS.

'76.

Alden, E. K.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	L. C., 5, 3.
Barrows, M.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Elder's.
Brown, G. A.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	L. C., 6, 4.
Chase, I. H.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Eaton's.
Epps, H. G.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	L. C., 5, 3.
Higgins, R. M.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Academy.
Hines, F. S.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. C., 5, 3.
Howard, C. S.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Dea. Chandler's.
Ingalls, J. W.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Gymnasium.
Jackson, W. J.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Dea. Abbott's.
Keyser, W. S.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Eastman's.
Linn, C.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Blunt's.
Martin, R. D.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. C., 4, 6.
Mellier, W. G.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Hayward's.
Merrill, E. R.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. C., 3, 2.
Messler, R. V.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Blunt's.
Nickerson, T. W.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mansion House.
Noyes, E. P.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. C., 2, 5.
Richardson, W. F.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. Richardson's.
Rodman, A. B.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Dea. Chandler's.
Taylor, A.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mrs. S. F. Abbott's.
Webster, C. I.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	L. C., 6, 5.
Weil, G. L.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Mr. Hayward's.
Wells, D. C.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. C., 1, 6.
White, E. W.,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. C., 3, 2.

Garman, F. H.,		L. C., 2, 4
Johnson, G. W., Jr.,		Abbott House.
Knowlton, W. A.,		E. C., 5, 5
Lindsay, R. S.,		L. C., 6, 6
May, B. W.,		Abbott House.
McCormick, L. H.,		Mrs. Firman's
Newton, F. C.,		L. C., 2, 5
Pierrepont, E. P.,		Mr. Ellis'
Scranton, A.,		Mrs. Elder's.
Wood, A. S.,		L. C., 1, 4
Vose, R. H.,		Mrs. Davis'.

JUNIOR CLASS, 15.

PREPARATORY CLASS.

'79

Church, F. C.,		Abbott House.
Clymer, W. H.,		Mrs. Eaton's.
Dubuclet, J. T.,		Mrs. Cheever's.
Durgin, G. F.,		Mrs. Cheever's.
Eaton, F. M.,		Mrs. Abbott's.
Freer, W. E.,		L. C., 1, 6.
Gates, W. H.,		L. C. 6. 3.
Gile, M. C.,		E. C., 1. 2.
Gregory, L.,		Abbott House.
Lancaster F. J.,		L. C., 6. 3.
Lee, W. M.,		Mr. mond's.
Linn, H.,		Mr. Ellis'.
McCrillis, A.,		L. C., 2, 3.
Morton, M.,		Judge Morton's.
Newton, G. W.,		L. C., 2, 5.
Nickerson, P. T.,		Mansion House.
Quimby, F. H.,		L. C., 1, 6.
Schuber, J. B.,		Mrs. Tilton's.
Shiras, G. Jr.,		Mr. Blunt's.
Shiras, W. K.,		Mr. Blunt's.
Smith, J. E.,		Mr. J. L. Smith's.
Warren F. D.,		E. C., 4, 2.

PREPARATORY CLASS, 22.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS.

'76.

Bowers, H. K.,	Mr. Bower's.
Butterfield, R. C.,	Mr. Ellis'.
Clark, C. P. Jr.,	Mrs. Clough's.
Firman, B. M.,	Mrs. Firman's.
Hadley, J. E.,	E. C., 4, 5.
Howard, A.,	E. C., 2, 4.
Holmes, B. B.,	E. C., 2, 4.
Jones, F. A.,	Mrs. Mason's.
Kelley, A. L.,	Mrs. Davis'.
Moorhead, J. Jr.,	Miss Peabody's.
Stetson, J. R.,	Mrs. S. F. Abbott's.
Stott, C. C.,	E. C., 3, 6.
Stevens, N.,	Mr. Hayward's.
Treadwell, G. H.,	E. C., 1, 5.
Wolcott, W.,	Mrs. Higgin's.

SENIOR CLASS, 15.

MIDDLE CLASS.

'77.

Abbott, J. J.,	Mr. Abbott's.
Adams, H. L.,	Dea. Abbott's.
Adams, J. D.,	Mrs. Adams'.
Briggs, W. T.,	Rev. Mr. Beard's.
Booth, J. N.,	Mrs. Firman's.
Chisholm, W. J. L.,	Mrs. Wilson's.
Collins, B. S.,	Mrs. Gilbert's.
Fenton, J. N.,	Mrs. Wilson's.
French, F. F.,	Mr. Wm. Abbott's.
Hall, C. W.,	Mrs. Ellis'.
Hatch, D. P. Jr.,	E. C., 1, 4.
Higgins, A. W.,	Mrs. S. Higgins'.
Holt, W. W.,	Mrs. Ellis'.
Kennedy, J. S.,	Mrs. Elder's.
Lake, C. W.,	Mr. Carter's.
Moss, A. W.,	Mrs. Mason's.
Murfey, J. C.,	Mrs. Wilson's.

Norcross, G. E.,	L. C., 1, 3.
Parker, S. T. Jr.	Mr. Bancroft's.
Parker, W. C.	E. C., 3, 5.
Regan, W. P.,	Mr. Regan's.
Rogers, G. B.,	Mrs. Firman's.
Sanford, J. C.,	L. C., 5, 6.
Sawyer, S. N.,	L. C., 5, 6.
Smith, C. S.,	L. C., 5, 4.
Smith, C.,	Mrs. Tilton's.
Taylor, R. F.,	Mrs. Clough's.
Watt, W. H.,	Miss Peabody's.
Wells, S. J. Jr.,	E. C., 1, 6.
Winslow, C. R.,	Abbott House.
Wood, W. M.,	Abbott House.

MIDDLE CLASS, 31. •

JUNIOR CLASS.

'78.

Adams, C. F.,	L. C., 2, 6.
Bangs, A. M.,	Mrs. Tilton's.
Boone, J. C.,	Mrs. Dame's.
Carleton, H. F.,	Mrs. Carleton's.
Chandler, A. C., Jr.,	Mrs. Foster's.
Cluck, A. H.,	Mrs. S. F. Abbott's.
Dubuclet, O. J.,	Mrs. Cheever's.
Foster, E. R.,	Mr. Foster's.
Frost, A. P.,	Mrs. Dame's.
Frost, R. H.,	Mrs. Dame's.
Hutchings, R. M.,	Mrs. Tilton's.
Jenkins, F. B.,	Mr. Jenkins'.
Kneeland, C.,	Mrs. Clough's.
Moore, L. M.,	L. C., 3, 3.
Packwood, R. A.,	L. C., 4, 6.
Phippen, A. W.,	E. C., 3, 3.
Phippen, L. S.,	E. C., 3, 3.
Pratt, M. S.,	Mrs. Tilton's.
Scholes, A. G.,	Mrs. Clough's.
Sherman, F. F.,	E. C., 5, 6.
Simonds, J. A.,	L. C., 4, 5.
Tomkins, D.,	Mrs. Firman's.
Van Auken, B. H.,	Mrs. Elders.
Wands, A. Jr.,	L. C., 3, 5.
Willard, J. K.,	Mr. Clough's.

JUNIOR CLASS, 25.

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THE
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MARCH, 1876.

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No. 2.

THE PROMOTION OF HEALTH AMONG STUDENTS.

BY FIRST EDITOR.

“ Though health may be enjoyed without gratitude, it cannot be sported with without loss, or regained by courage.”

Buckminster's sound utterance suggests our topic.

That a life devoted to study is fraught with serious evils to the human body is an undeniable fact. The sedate habits necessary to the student are directly opposed to all the laws of nature, and, while it is possible for a healthy physique to be fostered among our educational institutions, it is very rare that a really healthy body is found thriving under the treatment of the student. It has been said that the life of the Indian approaches, as near as possible, to the perfect administering of nature's laws, and we doubt not the other extreme exists very near the course of life pursued by the average schoolboy. The attention of the public has frequently been drawn to this fact, and, as a result, numerous expedients have been resorted to, by different institutions of learning, for better developing the constitutions of their inmates. As a rule, each method of exercise has sought to enlist the attention of the student by an appeal to his taste for exciting sports, and, although many modes undoubtedly, strengthen the muscular fibre, yet the vital point of sound health remains, comparatively, untouched. The object of this article is not to advance any favorite method of discipline for all men to practice, but simply to state what has been suggested

to the writer by his observations. A liberal amount of exercise is, undoubtedly, necessary to the student. Our gymnasiums are designed on right principles, and no good reason exists why they should not prove beneficial. Field games, when not carried to an excess, combine the essential elements of all muscular exertion. But these all tend to the same end, and each falls immeasurably short of its intentions. Whether the attendance be compulsory or otherwise, the object sought seems as far removed as ever.

Heretofore the supposition has been granted that good health and excessive physical strength are co-existent; we have used the terms synonymously, and thus forced ourselves into an error which is at once as ludicrous as it is grievous. To-day, when athletic sports are in such high repute, it is natural that we should associate the idea of excessive muscular tissue with sound health; but how such a mistake originated before these acts sprang into the ascendancy remains a query. Good health comprehends moderate strength, but great muscular development does not imply sound health. What, then, constitutes the latter state? We embody every thing which sound health includes when, "all the parts of the animal body are sound, free from disease, and perform their natural functions with perfect freedom and regularity." How many athletes, even, satisfy these conditions? Few, indeed, are the cases in which these qualities are harmoniously blended. To secure this end is, therefore, the problem at which our efforts are directed.

It is our firm belief that too little attention is paid to the daily habits of the student, and too much faith reposed in the efficacy of gymnastics to keep the body in a sound condition. It seems to us, if the funds, which are now so freely used in building and maintaining gymnasiums, were laid by, and the *interest* expended each year in instructing the different classes in the principles of health, a far higher average would be secured among students. We are aware that classes in Physiology and Hygiene are reared in all our higher institutions; but the work they accomplish becomes a mere farce when compared with what needs to be done. It is impossible to interest young men in this project by any such means as are ordinarily employed; then again, in few instances do we find those whose

mode of life, or knowledge of the subject, qualifies them to properly impress those under their charge with the importance of conducting their daily life on the principles of health. Not only place within the means of all, the ability to obtain this requisite knowledge, but secure lecturers of note; illustrate by canvas and experiment the need of conforming to nature's laws; encourage the carrying out of these ideas, and we venture to assert that there will be an appreciable gain, not only in physical health, but in intellectual progress. Keep prominently before the student the results arising from non-attention to diet, pure air, sleep, exercise, dress, etc.; give prominence to the fact that student life, at best, is nothing more than an artificial one, and some hope may be entertained of furnishing society with intellects free from the seeds of disease, without blemish, "with a sound mind in a sound body."

But no effort need be made to effect this desired change, unless the whole people unite in a direct appeal, and the matter is carried forward, under the leadership of those who have due influence and are able to secure the attention of the public. Little can be expected from the most vigorous exertions, except the good nature of the public feels imposed upon, and cries out for relief. Occasionally an article from some unknown pen will depict the injurious effects of the present system with such vividness, that for a time a ripple appears on the surface, but this soon dies away, and more important themes occupy the public attention. In vain will a few decry the existing evils, unless the mass are alive to the importance of the work, and demand of their educators, that more attention shall be paid to the laws of the "house we live in."

GREAT MEN.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

Let us for a few moments consider the influence of great men and the peculiar circumstances by which they attain their greatness. These men are those, as a general rule, who are born under a favorable star, they do not become great at once perhaps, but by their own exertions, and by the power of the events and influences brought to bear upon them in their early life attain their fame and renown—who step into the shoes made ready for them by the world, which for a long time has been awaiting some great man to occupy a certain position of greatness, and when such a man appears, receives him with open arms.

The people of France, wearied and disgusted with the corruption and vice of the dissolute court of Louis XVI, were ripe for a complete revolution of the state. They needed and were ready to receive any one who could give assurance of bringing them to a better state of affairs. Napoleon seemed worthy of their obedience and respect, and was received by them as the savior and preserver of their country. Thus a man almost a foreigner, was placed over the most powerful army in Europe, not so much by his own efforts as by the need of the people of France of a leader, and their willingness to accept as such any one who should offer. Had Napoleon not been surrounded by everything to urge him on, he would probably have remained on his native island and have died in obscurity; but his great mind saw that then, of all times, he should act to gratify his boundless ambition; and circumstances, until the moment of his great defeat, were in a wonderful degree favorable to him.

Shakspeare, independent of the fact of his possessing superior intellect, and a wonderful knowledge of human nature, had peculiarly advantageous circumstances connected with his life; the only dramatists who lived during the same period, had died a few years before, and left the field open for his efforts without a rival in his place in popular favor.

It is not necessary in the case of discovery that these so-called great men should be the discoverers of the absolute truth, but should approach some degree nearer the absolute truth than was before known and practised in any branch, whether morals, physics or philosophy. Columbus was only grasping at the truth; America was not a new world to his mind; he was only pursuing a new way to an old world, and all his greatness and fame became his by no purpose of his own, but by mere accident and the power of circumstances, though the influence of this one discovery can be seen in the many expeditions which were set on foot immediately afterward, and the discoveries which were made regarding the new world.

Galileo made discoveries in astronomy which placed him at the head of all the astronomers of his day, but his discoveries were only an incentive to others to follow in his footsteps, and so successful have they been that at the present time the knowledge of astronomy is so exact that the calculations of men of science in this direction are never known to fail.

And again, Newton was the great philosopher of his time, but he was only following and verifying the arguments of Bacon who had lived many generations before.

It is a strange fact, but quite noticeable, that these great men seem to come in groups, by some law of development,—they do not come singly. In the history of many nations, one page is bright with the names of those who have gained honor for themselves and for their country—the following page will contain no names of those who have gained any extraordinary fame, but the name of one great man is generally found written on the page of history near the name of another equally famous in the same, or, perhaps, another walk in life. The reign of Queen Elizabeth is particularly noted for some of the most illustrious men England has ever brought forth, Bacon, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson and Spenser. For a long time there had been deep thought bestowed upon various subjects of importance, which was destined to unfold and develop in that wonderful age; they broke forth from the fetters of church and tradition, and the intellectual power, which had hitherto belonged to the church, passed away from its grasp; then in turn the vigor of their great minds bent on the subject of their thoughts,

influenced the times and the men surrounding them, till the result was a long advance in every department of human thought. In all directions nature was investigated, in all directions new methods of examination were yielding unexpected and beautiful results. Mathematics, physics, chemistry, anatomy, medicine, and all the many branches of human knowledge received an impulse. Simultaneously every one of these branches was advancing, and all these great events were happening on account of the influence of a few great men.

And, indeed, the influence of great men can be traced in the progress of religion, from the time of Homer, whose gods have the feelings and passions of mortals ; through the ancient Greek philosophers—Plato, Socrates and others—then, as Christianity became the ruling power, gradually through the superstitions of the Roman Catholic church ; through Luther, Calvin and other reformers of the middle ages ; up to the present time, when religious freedom is enjoyed by nearly all, though it is to be regretted that all are not freed from superstition, and from the power of the priest.

KNOWLEDGE AND CULTURE.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

Mental education has a two-fold object. One great aim is to store the mind with a quantity of useful information ; the other to train it by constant exercise, not only to facility in receiving new ideas, but also to habits of individual thought.

This second object—to obtain culture—is of far greater importance than the mere acquisition of knowledge. Knowledge may be defined as the possession of, and acquaintance with facts on any subject ; culture, as the mental improvement resulting from the discipline of study and habits of thought. Knowledge is obtained from memory, culture from thought. It is the truest and highest aim of education to develop and strengthen the mind, to broaden the ideas, to create a love for

intellectual pursuits, and to show, while the mind is being stored with information, how this is to be utilized for the advancement of the possessor and his fellow-men.

A learned man without much culture has not as completely realized the aim of education, as one who, although his inferior in point of knowledge, has acquired by his studies, and by such habits of thought and intercourse with others, as are calculated to improve him, the ability to write and speak with readiness and sense, and has trained his mind to consider and rightly judge almost any subject.

Many of our best students of character seem to have noted the difference between a learned and a cultured man. Dickens has several characters who possess knowledge without culture. Scott's character, "Dominie Sampson," is that of a learned but not cultivated man.

There are people who have acquired rich stores of literature and science, and have learned how to display their accomplishments with effect, but whose reasoning and opinions are defective. They need to have their judgment cultivated.

Culture is attained especially by right habits of study and thought. The mind should be trained to give undivided attention to the matter in hand; if the thoughts are entirely devoted to a subject for a given time, and then the matter is laid aside, and attention turned to exercise and recreation, the health of both mind and body is promoted; whereas if study and recreation are carried on simultaneously, just the opposite result is reached.

It would be well if mental discipline rather than the obtaining of facts, as the object of education, were oftener kept in view.

ALASKA.

Ever since the independence of the United States was recognized by foreign powers, the territory of this government has been constantly on the increase. The nucleus of the thirteen colonies drew to itself state after state, until in 1803, was added

that vast stretch of land lying west of the Mississippi, called Louisiana, and equalling in extent all our present possessions east of that river; likewise, in due time were added Texas, Oregon, California, New Mexico and Arizona.

Thus we see the country prospering, extending its boundaries, and with each new acquisition of territory gaining fresh power, deeper and broader resources, and the wholesome respect of foreign rule. For some time the attention of Congress had been turned towards Russian America, principally through the influence of parties on the Pacific coast, who conceived that the addition of this region would be of great advantage to the States as a whole, and especially to the western part. The treaty for the purchase of this land was finally brought before the Senate in the month of April, 1867, and after due deliberation, was ratified on the 9th of the same month, the country known as Russian America passing into the hands of the United States in consideration of \$7,200,000. The name Alaska was subsequently given to it at the suggestion of Charles Sumner, in a speech delivered by him before the Senate on the ratification of the treaty.

General information in regard to Alaska has been very limited until within the last few years, owing to its remote situation and the fact that it was visited only by navigators, whalers and those in the interests of the fur companies; but recent explorations and government expeditions have opened our eyes, and given us glimpses of that vast country so recently come into our possession, for surely it is a vast country which contains land enough to make seventy-four states like Massachusetts, and a river navigable to steamers for a distance of six hundred miles.

It would naturally be supposed that a country lying in the same latitude as Greenland and Labrador would have the same severity of climate; this is true, however, only in part, for while in the interior of Alaska the temperature frequently falls to sixty degrees below zero, on one-half of all the coast line the lowest degree ever reached is zero. The explanation of this fact is simple and is due to two causes: the southwesterly winds which prevail during two-thirds of the year, coming from the warm regions of the south Pacific, and to the Gulf Stream, or,

more properly, the Japanese current, which corresponds to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic; originating under the equator near the Philippine islands, it flows north and divides into two branches, one of which, sweeping along the coast of Alaska, bathes it with its warm waters and thus moderates the temperature, which would otherwise fall as low as in the interior. The summers, although shorter than our own, are much warmer, and the greatest quantities of small fruits and vegetables rapidly mature.

After the mere pleasure of possession, which is so strong in every nation, the question naturally arises, how shall we utilize this country which has come under our control, how best adapt it to the interests of the Republic? The question is a broad one and cannot at present be satisfactorily answered; we must wait for fuller and more complete investigations, especially of the mineral deposits, the reports on which are very encouraging, nearly all our common minerals being found in greater or less quantities,—such as iron, copper, lead, silver and gold. Of these, copper seems to be the most abundant, and is mentioned by the earliest navigators as having been seen in the hands of the natives shaped into various tools. But coal, which is more important than all these, is known to exist in considerable quantities in different localities; specimens have even been sent to California, where they were pronounced of very good quality. The comparatively small knowledge which we have of this branch of the subject is not to be wondered at when we consider that the class of people who have hitherto visited this region were mostly explorers who saw only what was exposed. It was natural that they should notice a tree, a peculiar kind of animal or plant; but a mineral is hidden in the earth, to be exposed and discovered only by science or chance. Science has not taken the matter in hand, and chance seems to have been unfavorable.

Although as yet we can say nothing definite in regard to the mineral wealth, the fur trade, established so long ago under the authority of the Russian government, and successfully carried on for these many years, cannot fail to be a source of profit. This traffic has been heretofore exclusively in the hands of two corporations—the Hudson Bay Company and the Rus-

sian American Company. Having no rivals, and monopolizing nearly the whole northern part of the continent, they reaped immense profits; indeed, for some time the profits of the Hudson Bay Company were so large that it was deemed advisable to hide them by nominal additions to the stock.

According to Lütke, in 1803, no less than 800,000 skins of the Ursine seal were accumulated in the factory at Oonalaska, of which 700,000 were thrown into the sea, partly because they were badly prepared, and partly to keep up the price. From 1787 to 1817 the Oonalaska district alone yielded upwards of 2,500,000 seal skins. With such figures as these, is it strange that the company grew rich, when we remember how much a seal skin cap costs?

But now, the Russian Company becoming extinct under the present treaty, and the operations of the English company being restricted to British possessions, this splendid commerce will be laid open to the enterprise of our citizens.

We may form some estimate of the amount of ore, of the extent of those noble forests, and of the numbers of foxes and sables which inhabit them, but how shall we obtain any idea of the number of fish, that product of the sea which adds so materially to the sustenance of the human family? Its numbers are innumerable, the supply cannot be exhausted, and this may be said not only of the salt but of the fresh water species. At certain seasons of the year the salmon ascending the rivers, literally impede the progress of boats, while all along the coast, the valuable, but less aristocratic herring and cod are found in the greatest quantities, and constitute the principal food of the natives, who preserve them by drying for winter use. That this product is destined to form a profitable commerce with the north-west coast, there can be no doubt, and already many vessels are engaged in it.

In a broad subject like this only a few of the more prominent points can be touched upon, while many of perhaps equal importance must be left out altogether. The expediency of settlement, civilization of the natives, protection of the coast, methods of conducting trade and other matters, are all questions of interest which should be treated separately and at length. But for the present it is sufficient to know that we are

richer as a Republic in the possession of a country which can compare favorably with any other part of the continent, not only in breadth and depth of resources, but also in beauty of scenery and natural formation. To be sure this country is not an Italy with its soft airs and hazy mountains, inviting a languid and inactive race, but it is a country of a bracing and healthful climate, with broad rivers and wide-spreading forests, waiting for a bold and enterprising people to settle upon its shores and use the bountiful subsistence so freely offered them; and who may say that in one hundred years from now, Alaska shall not be the New England of the north-west, and its brave and intelligent citizens a new power in our strengthened Republic?

M. B.

PRACTICAL ABILITY.

There is a saying, "Learn as boys, what you will use as men." The obvious truth of this remark, often leads many of us to wonder what we are spending our time here for; what practical benefit is to be derived from the labor of all these years. We study Latin and Greek, because we have always been told that they will give the best discipline to the mind, and because we trust to those who map out our curriculum of study, as knowing the best manner to prepare us for the successful performance of everyday duties hereafter. Now it is not our intention to discuss the comparative advantages of a classical and a scientific training; but we shall hold that the course of study which at present it is necessary to go through, in order to gain a liberal education, is—regarded on all sides—the best suited for that purpose. It is easy to see how the scientific and classical, by supplementing each other, form a system perfect as a whole. Oftentimes, in the minds of those who pursue an exclusively classical course of study, is seen a tendency towards useless and inert theorizing; while, on the other hand, the devotee to mere science is liable to have the capabilities of his mind narrowed and stunted, and its power of general appreciation diminished.

For a universal scheme, covering both elementary and advanced studies, the golden mean is found, as has already been said, in a combination of the two. Among the well known scientists of to-day, numerous illustrations may be found to confirm this statement. Prof. Young, who is at present delivering a course of lectures in this town, a man acknowledged throughout the world as one of the leading astronomers of the time, is possessed of a liberal education. Prof. Silliman, Prof. Dana, with the great majority of the scientific men of our country, have enjoyed the benefits of classical training. On the other hand, almost all the men who have gained reputations as classical scholars, have been versed in the sciences also. Prof. Hadley, of New Haven, whose scholarship has rarely been equalled, in this country, showed from the first a proficiency in the mathematics, which, in connection with this matter, is very suggestive.

The study of the sciences is not the only thing, however, that must go hand in hand with the classics, to make one's preparation for a successful life complete. Even the most liberal discipline, and the widest intellectual attainments, do not suffice to fit a man to *live*.

"He liveth long, who liveth well—
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things, truly done, each day."

To gain an ability to form sound judgments, and to embody them in action, is the most truly essential part of a man's education. This it is which constitutes the power of applying one's knowledge to advantage, and of reaping from that application the desired results. How often, in connection with some matter of every day life, is heard from men of culture and refinement the remark: "Well, I am rather hasty in these things; my occupation does not require an accurate knowledge of them, and therefore on such points I have no incentive to keep my mind fresh and full." Has he no incentive? Is a man a machine, to grind out to the world the results alone of that labor which he has chosen, and for which he has specially fitted himself? Is he like a locomotive, which can only run forward or back in fixed lines, according to the position which

the reversing lever is made to occupy? Assuredly no. Simply to choose an occupation, and dig at it alone, would be far from fulfilling our duty to the world. A vast field for a more indirect usefulness is opened to those who give themselves a thorough and practical preparation for the varied emergencies of life. Let us, then, all the more, as we hope hereafter to become citizens of a republic like our own, resolve to prepare ourselves, as far as possible, not only for one chosen department of work, but for the intelligent and efficient accomplishment of every task that may devolve upon us, as members of society, as citizens, as *men*.

E. P. N.

THE SECRET OF RALEIGH'S FAILURE.

First Means Prize Oration.

BY R. M. HIGGINS.

In pronouncing an opinion on the life of a great historical character, removed from us by many generations, and living in an age differing widely from ours in ideas and spirit, we are liable to err in what we consider success or failure as applied to such a personage. For should we misunderstand the age we cannot understand the man.

One man succeeds in what he undertakes, yet his life is a failure because his aims are low. Another, such as Raleigh, may not accomplish all his grand designs, yet when he fails we can only say, "'Tis not in mortals to command success." It is assumed that Raleigh failed, but so much of success is there in his life, that it seems hard to couple failure with his name. He achieved as much as would make half a dozen men great in this age; and if we judge him by the modern standard he did not fail at all, for he made plenty of money.

The obscure, fortuneless youth became the most famous man in England, earned knighthood, and rode in silken doublet and silver armor, as captain of the Queen's guard. As a servant of the Crown, whatever was intrusted to him, whether to fight

the Spaniards, superintend tin mines, or supply the army with provisions, he made thorough successful work of it. We must, then, judge him by a higher standard; for natural ability, joined with liberal education, fitted him for greater things than these. And when subjected to this higher test, he is found wanting; not in honor, not in manhood, not in true heroic character: but simply in success. What was the cause? Had the age in which he lived any thing to do with it?

The glorious reformation had just awakened England to new life; having burst the strangling bonds of Rome, the nation leaped almost at one bound into greatness in arms, in arts, and in song. Scholar, soldier, statesman, sea adventurer, philosopher, poet,—each was shedding lustre on his country, and preparing her to wield the rod of empire, soon to pass into her hands. In this bustling, energetic age of discovery and conquest the Anglo Saxon intellect first showed its varied powers in all their masculine vigor. At this period, the spring-time of England's Protestant life, Raleigh stands conspicuous as the finest representative Englishman of his day, for he possessed all the grand qualities of the Elizabethan age.

His mind is a combination of strength and versatility, of intellectual and practical power. He is a philosopher, but with the temperament of a poet. He sways men with his eloquence, instructs them with his pen, and if he could only settle down to any one thing, he is fully equipped for success. But he is too thoroughly imbued with the restless spirit of the age to succeed as a philosopher, like his cotemporary, Bacon; or as a poet, like his friend, Spencer. What, then, does he intend to be? Adventurer, philosopher, statesman, poet, man of letters? He will be all in one. Fatal mistake; He who grasps at every thing, misses all.

It is the fault of genius that it tries to do too many things, ignoring the fact that no man can serve two masters. The Rustic Bard of Scotland failed as a farmer just because he was a poet, and stopped his plow to moralize over uprooted daisies, or to condole with a field mouse for the destruction of her nest. And so Raleigh when engaged in one pursuit is drawn away by another, which appeals to his sense of the beautiful, or excites his compassion. And although he leaves his impress on more

things, perhaps, than any single man ever did, he brings nothing to a consummation.

We will not say that Raleigh was too broad for success, yet had he been narrower he might have succeeded better. The man of few ideas, as a rule, succeeds better than the man of genius; just as in the race the slow plodding tortoise beats the swift but capricious hare,—a proof, perhaps, of a level tendency in nature. The secret, then, of Raleigh's failure, if we may judge, is this:—He attempted to do more than any man can do, however talented he may be.

HAS THE STATE THE RIGHT TO EDUCATE?

Second Means Prize Oration.

BY WILL E. FREER.

An unusual interest is now felt in the subject of free public schools, as is shown by the prominence given to this matter in the President's message. There is, however, quite a large body of our citizens who still *deny the right* of the State to educate. Who, then, shall educate? Shall it be the *individual* or the *Church*? The first method has been tried; it resulted in the education of a *few*, while the *majority* remained ignorant. There never has been and there never can be any thorough, practical system of education for the whole people by this method. Poverty, ignorance, indifference, all stand in the way and render it impossible.

Shall we then depend upon the Church for education? In former times, when only the priests were learned, this was a necessity. Would you know the result? Look at the history of France, of Spain, of Germany, of England. The darkest pages you will find are those on which are recorded the conflicts of so called Religions. Conflicts that were the natural result of education by the Church. The very spirit of religious liberty is opposed to such education, and the right of religious liberty is fundamental, hence the Church must not educate.

Since then the individual cannot, and the Church must not educate, what other refuge have we than education by the State ; and the State has the right to educate, for in the first place she has a right to the services of her citizens, and she must so train them that their services shall be most efficient. The late experience of France and Germany has shown that military power may be secured by education. In regard to moral and intellectual greatness, permanence and prosperity, compare the history of the first French Republic, administered by "Gutter Snipes," which ran its bloody course in a few short years, with the Athenian, whose citizens were men of culture, and which told eight centuries of glory, and then decide whether this Republic can afford to disregard the example.

Again, the State has a right to develop her resources, and one of the means by which this may be accomplished is the education of her people.

Educated men are better laborers than the ignorant, hence an educated nation is richer and more productive than an uneducated one. This may be practically illustrated by reference to two colored maps, which accompany the last census. They show respectively the degree of wealth and illiteracy throughout our land. One of these maps is almost an exact reverse of the other. Where education is most general, there is most wealth ; where the people are ignorant, there poverty is found. The natural inference is that national wealth may be secured by national intelligence, hence the State has a right to employ this means of developement.

The State has also the right to prevent as well as to suppress crime, and true education improves man's moral nature, and thus secures this end. If education has ever failed to accomplish this, it is because it has not been the right kind of education. That system is defective which neglects any part of man's threefold nature ; the body, the mind, the heart, all must be trained aright.

This method of education does not interfere with personal liberty, for when the inclinations of the individual conflict with the good of society, liberty does not require, nay, it forbids their indulgence. Did time permit, it might be proved that this principle lies at the foundation of Republican government,

and is a condition of its success. The good results of this method might be contrasted with the evil effects of a contrary course, but enough has been said. Every consideration of economy, of morality, of national greatness, points to this as the true method of education. The present doubt and inquiry, if fairly met, cannot fail to produce good. Let us welcome discussion, and while clinging to our cherished institution, gladly avail ourselves of anything which shall add to its efficiency, until our public school system shall become indeed, the *safeguard* of our liberties, the *bulwark* of our institutions.

THE DIGNITY OF BUSINESS TALENT.

Third Meigs Prize Oration.

WILLARD WOLCOTT.

Labor is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement.

Traffic is man's great instrument to further the utility of labor.

Business talent, therefore, commends itself: 1st, as a quality associated with an ordinance of heaven; 2d, as a gift of nature practically applied to one of the great civilizing instruments of man.

Civilization, says Guizot, consists of two principal facts: "the progress of society, and the progress of individuals."

Now, in the division of labors it seems to be the glorious part of business talent to put into activity the forces which sustain a vital relation to these two factors, and in this subservience to the highest material interests of mankind consists its true worth and dignity.

As a force in the great producing world, business talent presents to us a perfect interchange between the producer and the consumer, and is distinguished by the fact that it offers the most direct alliance between individual prosperity and the social good, for its function here is to send the products of industry and science, of art and literature, circulating throughout the globe, and thus make possible the fact of reciprocal influences among the different departments in the household of nature.

In carrying on this great work, wherein business talent becomes eminent as an educator of nations, it makes the world a debtor by practically applying to the relief of its necessities the three mighty civilizers of the age—the locomotive, the tubular bridge, and the electric telegraph.

The power, then of business talent lies in the fact that it is practical.

The dignity, that it represents one of the absolute necessities.

The utility, that it is a large factor of that whole energy characterizing our civilization, and under whose influence, speaking historically and accurately,

*“Have temples risen, towns and marts,
The shop of toil, the hall of arts,
Have flown the ships across the seas
To feed the North from tropic trees,
Have docks been built, and crops been stored,
And ingots added to the hoard.”

There is a sense, we are told, in which Lord Bacon, as he marches down the centuries, may place one hand upon the steam engine, the other upon the telegraph, and say, “These are mine, for I taught you how to study nature.” And there is also a similar one in which business talent may point to the triumphs of the powers of this age, and say, “These are mine, for I made it possible for you to be so effective.”

Working through traffic, it is the final force upon which all those denominated productive depend for their full effect. Genius brings forth the steam engine, but it is through business talent alone that its whistle echoes to-day even as far as Japan, and announces to that part of the world the coming of an abler and a nobler epoch.

Electricity is grasped by the powerful arm of science, but, not until business talent comes to the aid of science is electricity really given to the peaceable service of man.

And again, how meagre would be the effect of the applied sciences upon the burden of human misery—even when they succeed in making “two blades of grass grow where once grew but one,” did not this force stand ready to hurry their results to the furthest corner of the globe; and how little enthusiasm would there be in the geologist’s cry of “*Eureka*,” echoing from

*The text slightly altered.

some distant corner of the earth, did he not know that continuing on, it would at last reach some centre where business talent weaves the web, and unravels the tough knots that shall afford means for utilizing the discovery.

Considered, then (as we have endeavored to consider it), as a necessity to social progress, as a force which puts into successful operation the accumulated strength of our civilization, we see that business talent quickens the present, and "plants the seeds of continued strength and prosperity for coming times."

SUCCESS.

Why does the archer bend his bow? Why does the sailor spread his sail?
 Why did the warrior-chief of old gird on his sword and clanging mail?
 Why in our capitol's broad halls does eloquence her sway prolong?
 Why does the poet write his verse? Why does the minstrel sing his song?

Save for the hope all entertain of winning fame and high renown,
 Of gaining to themselves a name that future ages may hand down
 With high encomiums enrolled, crowned with the magic word *success*,—
 A word whose shadow lures the world; whose substance few do e'er possess.

We venture forth, but none can tell whate'er our destiny may be;
 We launch our boats, with throbbing hearts, upon a wild and boist'rous sea;
 But courage ever will succeed, though billows roll and tempests roar;
 Though wreck on wreck is drifting fast upon a rocky, storm-swept shore.

'Tis true we cannot always win; reverses in their turn appear;
 Still, though the world looks darkling then, and all our hopes seem sad and drear,

We know the morning's golden beams remove the mists from cloudy skies;
 So, then, with steadfast heart and hand, we fix our gaze upon the prize;

And on we press with courage firm, resolved, if God so wills, we'll win
 The victor's wreath—immortal fame—from out the conflict's fiercest din.
 What *has* been done, *can* be again! What though the way be rudely steep!
 The meed is ours for future days, if we but faith and courage keep.

But no, it never is too late! The soul is ever young and strong,
 And as our mortal years decrease, will sometimes sing its sweetest song;
 So may it always be our care, as life's great scenes our vision greet,
 That discord never mar the strain, or break the harmony complete.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

With many persons, and in particular many scientists of the modern school, there seems to be a settled conviction that there is a conflict between science and religion, which must result in the final overthrow of one or the other. The air is filled with high sounding talk about "Darwinism," "evolution," and "scientific truth destroying the musty traditions of Jewish peasants," on the one side, while the other seems to be pursuing the "even tenor of its way," for the most part, with no very alarming symptoms of death as yet. The idea that the increased knowledge of the times is destroying religion is nothing new. There has always been a good deal of this kind of talk. To-day it appears in a new form, and we hear of a conflict between science and religion; but the truth is that relatively both parties are in about the same position as they were hundreds of years ago.

In considering this question, let us first see what the two things are. Much is called science which is only theory, and so much is called religion which is only empty form. Science is the knowledge and investigation of the material world of which we are a part, and of the laws and forces which control this world. Religion is the belief in and service of God, as revealed in the Bible, particularly through Christ in the New Testament, and as he daily reveals himself through the Holy Spirit speaking to the hearts of men.

All science is and must be imperfect. Humanity is limited by the laws of its being. We can only see into things a very little ways. We can reason with more or less certainty from cause to effect, or from effect to cause; yet the wisest and best are but men like the rest of us, and a thousand influences,—their feelings, their prejudices, their education,—contribute to guide their chain of reasoning to a false conclusion. When Darwin produces his theory that man has been evolved from the lower forms of animal life, and brings to support this an enormous number of minute facts drawn from nature, it is a plausible theory, but it is not science. It is not proved, and from the limitations of human knowledge, it cannot be proved.

Science can theorize about the origin of man, and reason about it from the facts of nature, but from nature it is impossible for men to solve the question. It can study the phenomena of nature, and find out the laws which govern them, but after all, it cannot get down to the *why* of things. Take the principle of life, the very first principle of nature. Science can see that there is a life principle in the seed, which under proper conditions will develop it into a full grown plant; and that there is a life principle in the babe, which will develop it into a man. It can see that when the plant is torn up, the body of the man destroyed, the life principle suddenly disappears; but whence it cometh and whither it goeth, that science can not find out.

Religion also is greatly misunderstood and perverted by men. What should be a service of the heart, a communion with God which would make men pure, and holy, and unselfish, has been degraded to a thing of forms; a senseless mummerly of falling down before idols; of going pilgrimages on one's hands and knees; of self-torture; and by many who should know better—a thing of going to church twice every Sunday. Religion deals with spiritual things, not material. It is a life of the soul; but the instrument through which the soul expresses itself is the body. Hence, religion entering man's soul controls through this his whole being. The body of man, with all its varied and wonderful powers of thought and action, is but the bond which unites man with the material world. The body, then, is a subordinate,—a non-essential part of man's being. Man is a spirit; and at death he casts off the body, which has been only the means of educating the soul, and continues his existence in some different state. Religion teaches man that he is the creation of an intelligence infinitely higher than himself, and shows him why he has been placed under the conditions of life on earth. It teaches him how to make the best use of Nature for his own development, and gives man the knowledge of life beyond the grave.

Science and religion therefore occupy two distinct grounds. Science must give its attention to the material world. Its province is to study the phenomena of nature. Spiritual facts and laws are not matters for scientific investigation. The spirit of man is something which cannot be seen, nor handled,

nor weighed ; we cannot separate a man's spirit from his body, and say this is spirit, and that is body ; but to deny that he has a spirit, and to say that the soul is not immortal because our senses do not prove it, is to deny that there may be things beyond the comprehension of man in his present condition. So the mouse might say that because it could not understand the life and being of a man, therefore there was no man. Man stands at the head of the animal creation, and has splendid powers ; but when he stands before the great universe, sees the mighty forces and beautiful works of nature around him, how insignificant he becomes !—how small his boasted power and knowledge of nature ! Yet some scientific men, standing exactly in this position, spend their lives in the study of nature, and after gaining a stock of knowledge, which cannot but be relatively very small, construct some theory of their own, and thereupon make the most bitter attacks upon all ideas of God and spiritual things.

Religion is a matter of faith, in great measure ; faith in the unseen is the foundation upon which the whole structure is built. This is its cardinal point, and was declared to be so by the great founder of Christianity. The truth of religion depends on internal, not external evidence ; while scientific truths depend on external evidence. The great questions of the existence of God, of the spiritual life, of the immortality of the soul, are above and beyond the domain of science. They are questions which each man must settle for himself, according to the best light he has. In matters of the material cosmos, science can speak with considerable certainty ; but before these great questions her experiments fail, her knowledge becomes ignorance, and she is forced either to believe in revealed religion or to confess that there is a Great Unknown, whose mysterious existence she cannot fathom.

Science and religion, then, are not in conflict ; and cannot be, from the nature of things. Let neither invade the domain of the other ; and if there is a discussion between them, let it be conducted in a spirit of charity and liberality. Scientific men gain nothing by a spirit of bitterness, and believers in religion who speak in such a spirit, forget its first precepts. And let us all remember that unless the doctrines of a hard

materialism are true, we shall soon see all these truths, not with the imperfect vision of men, but with the clear sight of immortal spirits.

E. E. A.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ONE TRISTRAM SHANDY.
(A MYTH.)

He entered upon the stage of action, in humble circumstances, in a quiet old town on the Swanee river, in the long ago—nobody knows exactly when—probably on the “Dark Day,” which, perhaps, may account for his partial blindness; at any rate, one thing is certain, his future prospect looked dark enough.

Having weathered the storms of early childhood, at the age of four he was dispatched to school to learn manners, the alphabet, and whatever else might be furnished, and to be promoted to the intermediate department when the proper time should come. Owing to the lack of lofty aspirations, and the needed means of the youth, he graduated soon after the above named promotion before completing his elementary grammar.

But for his hardy spirit, and his determination, as he said, “to git through the world somehow,” we should have been saved the labor of compiling these facts; but this was his saving quality.

Passing over the next period of his history, which time was spent in exercising the powers of genius within him to supply some of the necessities of life, we see him just taking leave of home and friends, which were “few and far between,” to seek his everlasting fortune by whatever means might turn up. He started for the nearest metropolis, with a scarcity of coppers and the equipments necessary for one in his condition.

On reaching his destination, as luck would have it, his gaze was directed upon a flaming placard borne by a little ragamuffin along the street, which read as follows: “Wanted, an experienced runner for a dry goods house; inquire of the bearer.” “Well! I guess if here ain’t a chance for me the first thing,” says Tristram, right out loud, “and I’m just the feller for the

place, for I've had experience enough in that kind o' business, a runnin' round after father's old sheep." He inquired of the bearer, and sought the directed place; but, alas for the poor fellow, ignorance proved not to be bliss this time. Of course there were plenty of others there who understood more about the term runner, as used in business, than did he, and Tristram Shandy was dispatched at short notice. But experience is the best teacher, so there's hope for him yet.

Thinking, perhaps, to add to his store of knowledge, at least to keep up with the times, he bought a *Penny Post*, the evening paper,—and, on reading, came across a column headed, as was the placard, "Wanted;" and, still further, this want advertised: "A teacher for a primary school." Stopping for no further research, he left everything to seek and find, if possible, the school committee, before it should be too late to be cross examined.

To tell the story briefly: It was, indeed, a cross examination, but, "more by hit than any good wit," he became master of the situation at once. His appearance at this juncture was that of the jolly old pedagogue of long ago, "tall, and slender, and shallow, and dry." He succeeded as well as could have been expected for such a green hand, but soon finding that teaching was not his forte, and having common sense, he resigned his position, to the gratification of all concerned.

After shifting about in this unstable state of equilibrium, like a weather vane, for some time, he finally took to writing articles for a periodical.

Having finished the first production, which—as his natural qualities would indicate, was a labored one; of dry and prosy style, with now and then a forced strain of humor—in his great haste to present the contribution to the editor, he pressed heedlessly into a great crowd which intercepted his way, impeding his progress somewhat, and disturbing his happy state of mind previous to this mishap; but suddenly emerging from the confused assembly, with what was once a tolerably good hat, but now intolerable, and evidently feeling "the worst for wear," he continued his course, endeavoring to make up for lost time. The short of it was: his production—which luckily was not lost in the scrape—gained the desired approval, and the merited

sum paid, though meagre, procured for Tris. the best supper and lodgings, after the heat and contest of the day, that he had ever enjoyed.

Nothing definite as to the future success of this noteworthy, or the records of his life have been registered, other than that he composed his own obituary and epitaph ; hence we infer he is deceased, and his fame eclipsed.

H. K. B.

DIOGENES.

The meeting was opened, the roll was called,
The members replied as their names were bawled,
The minutes were read and approved as before,
And then our critic stepped "onto" the floor.
He had dug up the hatchet, determined to fight,
And slaughter the parts of the previous night.
With a powerful hand he drew a bow,
Not at a venture, but steady and slow ;
With a merciless force, the wingèd shaft
Went straight for the clerk, while the fellows laughed
To see his faults so neatly hit
By a figurative shaft of wit.
The blood of "extempore" next he spilt ;
He plunged his war knife clear to the hilt
In the quivering flesh of the prating fool
Who had told us the story of Gladstone's rule.
He told him right out that his thoughts were crude,
His gestures clownish, his accent rude,
And hinted at last, with a cynical smile,
An unabridged Webster would help his style.
At the "editor" next, Diogenes growled,
He knit his brows, he sneered, he scowled,
He tore the MIRROR page by page,
And stamped on the fragments, red with rage.
Such puerile trash, Diogenes swore,
Never was read in Philo before.
The pair of rhymes on the Mulligan guards,
Which the editor thought were his two best cards,
"Were unworthy," said he "of a primary school,
And were written of course by some weak-minded fool,"
"The other piece so senseless and long,
Was it a sermon or was it a song ?

Was it in verse, or was it prose ?
 I question much if the editor knows."
 "If the pieces were bad, the reading was poor,
 And what is a piece if the reader's a boor?
 How he mangled the words, 'twere enough I declare.
 But hold ! he begged the critic to spare.
 His prayer for mercy I haven't forgot,
 And all that he asked for, I hope he has got."
 Some critics know how to admix blame with praise—
 To heal the slight wound with some well-worded phrase,
 But Diogenes studied a far different plan :
 'Twas to strike from the shoulder and knock down his man.
Some use a needle and puncture the skin,
 But he with a club would cave one's head in.
 To be feeling and kindly, some critics might care—
 Diogenes felt 'twas his duty to scare.
 The next part Diogenes 'self could enjoy—
 A fine declamation, "The Polish Boy."
 ['Twas rendered so well as to grace and ease,
 That it couldn't have failed a Churchill to please.]
 Yet he doled out his praise with a niggardly hand—
 Too mean to be generous, too sour to be bland.
 "The miserable spouting, mis-named a debate,
 Is hardly worth notice, but yet I should hate
 To pass the thing over and not try to show
 Some things which it won't hurt our spouters to know.
 To our long winded talkers I give this advice,
 Don't talk for ten minutes when one would suffice
 To give us the gist of your one borrowed thought,
 Which is wide of the subject as likely as not.
 To wander away from the question were prone ;
 Either stick to the subject, or let it alone.
 While words are abundant, ideas are few ;
Parvum in multo 's the motto for you."
 Now he left the desk with the satisfied air
 Of a man who had taken some pains to be fair.
 And in closing 'tis needless almost to remark
 That all we expect of a dog is his bark.

BAVIUS.

EDITOR'S REVIEW.

"We have come to the last scene of our literary drama, and we shall soon drop the character we have been personifying and step from the stage." Would that we might withdraw with the same grace as our illustrious predecessor, from whom we quote, conscious that we had fulfilled our part with equal ability. But aware that such hopes are delusive, we pass on, venturing to continue in a strain possibly beyond the limits of editorial remarks. Listening to the touching tales recalled by memory, elicited from those who were assembled last year at Philo's Semi-Centennial, we were peculiarly impressed with the reverent manner in which old schoolmates spoke of each other, their connection with our literary society, and their academical course. Such high regard manifested for everything relating to the institution, and especially for all past members, could not have been retained through such long periods, unless the scenes enacted here, and the intercourse one with another, had been of a character to stamp itself upon their natures. The inference to be drawn is this, are we who tread in their footsteps acting in a manner which will call forth similar responses from those who are permitted, fifty years hence, to participate in the centennial anniversary?

Thus far the term has not been marked by any unusual events. We have had less out-door sports than common, due of course, to the mildness of the season and the scarcity of snow. None of the riotous demonstrations, which occurred a year ago, have been repeated this term. The spelling mania has not been revived, and our customary shipments to foreign ports and the suburbs have been quite meagre.

An *attempt* was made to celebrate Washington's birthday by some such appropriate exercises as were observed last year, but the Seniors had no one to "cremate," and all other classes were alike destitute, except the Juniors. As they were not of sufficient number to attempt anything on a scale comparing with last year, the project was abandoned. Perhaps, however, fear of ridicule deterred some who would otherwise have been foremost as leaders.

The regular course of lectures this season have been duly appreciated by the students, and done much to prevent student life becoming monotonous. The last entertainment, consisting of readings by Prof. Churchill, brought out a larger house than usual.

The recent lectures of Prof. Young, too, in the Sister Academy have proved highly advantageous to the Astronomy class, and to a few who before were supposed to be wholly indifferent to the wonders of science.

We anticipate a lively article in the coming *Courant* on Phillippians. We have not had leisure to peruse the article to our satisfaction, but it is certainly placing us in an awkward position, to defer its publication 'til we have lost the chance of commenting.

It gives us pleasure to record the improvements in Society Hall, and without further remarks, we will add that '76 may well pride herself on accomplishing something which will be of as much benefit to the society, as the labors of any class since 1825.

The dull times have caused such melancholy among the boys that they have furnished only one joke; and money is so very short that fellows cannot spend the little they have on tar-barrels for campus fires.

A certain Andover divine saw a boy fishing in the Shawshine one Sunday. "My boy," said he, "don't you know that it is very wicked to fish on the Lord's day?" "No," replied young hopeful, "but don't *you* fish for men on Sunday?" "Yes, yes!" answered orthodoxy, "but there is a great difference between the two." "That's so," said the boy, "I catch something and you don't."

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

Cyrus was a sassy cuss ;
He wanted for to make a muss,
With the king, his elder brother ;
He lost his life and vexed his mother.

—*Xenophon.*

Let youthful thoughts the mind engage ;
Be cheerful, and I hold
We may become infirm through age,
But never can grow old.

—*Cicero.*

Achilles sat upon a rock,
His handkerchief was wet—
The girl who wore the tidy frock
Had caused a fuss, you bet !
He wept because the king of Greece,
Had robbed him of his prize ;
He called in vain for the police ;
They quite ignored his cries.

—*Homer.*

Under a wide spreading beech,
Tityrus loafed the whole day,
Teaching his pipe to screech
In a torturing sort of a way.
Melibœus foot-sore going past
Exclaimed "you're a lazy scamp."
"Start your boots now," said he, "pretty fast,
I won't take sass from a tramp."

—*Virgil.*

A correspondent sent us an almanac which he modestly told us, "iz jes't az good az Billings' Almanax." We thanked him, but excused ourselves from publishing it. He persisted, and we finally compromised by printing the shortest month at advertising rates.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

"Yankee Doodle come to town."

- 1, T.—Diogenes bought a tub, 503 B. C. Cato, censor, vetoed fish horns.
- 2, W.—Catiline's whiskey ring busted by Cicero.
- 3, T.—Cicero "jawed" Catiline, 33 B. C. Diogenes swapped his tub for a washing "masheen."
- 4, F.—Class examinations, cribs. Rhetorical force first applied as a motive power.
- 5, S.—Homer invented poetry. Homer was a gay and festive youth.
- 6, S.—BEANS RIZ!!!!
- 7, M.—Troy (Laundry) founded, 1811.
- 8, T.—Demerits first used "weepin', and a whalin'; and a snatchin' out o' teeth, 1836.
- 9, W.—Poetical padding used in recitation, '76.
- 10, T.—Class flunk, 50 D. (D. stands for demerits.)
- 11, F.—Boxford discovered by Phillipians.
- 12, S.—Life of D. Pratt, G. A. T., published by Plutarch, 804, B. C.
- 13, S.—Soporific sermon, great awakening of many at the close. '76.
- 14, M.—Æneas-Dido scandal. Great excitement among the newspapers of Carthage, 1000, B. C.
- 15, S.—Achilles gets his back up, 1185. Seniors in Greek dismissed at 9.30 A. M., '76.
- 16, W.—Transit of (Abbott) Venus. Telescopic station, 2nd house, E. C., '76.
- 17, T.—Ayes Pills invented by Plato.
- 18, F.—Boxford first used as an asylum for ostracized Phillipians.
- 19, S.—Queen Elizabeth's celebrated speech to Cecil. "Little man, little man! thou art so presumptuous."
- 20, S.—Theologue's voice "busted" while warbling, alas! alas! '76.
- 21, M.—Desperate attempt to *do* something—a total failure, '76.
- 22, T.—Cremation of the Juniors. Now build campus fires.
- 23, W.—Cicero invented old age. 150.
- 24, T.—Juniors sent out lachrymantes. '76.
- 25, F.—Committee of Seniors formed to investigate charges brought against Pious Æneas.
- 26, S.—Demosthenes chewed rocks.
- 27, S.—Cicero had corns. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour."
- 28, M.—Scipio used hair dye. Hannibal wore a wig.
- 29, T.—False teeth invented. Introduction of ponies in Phillips.

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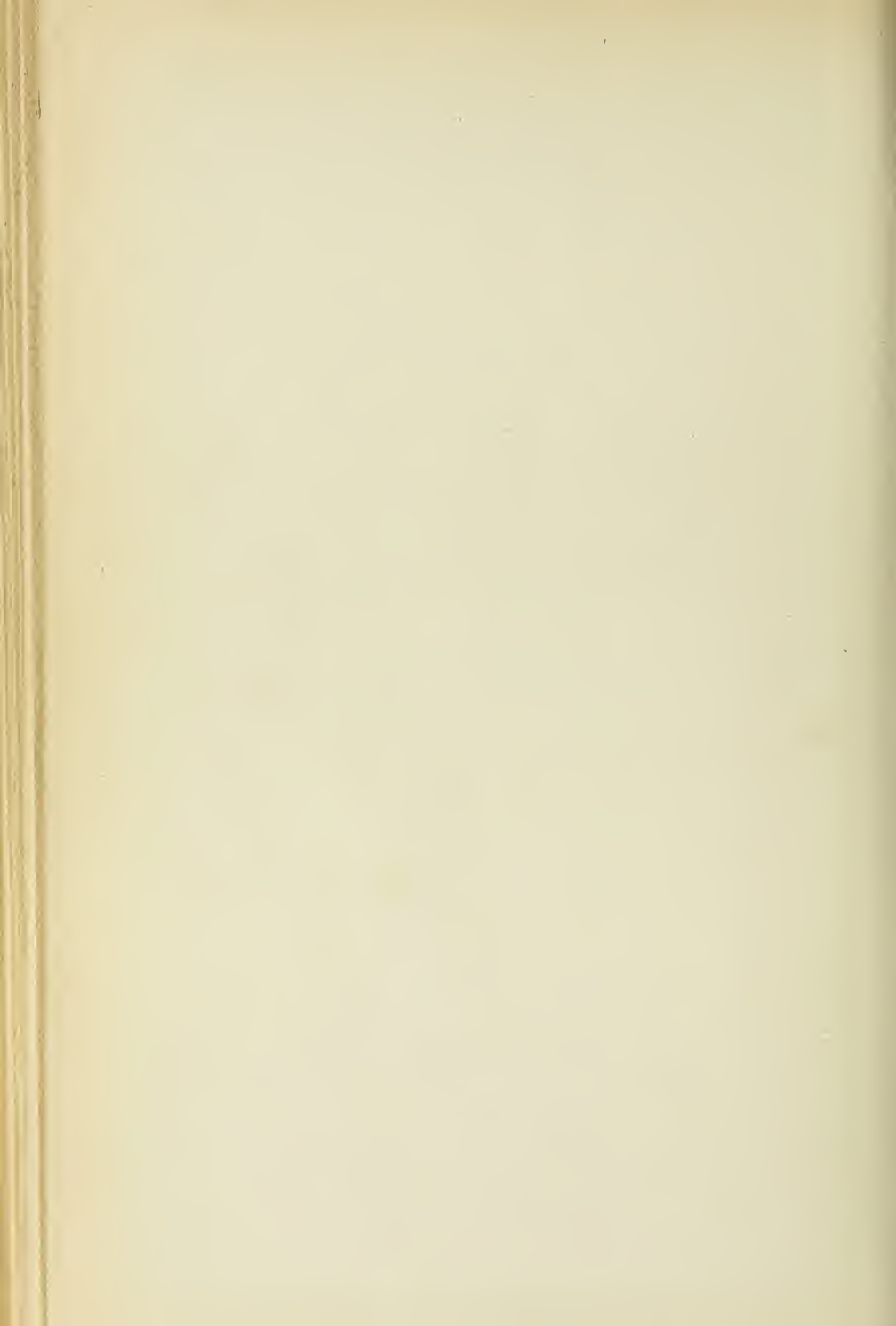
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"ANIMUS ANNI NOBIS."

BY FIRST EDITOR.

OUR being is twofold : spiritual and material. Our life partakes of the same dual nature. It is neither all spiritual nor all material, but is made up of both, and is characterized by the predominating influence of the one or the other element. When the material acquires the mastery it shrinks and shrivels into an insignificant littleness : when the spiritual predominates it rises and expands into a boundless infinity.

The spirit that is within a man gives character to his life, and raises him to the greatness and dignity of a superior being, or drags him down to the lowest depths of a degraded inferiority. Imbued with the right spirit, his genius sparkles or his reason illumines the darkest recesses of ignorance, while his whole hearted benevolence traverses the earth in search of objects of his bounty.

It has been truly said, there is a moral greatness, an intellectual greatness, and a greatness of action. Howard, shunning the pleasure of opulence and ease, and spending his days in visiting the damp cells of the lonely and forgotten prisoner, ministering to his wants, uttering words of human kindness, and

sending a cheering ray of sympathy and love, where so long was only solitude and gloom, displays a moral greatness which commands the admiration of the world.

The hero sailor boy who "stood upon the burning deck whence all but he had fled," and imbued with that sublime spirit of fidelity and obedience to his father's word, unappalled and unshaken, went down amid flame and tempest, without a word to cheer or awaken within him the hope of immortality, evinced a greatness more than sublime, surpassing admiration.

Who will doubt, then, that the spirit within makes us either great or small? By its promptings we are impelled to soar aloft to deeds of fame and daring, and cease our flight only when we have reached the top-most summit of success. By its inertness we are compelled to sit listlessly by the roadside watching the struggling crowds, all toiling after the far-off Mecca, which each hopes to gain.

He who would

"Pluck bright honor from the paled-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And bring up drowned honor by the locks,"

must be actuated by more than ambition. Were this his only incentive, it might fail him, and he would be left alone, like the "Ancient Mariner," upon a boundless sea, with no motive power to assist him in his further course. It is the spirit within which is the beacon light, sending its cheering rays far out upon the dark and troubled waters of life's tempestuous ocean. The spirit within is the soul that animates, the motive power that impels, the still small voice that gives words of cheer and comfort, and serves to irradiate the darkness of dissolution with the glorious hope of futurity.

With such a spirit was Leonidas endued, when, at the Pass of Thermopylæ, he faced the countless legions of Xerxes, and with his scanty band rushed against the overwhelming forces of the Persians, offering himself a living sacrifice for his country. He indeed exhibited a heroism rarely surpassed, a courage seldom equalled. But this was not all. There was that silent

monitor within which pointed out the way of duty, and like the conscience, not seen, but *felt*, guided him to those paths of glory which "lead but to the grave."

Governments are the institutions of men, and in a manner resemble their makers. The stability and excellence of each is determined by certain predominating characteristics, which are set forth in their constitutions, and exhibited at an early period of their birth. The experience of centuries has taught man upon what to build. Hence we find those governments the most stable which have for their corner stone *Liberty* and *Justice* united, thereby forming a foundation which neither the fierce blast of war, nor contentions and strifes within, can either loosen or overthrow.

The "Mayflower" pioneers, fleeing from an oppressed state, animated by faith, and imbued with the spirit of Liberty and a common brotherhood, sought to found such an one, and right nobly did they succeed. Had any one gifted with prescience foretold them the events which were to happen in the ensuing century, his story would have appeared too incredible for belief, more marvelous than the wonders of "Aladdin's Lamp."

How true it is that

"The spirit of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

The fruit must resemble the seed from which it springs. The acorn was planted, and the tall and majestic oak reared itself aloft, slowly at first, but acquiring strength and vigor as it grew, until now we find it fully matured, with universal benevolence sheltering the oppressed of every land under its wide spreading branches.

How indelibly are the battles of Concord and Lexington imprinted upon the hearts of this people. The "spirit of '76" is wide spread throughout our land, and bursts forth afresh in each individual character. It is the spirit of Liberty, Patriotism, Progress, the spirit of self-sacrifice and universal benevolence.

In reviewing the historic progress of nations, we are wont to notice first their founders, and then to note their advance-

ment by the greater or less degree of perfection which they have attained. When we apply this test to our own people, can we fail to be satisfied with the result? We behold in them an advancement far exceeding that made by Imperial Rome in the zenith of her pride and power. The progress of society is not less noticeable than the improvement of Time, which everywhere has left its lasting foot-prints to serve as marks and mementos of its flight.

There is no tendency of the present age more plainly marked than the growing closeness of relation between man and man. Every art and invention brings them more closely together, and even though they be separated by trackless seas, they are yet bound together in one common brotherhood. Our vessels ride upon the waters bordering on every land, and our harbors are whitened by the sails of commerce hailing from the most distant quarters of the globe.

The results of our labors are everywhere apparent. Liberty and Prosperity go hand in hand. The spirit of freedom, like the genial rays of the sun, sheds its magic influence upon all sides. The rich and the poor alike enjoy its blessings, and all bow in reverence at its altars.

In this the centennial year of our republic, we can look back with perfect satisfaction upon our record, and note that each seed planted in adversity and toil has brought forth fruit a hundred-fold.

The steam-engine and telegraph are the genii at whose bidding Time stays its flight, and distance is fairly annihilated. Evoked by the spirit of man from the vast deep of nature's great laboratory, they minister to his wants as willing slaves, and delight to do him service. They belong to the age in which we live, and add not a little to our pride as we exultingly exclaim, "Animus Anni Nobis"!

C. L.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY SECOND EDITOR.

WE often conceive and judge of a person or thing from a previous description ; and rarely does the real attain the proportions and beauty of the ideal.

This is more true of some men than of others ; and so there spring up two classes, — one easy of impression, “jumping at conclusions,” the other conservative, and demanding facts. And the thoughts of these two classes run as opposite as their natures, viewing even realities with different eyes.

Take a stream rushing down a mountain-side, its clear waters making music as they murmur over their rocky bed, and adding beauty to the surrounding scenery, or gliding through green meadows, forming pools of limpid clearness, where fish disport, and man loves to linger. In how different lights it may be regarded by the two men, the idealist and the realist !

The one, only regarding the beauty of the stream, and the charm it gives to all around, wanders along the bank, plucking the fragrant flowers to which the waters give life. The fascination of the spot inspires enthusiasm in his mind, and gives direction to his thoughts ; while lingering, he constructs verses in praise of rural beauty, and muses on the happiness of a pastoral life. In his imagination he is passing the existence of an Arcadian shepherd, such as the Latin poets loved to sing, and with his tuneful pipe reclining in the grateful shade of the trees, free from care and trouble, he is idling away life in one unbroken holiday.

But in the case of the other, he whom people call the “practical man,” whose thoughts and energies are turned toward making all things useful, — with what different ideas does he behold it !

He looks to its size, to see if it is navigable, to the fall of water and the form of the adjacent country, if it can be used for manufacturing purposes, to its distance from cities, if trans-

portation is easy: little cares he for its beauty, he looks only for its use.

And as the minds of the two men differ, so do the men: one mild and yielding, swayed by the impulses of his nature, perhaps not always just, but sure to be merciful, loving and loved; the man around whom children gather, and in whom they place their youthful trust; a child himself, some would say; preferring to think good rather than evil of his neighbor, for he looks on man as on nature; and so going on in the "even tenor of his way," and when at last he departs leaving behind a name, perhaps not highly honored, but certainly not hated.

On the other hand, your "practical man" prides himself on his shrewdness. No one can sway his feelings by some pitiful tale of suffering, — he is not to be imposed upon. His nature is stern and unyielding: he gives men but their due, and can expect nothing but hard justice in return. In his speech he imitates the Spartan, never using three words when two will suffice. His very features are but the index of his mind, and underneath his hard exterior men look but for a similar nature.

But perhaps he is right, and the other wrong. He is as man made him, a legitimate offspring of human institutions; the other, nature's child: for the idealist speaks and acts from the dictates of a heart, warm and sympathetic, looking on all things as fair and beautiful; the realist from the voice of a reason, rendered watchful and suspicious from the rubbings it has received amidst the bustle and strife of a busy, selfish world.

C. J. P.

TWO PHASES OF AMBITION.

BY THIRD EDITOR.

THE dynasties which Napoleon willed into existence have faded away ; the empires Alexander established have crumbled to the dust ; the broad realms of imperial Rome have disappeared : the hand of time has drawn over them the shroud of oblivion, but the world still bows in reverence to the men whose genius brought them forth.

These very men who have deluged her in blood, whose insatiate ambition has blinded them to all human pity, whose selfishness has lifted them, as it were, above the level of human feelings, return her look of admiration by loading her with every kind of misery.

They, in their mysterious separateness from mankind, care not for its misfortunes or reverses, so long as these contribute to their own elevation and aggrandizement. The ambitious dreamer, not content to plod through the dull mediocrities of fortune, forgetful of the external world, seeks, by shutting himself up in a world of his own, to cast from him the fortunes of others, and embrace those of self ; and, in so doing, finds, when too late, that no man can live wholly to or for himself, but is so bound to those about him that he must, at least, participate in part in their joys and sorrows, and seek their welfare as well as his own.

The world is full of men who are continually striving to gain ascendancy by trampling on the rights of others, — their whole energy is absorbed in gaining power. They burst upon the world with the splendor of a meteor, and true greatness stands awed in their presence. But their success is the signal for their downfall : they have tempted fortune too far, and, at last, they sink to their true level.

Of such a stamp was Napoleon Bonaparte, possessed of great intellectual ability, but of unbounded ambition. No sacrifice, however great, no obstacles, however formidable, no

victory, however brilliant, could allay his insatiate lust for power.

He dethroned monarchs; he created kings; he destroyed empires; he was indeed the scourge of Europe. And when, at Waterloo, he fell from that height to which his ambition raised him, all Europe breathed a sigh of relief. His power was gone; and, in a lonely isle, in solitude and silence, he was compelled to bury forever his grandeur and ambition.

How different the career of England's philanthropist! no turmoil, no bloodshed, yet resplendent with victories gained and battles won. Shunning ovations and applause, slowly and silently he works out the great object of his life.

In him we find a man whose highest ambition was to reach out a helping hand to oppressed and bleeding humanity, whose eyes ever moistened at their degraded condition, whose generous heart ever swelled within him to lighten their burdens and brighten their lives, whose cup of happiness was never full unless crowned with the joy of others.

That character, uniting the bright and joyous world without and the grave destinies of that world within, shines forth like a star in the darkness of the night. Where will the waves of his influence end? Where will end the glory of his fame? As long as history remains, the name of John Howard the philanthropist, honored and revered, will be written upon its pages. They have both played their brief part in the drama of life, and each has acquired an undying name.

Napoleon has carved his name on many of the thrones of Europe, with a bloody hand he has traced it on her battle-fields; but its mystic spell is broken, and no longer does its mention fill her kings with terror. The name of John Howard has been indelibly stamped on the memories of his countrymen: with almost reverence they love to recall it, for time has not detracted from its charm. Yes, the tangible man may pass away and be forgot, but his influence, his noble aspirations, his holy ambitions, still live for an example and incentive to posterity.

The greatness of Napoleon consisted in sacrificing Europe's best blood at the shrine of his ambition, in destroying human

life, which, of all things, man considers his greatest boon ; of Howard, in raising to a nobler and purer sphere of action her degraded and oppressed population. The one was *called* great, the other *was* great.

C. S. II.

MEMORIES.

How memories cluster round a song
Which we have heard in days gone by !
Though intervening years be long,
It still can move the smile or sigh.

It summons Childhood's merry scenes,
Fair Youth with hopes so soon to fade ;
And Middle Life with ample means,
As Old Age passes 'neath the shade.

In mingled throng we see them meet,
Boyhood's full life and maiden grace
Deft Fancy, by her magic sweet,
Pictures them at the trysting-place.

Our Alma Mater's praise we sung,
When life was all before our gaze ;
How the old college arches rung
With acclamations of her praise !

We feel once more the thrill of joy,
We feel our pulses throb again ;
But pleasure has its own alloy,
Each sep'rate joy is fraught with pain.

Too soon the morning flitted past,
Gone was the noon-day's summer heat ;
The shadows lengthen all too fast,
And time speeds on with hastening feet.

But yet the old song lingers still,
Age seemeth not to mar the strain ;
Like purling music of the rill
Our ears drink in the soft refrain.

With saddened hearts we turn anew
To lift the burden of to-day,
But still resolved, with purpose true,
To quit ourselves as strong men may.

E. W. W.

NOVEL-READING.

The increase in the demand for works of fiction, within recent times, has been quite noticeable. Whether this growing desire for the unreal is beneficial, is a question that may well be considered. Its evil results are quite apparent. A person who spends much time in reading highly colored stories, is apt to lose his interest in real, every-day matters ; his daily work and common pleasures become distasteful to him, and at length even the pleasure derived from his reading is lost. Altogether, the effect of an unrestrained passion for novel-reading is disastrous in the extreme.

Still, however unfavorable the result of injudicious reading may be, the health of the mind is promoted by a proper use of light and easy reading. The mind is like the physical system, it should not be fed entirely with the solid bread and meat of literature, but needs the fruit as well. Relaxation is as much needed from mental as from physical labor.

A connected, flowing story, also, is of great value to concentrate the thoughts. It is a well-known fact that when the mind is continually wandering, it becomes wearied sooner than if it were occupied for a reasonable time upon one thing. If, then, after many distracting cares, it should be desirable to rest the mind, in no way can it be more effectually done, than by losing sight of all perplexities in a good novel. Then, too, there is

nothing that quickens the blood and drives away melancholy better than a story of earnest, active life ; and here lies the chief point of the whole matter, *read such books*, and avoid those that excite listless or morbid feelings.

Fiction in itself affords many opportunities for doing good. Dickens, Reade and Thackeray have accomplished more in correcting abuses and exposing frauds, than many times their number of legislators or lecturers could have done. In our families of average condition, books of fiction are abundant, while those on abstract subjects are few. This excellent opportunity for turning the public attention toward any great evil, and for bringing to notice that which is good, has not been overlooked; and notwithstanding the evil influence of much that is written, the work accomplished by such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Little Dorrit" has been correspondingly great.

Our conclusion might be, then, Read novels; but read good ones, and read moderately.

A. S. T.

PRIZE METRICAL TRANSLATION.

BY E. P. NOYES.

Homer's *Iliad*, Book I., lines 26-52.

"Old man, let me not light upon you here
 Among these hollow ships, or ling'ring now,
 Or coming back hereafter! Risk there is
 That then the wand and garlands of the god
 Will not protect you. For to give her up 5
 I now refuse, before that at my home
 In Argos, far away from native land,
 Hoary old age shall have o'ertaken her,
 Tending the loom, and caring for my bed.
 Now get you gone! Would you depart unharmed, 10

Provoke me not." So spake he. The old man
Feared and obeyed his mandate ; and away,
Along the shore of the far-sounding sea,
In silence went he. After he had gone
Some distance from the ships, the aged man 15
With tears besought Apollo the great lord,
Who by fair-haired Latona was brought forth.

Hearken to me, Sminthian ! silver-bowed !
Who Chrysa e'er dost guard and lordly Cilla,
And holdest kingly sway o'er Tenedos. 20
If ever I have built from ground to roof
A comely temple sacred to thy name,
If e'er upon thine altars I've consumed
Thick bones of bulls and goats enwrapped in fat,
Hear this my prayer : oh, may the dastard Greeks, 25
Through arrows sent by thee, requite my tears !

In prayer thus spake he : and the radiant one,
Apollo, heard ; and, with his dreadful bow
And perfect quiver on his shoulders, strode
Down the Olympian heights enraged in heart ; 30
And on the shoulders of the angry god
The arrows rattled as he moved along.
And like the night he went ; then sinking down,
Far from the ships, he let an arrow fly,
And twanged most terribly the silver bow. 35
He first, indeed, the sumpter-mules assailed,
And hounds swift-footed. Then did he proceed
To launch a piercing shaft, and overwhelm
The men themselves ; and evermore there burned
The thickly crowded fires of the dead. 40

ELOQUENCE.

The President's Address, delivered at the Annual Exhibition, June 13, 1876

BY REMSEN V. MESSLER.

MAN was evidently intended by his Maker to be the final triumph of creation. He is superior to the lower order of animate existence, because his being is united with a soul; from the fact that he is the possessor of an intellect, which thinks, knows, reasons, which is the seat of the passions, the imagination, and the senses, and that he is gifted with that wonderful endowment, language, which conveys the varied expressions of the mind, wherein the emotions and ideas are generated.

Thus it is that man is placed in the highest degree of earthly existence, to the end that he alone should rule over the lower creation, and that he should possess and enjoy the world.

Man has been formed in the perfect likeness of his divine Creator. — all the attributes of an elevated and honorable character, all ennobling thoughts and aspirations, are embodied solely in him: rightly, then, should all created existence, which ranks below him in standard, be subservient to his sovereign will.

From the earliest ages, when man lived in an uncultivated and barbarous state, communicating with his fellow-beings, by means of signs and rude dialects, down to the present time, when he is surrounded by all the comforts and pleasures which science, art, and civilization afford, his nature has always been in sympathy with his own race. When the weak are crushed into subjugation by the cruelty of tyrants, in the breast of that man who is loyal to the cause of humanity is not a spirit of indignation aroused, which urges him to succor the oppressed? When, finally, right triumphs over wrong, does not his heart swell within him with joyous gratitude? All these generous emotions, which ever influence a true and noble man, inspired

by the event which caused them, burst forth, as if by magic, in one continuous flow of harmonious, vigorous, and impulsive language, called eloquence. Real eloquence, however, consists, not in the compilation of studied words, not in affected expression, not in imposing delivery; but "it must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion." It can not be purchased by labor and learning, for that will be all in vain: the whole soul must be wrapped up in the object which is to be obtained.

When the orator is inspired by his subject, eloquence comes like an avalanche from the mountain-side; all the obstacles which lie within its course are driven into obscurity; no heart is so callous that it is not awed into silence; nothing can resist it. "This, this, is eloquence," says Mr. Webster; "or, rather, it is something greater and higher than eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action!"

Christian principles, which are the outgrowth of a natural love for mankind, are coupled with true eloquence. Quintilian tells us that it is the good man only, who can become a great orator. He, then, is the orator who is a lover of justice, and faithful to natural law. Eloquence, when it has reached its height, and has touched the chords of human feeling, deals both with the imagination and the reason. Now it leads the vast concourse, by its seductive power, into realms of the beautiful, and among scenes of pathos; now it enlists their sympathies, and incites them to deeds of heroism and valor, until, finally, it holds them at will with an iron grasp, submissive to its resistless influence.

The theme must become the ideal, and must issue from the soul: then it is that all the virtues which adorn the character of man shine most brilliantly; then it is that the orator becomes almost oblivious to every thing surrounding him, and breathes forth those divine sentences, which hold his hearers spellbound, as it were, in silent wonder and admiration. Such an one is the type of the model orator. If you would seek for examples, ask them of the world; and in both ancient and modern times she will point out, upon the pages of history, the immortal names of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Webster and Clay.

It is evident, from the classical works which have descended to us from the ages of antiquity, that bravery in war and the gift of eloquence were considered of the first importance by the ancients.

Greece, draped in a mist of uncertainty as to her primitive origin and history, did not reach the highest culture in thought, science, art, and literature, until the advent of Demosthenes. Then it was that Grecian eloquence gained its ultimate perfection. Of Demosthenes it is said, that, when a mere boy, he was exceedingly fond of pondering over the celebrated speeches of the public men of the time; and, as he matured into manhood, he followed out the inspirations which he had received in his youth. Although held back in his vocation by an impediment of speech, he nevertheless was not disheartened, but overcame this defect by severe toil and patience, until, in a few years, he became not only the greatest orator who had been produced by that land of freedom, but one whom no rival has equalled during the centuries which have since rolled by.

After the glorious career of him whose very soul was eloquence, the golden age of Greece was past, and her eloquence and liberty began to decline. Greece and Rome, the leading nations of the ancient world, have shown the two most eminent orators that civilization has ever beheld, whose works are looked upon as perfect models of eloquence, are studied as text-books in our schools and colleges, and have been and will be the guides to perfection in the art of oratory.

As this study formed one of the most essential requisites in the education of the youth of Greece, so it became at Rome: but as that city divided her honors among those who were distinguished not only in oratory, but in war, the former did not receive its highest rewards, until the triumphant career of Cicero. He burst upon the astonished world like a meteor, and vanished.

This orator, whose writings have endured the ravages of time and spoliation, and whose fame will forever continue to exist, ranks next to his Athenian predecessor. Although his eloquence may not have been so intense as that of Demos-

thenes, yet in style and elegance of diction he is equal to him, if not superior.

What power could have influenced the public spirit more effectually than the four invectives against Catiline? What ideas could be expressed more beautifully than those in the orations for the poet Archias, the Manilian law, and in praise of Marcellus, and more eloquently and boldly than in the *Philippics*?

Every enlightened nation, at some period or other in its history, experiences those bursts of eloquence, proceeding from her most distinguished orators, which tend to influence the public mind for the right; which urge its people to renewed efforts to deliver their country from tyranny and oppression, or incite them to higher ideals of humanity. In times of peace, when the flag of liberty floats upon every house-top, the echo of the orator's voice may be but feebly heard, or little heeded, throughout the land; but in the struggle for freedom, when every heart beats in sympathy for the nation, when the country is devastated by the ruin of war, and the shadowy future, with its train of uncertainties, rises up like a spectre, what greater power is exercised on the public mind than that of eloquence?

During the strife against despotism in England, that country listened in astonishment to the eloquent speeches delivered by Vane, Pym, Eliot, and Wentworth. And later she was rendered prominent by the majestic eloquence of Lord Chatham, Pitt, Burke, and Fox, some of whose noblest efforts were occasioned by the tyrannical measures attempted to be exercised by England against the American colonies.

Ireland, too, has yielded some fine orators, celebrated in forensic disputations, and they have manifested a genius which has scarcely been surpassed by any other nation. Sheridan, Emmet, Grattan, Shiel, and Curran are names familiar to the civilized world, and will be handed down with admiration through ages to come.

America, though in her infancy, has realized some of the most famous achievements in eloquence that ever issued from

the heart of man. It was during those dark days, in the early history of our country, when reduced almost to despair by the horrors of war and British oppression, there occurred those awful crises which were to determine whether she would bow in ignominious submission before the throne of England, or be governed by her own laws, that the fervid and mighty eloquence of Samuel Adams, James Otis, and Patrick Henry thundered over the land, arousing the people to arms in defense of their homes and inviolable rights, proclaiming "Liberty or Death."

These were the heroes who awakened the populace from apathetic despondency to such a degree of patriotism that the fortune of war was wrested from Great Britain and rendered America released from thralldom into a free and independent nation.

And still in later days the genius and massive eloquence of Webster stimulated his countrymen to a full comprehension of the insidious sophistry of the direful spirit of disunion, lighted anew the torch of patriotism, and prepared the hearts of the people for deciding manfully with their blood the momentous question forced on their attention by Sumner's classic and impassioned rhetoric of "man's inhumanity to man"—that blot on the otherwise fair escutcheon of our country. With what triumphant tones did he arouse the public mind to the enormity of the offense, not only against an enslaved race, but also against civilization and our own interests. His name will always be identified as the leading spirit in one of the greatest epochs in the history of America. His spirit fondly hovers over a reunited, a free and a happy people in this Centennial year of our independence, more conscious, perhaps, than we, of the great results that are to emanate from his matchless eloquence.

We should all seek to acquire the gift of eloquence, or, if we already possess it, to cultivate it, for our own sake and for humanity.

We may all, in the different phases of human action, be urged by its clarion tone to duty, and be directed or led into

the paths of rectitude and happiness. He who is thus impelled confers a benefit on mankind, and fulfills one of the great ends of his existence.

Gentlemen of Philo: The term of office to which I have been elected is almost past, but I cannot leave the same before thanking you for the support you have given me. Hoping that Philo may continue in prosperity, as she has in the past, I will now bid you — farewell.

POEM:

READ AT THE PLANTING OF THE CENTENNIAL OAK AT PHIL-
LIPS ACADEMY, DECORATION DAY, 1876.

This day recalls our saddest thought to mind,
The memory of fratricidal strife;
Through war and bloodshed Providence designed
To raise our nation to a nobler life.

Their lives were sacrificed; but not in vain
Our patriots died, — ah, no! look up, behold!
Their blood has washed away the one foul stain
Our flag once bore within her ample fold.

Beneath the star-gemmed flag all men are free,
The slave no longer clanks his galling chain;
Our fathers' God! we owe that boon to thee,
The glory thine, but ours the lasting gain.

Our honored dead not unforgotten lie, —
The floral tribute, moist with many a tear,
Shall mark their graves: their memory cannot die, —
A grateful country holds it ever dear.

Under that flag we meet this summer morn,
Proud of its glory; prouder still that we
In this dear land of freedom have been born:
A grateful offering this memorial tree.

Ages ago, near that historic rock,
A tree was planted by the Pilgrims' hands ;
Planted in prayer, it has stood the shock
Of time and change, and blooming still it stands.

It was not a seedling, the scion was cut
By the Puritan's knife from an old Saxon butt :
They transplanted the sprout on this Western shore,
And their children rejoiced in the fruit which it bore.
Heaven blessed it with sunshine, and favored with dew ;
It struck deep its roots, and with vigor it grew
To graceful proportions ; majestic its form,
It swayed with the breeze and it bent to the storm.
And this tree, which to-day through the whole world is
famed,
Was planted by freemen, and " Liberty " named.
Soon under its shelter safe dwellings they reared,
The church and the schoolhouse together appeared.
Earth yielded her harvests, rewarded their toil,
Though heavy their labor, and barren the soil ;
All dangers encountered, all trials endured,
Their rights on the safest foundation secured,
To their offspring a birthright as precious they gave
As man ever enjoyed, or can e'er hope to leave.

" Your government's on trial yet," I still hear people say ;
" Compared with those of other lands, 'tis but of yesterday.
Of course, we can't deny the fact, it has had some success,
But, after all, it may turn out a failure, none the less.
For history condemns the thing, the principle's unsound :
Republics in these modern times have never held their ground.
The cornerstone they build upon is, " Each man his own master,"
But that gives way, and quickly leads to national disaster.
Suppose no foreign foes assail, domestic strifes begin,
And soon the State's endangered by her enemies within.
A crisis comes, and order yields the sceptre to mob-rule ;
Then people realize they need a master in the school.
The demagogue's make insecure both property and life,
And sacrifice the common weal in murd'rous party strife.

Enthusiasts, like Castelar and Victor Hugo, dream
 Republics move as easily as vessels down a stream.
 Their theories, though plausible in print, are as unreal
 And as impracticable now as Plato's old ideal.
 The great republic of the West has seen her palmiest day,
 And in her national life we find the symptoms of decay.
 You boast of growth, resources vast, of boundless wealth you
 prate :

'Tis honest men and virtuous ways that make a country great.
 Your public men betray their trust, each eager after pelf,
 And what was love of country once is changed to love of self.
 Professional politicians work to gain their private ends,
 To get an office for themselves and half-a-dozen friends.
 Delinquents whom you ought to hang are freed almost from
 blame,

Your laws deprive them of one sense, and that the sense of shame.
 What honest men you have are forced clear out of politics,
 Because they scorn to stoop, or try the politicians' tricks ;
 And, if by chance an honest man is raised to place and power,
 His reputation's hardly worth the purchase of an hour.
 In Congress and in public courts greenbacks dispense the law,
 And, though the guilt is clearly proved, they find some ready flaw.
 These evils stare you in the face ; unless you mend, I fear
 The great republic ne'er will see her bicentennial year."

To that I answer with a smile, " There can be no denial
 A hundred years is quite a while to have a thing on trial.
 Self-government, despite your taunts, is no enthusiast's dream ;
 It suits our many modern wants, like telegraph and steam.
 We love it even to a fault, but not with purblind favor ;
 For Yankees don't invest in salt, if it has lost its savor.
 It gives all men an equal chance, its greatest pride to show that,
 In spite of birth and circumstance, " a man's a man for a' that."
 Free institutions, time has shown, have the inherent strength
 To root out evils firmly grown, and cure themselves at length.
 We'll see a change work round these days a moral revolution,
 A coming back to virtuous ways, to save the constitution.
 Strange things have happened in the world, as history's page
 can show,

Since first the stars and stripes unfurled, a hundred years ago :

Princes have fled their people's rage, empires been overturned.
 And kingdoms hoary with old age have seen their rulers spurned.
 Midst all these changes we have stood unharmed, and now we're
 able
 To ask is the objection good, — 'Republics are unstable.'"

Necessity, stern mistress, taught
 Our needy sires to use their hands,
 Gave birth to the inventive thought,
 Which snapped her own confining bands.

'Twas theirs the wilderness to tame,
 Through virgin soil the polished share
 To drive, or hunt the fur-clad game;
 And how to live their greatest care.

A hardy race such toil upreared:
 The sturdy tiller of the soil,
 The bold backwoodsman, never feared
 A tyrant's frown, a foeman's foil.

Still, they were simple-minded men,
 With no ambition to be great;
 Yet held the right (disputed then)
 To please themselves with Church and State.

The commonwealth they founded gives
 The largest freedom men enjoy.
 To meet the people's wants it lives;
 The people's own who shall destroy?

This year we hold high festival indeed,
 The hundredth anniversary of our birth;
 The nations wish Columbia Godspeed,
 And haste to join us in our social mirth.

See, now, to grace this festal time,
 From every sea, from every clime,
 The laden vessels steer,
 With noble fruits of peaceful art,
 From mine, from workshop, and from mart,
 To show their products here.

The nations of the East and West
In friendly rivalry will test
Their cunning workmen's skill;
With joy to see such rivalry
Displace old deeds of chivalry,
Peace loving hearts will thrill.
Hereditary foes will meet,
But not, as formerly, to greet
Each other with a blow;
And kindred nations long estranged,
Their special products interchanged,
Shall feel a kindlier glow.
The broad-arched palaces display,
Through long-drawn aisles, a rich array,
The works of hand and brain;
And teach, by peaceful art and trade,
This world of ours could yet be made
A paradise again.
Hark! how a grateful nation sings!
Hark! how the choral anthem rings,
Sung by a countless throng!
The air with harmony they fill,
Glory to God, to men goodwill,
The burden of the song.

R. M. H.

HABITS OF STUDY.

IN training the mind to act with power and ease, which is the great end of education, nothing is more important than the formation of correct habits of study and thought. After all that is said about the power of habit, no man can realize the influence it has over him. It is either a mighty power to lift him up, or a heavy weight to drag him down. Every young man must form his habits for himself. Beyond giving the opportunity, and pointing the way, the college or the academy can do but little for him. And when he has once formed habits of faithful, reg-

ular study, of accurate scholarship, and of logical thought, he can rest assured that if he has not reached the summit of the hill of knowledge, he has found the sure path to it.

The mind loves regularity and order as much as Nature does. As the body, to gain health and strength, must perform its functions with unbroken regularity, so the mind, if we would have the best development of its powers, must be trained systematically. By forming the habit of studying always at the same hour, for about the same length of time, the mind will gradually come to be as reliable, almost, as a clock. Of course, the mind is not a mere machine, which will do exactly the same kind of work, in exactly the same way, at the will of its master. But it is an agent which can be trained to regular labor, and which can be made wonderfully sure and powerful by such training. In student and professional life, a certain amount of work is daily required of the mind, and if this is always done at regular hours, all the powers of mind and body will accommodate themselves to the customary toil, and it will be performed with much greater ease and readiness than if done at different times every day, whenever it may happen to be convenient.

Another habit of great importance is that of thoroughness. Knowledge has been compared to a vast and lofty temple; if the foundations are not firm and solid, if the walls and supports are not strong, the whole building is liable to go to ruin at any time. Even the graceful and ornamental parts of knowledge will be likely to prove more an offense against good taste than anything else, unless sustained by solid mental acquirements. This is undoubtedly the reason why German scholarship has taken such high rank. German education is first of all thorough. It pays to be thorough. As the saying is, "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," and so whatever is worth studying at all, is worth knowing, and knowing certainly, once for all. The student who masters each lesson has a great advantage over the student who has only a smattering of what he has been over; the former can go on increasing his knowledge with ease, while the latter finds himself hampered at every step by his ignorance. Nothing is harder to bear than the feeling a

young man has when he wakes up to the consciousness of inability to compete with those who were once his equals, perhaps his inferiors, because his lack of thoroughness has crippled him. There is no study which it is safe to slur over. A man cannot tell what his life-work is to be, nor what part of his knowledge he will need. And if he can be pretty certain that in active life he will make no practical use of classical knowledge, yet the great benefits to be derived from a classical education are only gained at the price of long and thorough study.

Second only to the training of the reasoning and thinking part of the mind, is the discipline of the memory, the acquisition of knowledge. And while we think that in education too much memorizing is required, and too little thinking and reasoning, it is still the fact that it is a very important part of education to store the mind with facts and ideas which are the result of the observation and thought of others. The contents of a man's memory are the material from which he must produce the book, the sermon or the speech; his reasoning powers are the tools which he uses to do this. To use knowledge with power and success, it must be accurate. A general, indistinct recollection of things will not do. This habit of accuracy should be cultivated with great care. It is better to know a few things accurately, than to half-know a great many.

Every student should form the habit of applying himself to study. While he is studying he should give his whole attention to it, and neither interrupt himself nor allow others to interrupt him. One of the surest ways to get disgusted with study is to dawdle for hours over a lesson that might be learned in half the time. A habit of applying one's self to the work in hand is almost invaluable. With this habit, a great deal can be accomplished in a short time.

Study, like all kinds of work, should be done cheerfully. A man will do better work, and will be more likely to succeed, if he works hopefully and gladly. When a student learns to study faithfully, to apply himself to his work with his whole strength, and to find labor its own reward, he has the key to a vast store of knowledge and happiness.

E. E. A.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

As I stand on the hoary mountains of Time,
And gaze on the valleys below,
Teeming with busy, dim mortals who move
Like shadows toss'd to and fro.

I measure that gay and eager throng,
That crowds life's pathways o'er,
By an hour-glass of time, whose ceaseless sands
Are brought from another shore.

Some, in this throng of infatuate men,
Seek after honor and fame ;
While others bow down to the shrine of self,
And toil for an empty name.

Some build for themselves a golden throne,
And wear prosperity's crown,
And steadily hold the sceptre of scorn
O'er the crownless, looking down.

Some revel 'mid scenes of pleasure and vice,
And hug some darling sin ;
How calmly they stand on ruin's brink
And gaze on the depths within.

Some eagerly wait on the morning of life,
Some sadly see its close,
Their busy dreams have melted in air,
They've sunk to eternal repose.

And so the fading world flies round,
A meteor on our sight,
And fast its joys and sorrows dim
In everlasting night.

And I think as I gaze on that multitude there,
With their thoughts of worldly gain,
How Death will soon seize them with iron grasp,
And paralyze hand and brain.

And all must obey that summons stern,
That calls from this world away,
For none can resist with powerful hand,
Or woo for a moments delay.

Then let each moment successfully tell
Of some noble action done ;
That our life on this earth be not empty and void,
And finished before begun.

C. S. H.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been. —
A sound which makes us linger, — yet — farewell."

ANOTHER year of our schoolboy days, of toil and study, of joys and sorrows, of disappointments and delights, is fast drawing to a close. The hour of parting is at hand. The farewell must soon be spoken which will separate those who are perhaps to meet no more. The heart leaps up with joy in contemplating the bright visions of the future. It turns with sadness upon the misspent past, but it still dwells with delight upon many a green spot where it has rested a weary hour, or stopped to drink invigorating draughts from the pearly fountains which here and there enliven a schoolboy's pilgrimage.

Things both great and small have transpired in our experience during the year that is past. Some lessons have been learned which can never be forgotten. Words of wisdom and of warning have been uttered in our hearing, which may ring in our ears when their authors have passed away. The noble aims and purposes of life have been pointed out to us; and, if we fail to cherish the higher hopes awakened within us, we may in after years pillow our heads in sorrow, at the thought of misspent time and unimproved opportunities.

Some of our fellow-students will enter at once the arena of active life. Clothed in the panoply, and armed with the weapons, furnished by our classic halls, they go forth with buoyant hopes and brilliant expectations to battle and to victory. May they ever "Deserve Success."

Others are leaving us for college, to pursue their studies upon wider fields. We trust that they will not utterly fail to sustain the character of the efforts of the former graduates of

"Old Phillips," and that "*Animus Anni*" will ever burn brightly within them.

Still some will return to their accustomed places here, to store their minds with useful knowledge.

With "*En Avant*" as their motto, they will climb the steep and rugged paths of success, and when they enter upon life's battles will be clothed in an armor which will bear only the marks of time. Here will they have learned "*Εἶναι ἢ φαίνεσθαι*" (to be rather than to seem).

Farewell, then, a long farewell to these halls of study. Farewell to teachers, friends, and scholars.

"Farewell!

For in that word, — that fatal word, — howe'er

We promise, — hope, — believe, — there breathes despair."

Sad as is this word, let us remember that there is One without whose command not a sparrow falleth to the ground, who will go with us throughout our entire lives. If it be his pleasure that we shall meet again, let us extend toward one another that same brotherly love and fellowship, which existed during our schoolboy days at Phillips.

"Fare thee well, and, if forever,
Still, forever, fare thee well."

And now it becomes our duty to recount the events of the term. We say *the* term, because, although it is generally considered the part of the last "Mirror" of the year to review all important items of preceding terms, yet as we look at the work of the previous editors in this direction, so well do they seem to have performed their duty we find nothing to chronicle.

As we approach the close of our school year, we can look back, if not with perfect satisfaction, at least with pleasure, on its work. We find Societies and Classes in a flourishing condition; and over all has the hand of Time left but a gentle imprint.

Monday, April 17th, the Dartmouth Glee Club gave a concert at the Town Hall. Their selections being for the most part College songs, were especially interesting to the students, who gave them a good reception.

Contrary to the newly-established custom, the Draper Prize Speaking, which was to take place last term, was deferred till this. Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather, the hall was

well filled by a large and appreciative audience. The allotment of prizes gave general satisfaction. Howard, '76, Holder, '77, and Barrows, '76, being the successful competitors.

Out-door sports started with considerable vigor, but the interest in them has already begun to flag. The Campus, being very little resorted to, bids fair to become a good pasture ground. It is to be hoped that the newly-formed Athletic Association will give a needed impetus in this direction.

The School Nine was organized early in the term, and, as it lately proved, is one that does Phillips credit. The Harvard Freshmen, who visited us with the avowed intention of wiping out the defeat of last year, were ingloriously sent back without honors. Score, 15—17.

The Fem. Sem. Readings were excellent, and all gave evidence of their superior drill. There were several bright, particular stars, which shone like *Dimans* and *Coles* of fire. We forbear to mention names, fearing to dim the lustre of some and cause the hearts of others to beat *Wilder* than they should.

Some means should at once be taken towards providing a suitable hall for our neighboring academy. This want was sorely felt at their last entertainment. It is really too bad that so much sweetness should be confined in such close quarters, and beauty in a nutshell cannot be fully appreciated. '76, feeling that they are in some manner indebted to the young ladies of the Seminary for their success in their class concert (for by their *full* attendance they helped materially to swell the proceeds), beg leave to appropriate their surplus funds toward the enlargement of the hall. The subscription list is now open. Interest on bad debts not accepted.

The propensity which has heretofore been exhibited by students for "Campus Fires" has somewhat abated; consequently there have been but few illuminations this term.

The Theologues not long since kindled a glorious fire on the Green, in front of their buildings, using their old sermons for fuel. The immense amount of *gas* contained in them caused several explosions, thus creating a greater impression on the community than their repetition could effect.

Through the kindness of Mr. Coy we are able to publish the Prize Metrical Translation. In making the award, we are requested to state that the translations of Messrs. Noyes and Higgins were considered of equal merit, but for marked faithfulness to

the spirit and manner of Homer, precedence was given to that of Mr. Noyes.

Rev. Ray Palmer, one of the founders of Philo., presented it with a handsome steel engraving of himself, which now ornaments its walls. We thank him cordially for his gift and the kindly interest he takes in our welfare.

The class concert of '76 was enjoyed by those who attended. It was a grand treat to lovers of music, and we venture to say none such went away disappointed. The *perfect quiet* which reigned in the gallery demonstrated the fact that "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

On Decoration Day a goodly number assembled on the Campus in front of the building to witness the dedication of a Centennial oak. Appropriate exercises were conducted, and the whole affair was a success.

And now we come to "Old Philo." Nobly has she sustained herself through this, the most trying term of the whole year. Not a single "cut" has stained her record, and on all sides has prosperity greeted her.

It is with feelings of sadness and regret that we leave her halls. In parting we wish her the success she so richly deserves.

We were both surprised and delighted towards the close of last term by the unlooked for appearance of that attractive and *highly entertaining* magazine, the "Abbott Courant." It had delayed its coming until so late in the year, that we imagined it had not survived its former effort, and hence were totally unprepared for that marvel of excellence whose treasures were so suddenly disclosed to our enraptured vision. How eagerly did we peruse each article, in eager expectation of finding something both interesting and entertaining; and with what feelings of disappointment and regret did we lay it aside, thinking it only the production of some disordered mind.

That there were articles worthy of praise, is true. Those which particularly commended themselves to our notice were "Warwick Castle," "The Hand," "75-76," and "The Cads." Much thought had evidently been bestowed on these, and what little success the magazine acquired is entirely due to their merit.

The one idea uppermost in publishing the "Courant" is well expressed by Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's *piece* in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

First Editor: I beg a few inches of your space to relate a wonderful dream I lately had. I thought I was transferred bodily to the sacred grove of Academia, and there I saw Plato discoursing to a group of very attentive listeners. Presently I became aware of a tall figure standing at my side, and, on closer observation, found it to be our Greek professor. He stood a moment eying the majestic form of the sage, who was explaining a theory in Philosophy. In a moment more I heard him shout, "Plato!" The Philosopher half arose. "Plato," said the professor, "your ideas are good, but they should be better expressed. You should be grammatical. What is the rule for that optative you just used?" "I beg pardon," said Plato, "I beg pardon. It was incorrect." He was about making his "apology," when the Professor interrupted him with, "I say, Plato, you should be more particular about such things. Did you ever study Hadley's Grammar?" "No," was the reply. "Well, it's a pity," said the Professor, "a great pity; you should study the language scientifically, and give special attention to the Optative. You should get up an enthusiasm over it, and for this purpose I would recommend to you a little work on the Greek moods and tenses, by Professor Goodwin, of ———." "Hades," muttered Plato. But just then I was awakened by the second bell; Plato had vanished, our Greek Professor was walking up the steps, stately as Cyrus, and leisurely as a man going to execution. I arose, devoutly wishing that the Philosopher had kept him five minutes longer, and made him miss the bell.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Class colors of '76, *Brown* and *White*.

Why is a member of '78 a paradox? Answer. Because although he is coming, yet he is always *Going*.

Why does the class of '76 look so shabby? Answer. Because it has such a *mean Taylor*.

Cheek!—A theologue, calling on a certain young lady at Abbott Academy, propounded the following conundrum. Why is Davis Hall like Brazil? Answer. Because it possessés a *Diman, mine*.

One of Andover's worthy sons is at present making a small fortune by selling "baked beans" at the Centennial. It is said the demand far exceeds the supply. We need not add that as yet the diminution here is scarcely noticeable.

We recently heard a young lady of Abbott Academy express a desire to do missionary work among the Theologues. The desire

meets with our highest approbation; and if in any way we can render her assistance, we will do so with pleasure. The field is a large and remarkably tough one. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole mass."

Scene—Junior recitation room.

Student busily engaged at the board suddenly ceases his work, and accosts his teacher thus:

Student.—"If you would have me continue my problem, sir, it is absolutely necessary that I should obtain a small quantity of carbonate of lime for prosecuting graphic operations."

Teacher.—"I did not understand you, speak louder."

Student.—"Want some chalk!"

PERSONALS.

Moore, '74, is one of the editors of the Harvard "Magenta."

Fish, '74, is now superintendent of schools in Auburn, Maine.

Tufts, '75, is considered one of the ablest writers on the Yale "Record."

Jacobs, '75, pulls on the Harvard University crew.

Donaldson, '75, is one of the editors of the Yale "Courant."

Thompson, '75, will pull on the Yale University crew at Springfield, this summer.

Parmenter, '75, is numbered among the honored ex-Presidents of Δ. K.

Holmes, '75, died May 17th, at his home in Walpole, N. H.

BASE BALL.

The Harvard Freshmen defeated by the Phillips-Nine at Andover, May 20th.

THE SCORE.

	R.	O.			R.	O.
Ervin, c.	2	2	Blanchard, s. s. . . .		4	2
Thurston, p.	1	3	Ellis, l. f.		1	5
Howard, 1b.	0	5	Driver, c.		0	4
Regan, 2b.	2	4	Munn, 3b.		0	3
Kennedy, c. f.	2	3	Kinney, c. f.		1	3
Gardner, 3b.	4	2	Lee, p.		2	3
Frost, l. f.	2	4	Alger, 1b.		2	3
Adams, r. f.	2	4	Thomas, 2b.		3	2
Fenton, s. s.	2	0	Sheldon, r. f.		2	2
	17	27			15	27

INNINGS.

Clubs.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
PHILLIPS.	6	0	2	0	2	6	1	0	0—17
HARVARD, '79. . . .	1	1	0	0	2	6	1	0	4—15

Time of game: Two hours and fifteen minutes.

Umpire: Mr. Coolidge.

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